

Gc
973.74
P38p
pt.2
1757778

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00825 1123

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Allen County Public Library Genealogy Center

ANTIETAM to APPOMATTOX

WITH

118th PENNA. VOLS., CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT



pt. 2

With descriptions of Marches, Battles and Skirmishes,
together with a Complete Roster and Sketches
of Officers and Men, compiled from
Official Reports, Letters and Diaries



PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



WITH ADDENDA



PHILADELPHIA:

J. L. SMITH, MAP PUBLISHER

27 SOUTH SIXTH STREET

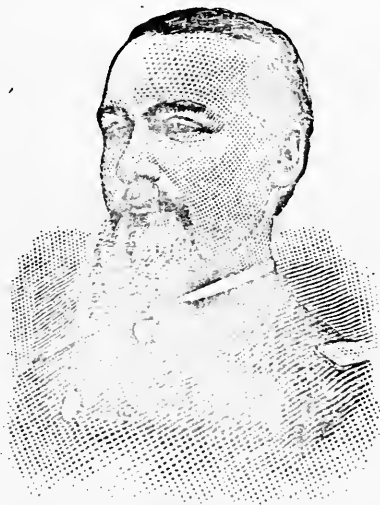
1892

240

an overcrowded roadway lengthened the march through most of the night, and it was after four o'clock before the column crossed the river at Germanna Ford. Lurid flames lit up the sky along the entire route. Sparsely settled as the country was, many deserted houses with their barns and out-buildings fell victims to the incendiary torch. What prompted such a spirit of vandalism was inexplicable, unless in the frequent and annoying delays the soldiers were determined to warm themselves heedless of the character or cost of the fuel.

At five o'clock, on the 2d of December, the brigade bivouacked near Coney Mountain, and at eight o'clock moved on again, halting about noon in the vicinity of Stevensburg. On the 3d the regiment moved at eight o'clock, crossing the Rapahannock at the railway station, which bears the river's name at two, and by four in the afternoon it was back to its old quarters at Beverly Ford.

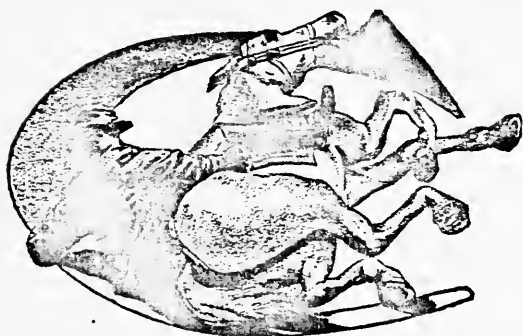
Again another old Virginia winter was at hand to speed away in comfortable cantonments, until the blooming, budding spring time should bring with it the battle and the daisies.



LIEUTENANT HENRY T. PECK.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP BARNES—THE WINTER AT BEVERLY FORD.



ULPEPPER, Fairfax, Farquier, and Stafford had become old abiding places. The belt of country between the Potomac and Rapidan was a familiar region. The essential element

of intention alone was wanting to assure to the soldier of the Potomac army all the rights of a Virginian citizenship.

The third of the four winters of the war had opened auspiciously. The advantages of the situation selected for the permanent encampment had been tested through all the seasons, and if the privilege of choosing their own abode had been awarded the regiment, they would have looked no farther in search of a better place. The upper side of the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Beverly Ford, was convenient and accessible to the depots of issue and supply, in easy reach of all desirable neighbors, just far enough from the front to be beyond the annoyances of disturbing reconnoissances, and not so far to the rear as to be within the scope of the ubiquitous raider. The soldiers were anxious to unload on their susceptible and inexperienced friends their thrilling and embellished stories of field and fight, and the approaching days of inactivity gave ample promise of a fitting opportunity, when the leaves and fur-

loughs, in keeping with the season, should be again dispensed with abundant liberality.

To designate encampments by a name specially selected had long fallen into disuse. Location, fixed by some geographical spot of town, ford, mountain, river, or whatever else in the near vicinity was available, had been adopted as a designation sufficiently significant.

For once the way of the earlier days was resumed. The old brigade commander was not to be forgotten. In recognition of the worth of their former chief, the encampment at Beverly Ford was officially directed to be known as "Camp Barnes."

The camp did not differ essentially in its construction from that of the previous winter. The logs were more securely mortised, the chinks more tightly closed, larger fireplaces made a cheerier blaze, and more lofty chimneys a better draft. The men, with their experience, had come to know how to apply and appreciate little desirable appointments of room and table furniture. They had not forgotten their homes, but as their "quarters" were all the homes they had known intimately for some time back, or expected to know for some time to come, they had learned to fit them up with many substantial comforts and available conveniences which they had not before thought of.

Nor were the bodily needs exclusively cared for. An edifice of quite churchly pretensions was reared and designated as "the chapel." Rough boards, without backs, took the place of the more commodious pews in the shapely structures at home, and the rude logs of the vicinity were hewn and fashioned into a durable, if not a handsome, pulpit. The seating capacity equalled the strength of the regiment, and with the discourses from their own chaplain, and from those with whom he occasionally exchanged pulpits, the command was at no time in want of proper spiritual guidance. The chapel was not devoted solely to religious services. It had never been formally dedicated as a house of worship, nor was it recognized by any organized sect, so during the week such available amateur the-

atrical and musical talent as was at hand frequently used it for secular performances. Prominent among those who afforded instruction and entertainment by well-selected recitations was Sergeant Thos. J. Hyatt.

The performers in the dramas, etc., were of course costumed in their uniforms. As a consequence, it was impossible to play "Romeo and Juliet" or "Claude Melnotte." Imagine Juliet, for instance, with a sun-browned face, fierce mustache, and close-cropped hair, in a blue dress-coat, baggy blue pantaloons, and heavy brogans, wailing out her grief at the death of Romeo! Or Claude Melnotte saying to a fellow dressed in the same fashion, except a pair of cavalry boots in the place of the brogans—

"We'll read no books that are not tales of love;
We'll have no friends that are not lovers."

This camp was noted for its exceptional cleanliness. No wood was allowed to be chopped within its limits, the streets were battened down hard every day, the gutters around the tents were neatly trimmed out daily, and it was continually the subject of close inspection.

A subterfuge of rather happy conception was a failure. The quarters and everything in the vicinity where the enlisted men were located were to be in darkness at taps, and the officer of the day was especially enjoined to see that all lights were extinguished at that hour. By an oversight some one charged with this responsibility had used the word candles instead of lights. The quickly perceptive soldier promptly "caught on" to an opportunity for an evasion. There was a plethora of pork fat on hand. This was rendered out in tin cans, such as contained the canned goods sold by the sutlers, and flannel torn into strips inserted for a wick. It made a famous light, and for a few nights "pinochle" and "seven up" flourished under its rays, but lights out, not candles out, was the requirement, and the pork grease and flannel soon yielded to the inevitable.

The food problem, now so widely the subject of scientific consideration, has ever been of paramount importance under all

civilization, whether Christian, Jewish, polytheistic or philosophic. Of importance, not for determination by analysis of what man should eat and drink to best contribute to the strength of his body, the improvement of his mind, and the prolongation of his life, but of importance rather in determining how the palate shall be best pleased, the stomach best satisfied, and the mind and body be left free and at ease to the huge enjoyment that follows skilfully managed and well-served catering.

The soldier's tastes had kept abreast with his civilization. His dietary tables were not as formidable in variety as they were mighty in quantity. Tact was, however, a fitting substitute for variety, and by judicious manipulation he had learned many successful combinations of his quantities for the satisfaction of appetites more ravenous than delicate. The nomenclature of his cuisine was in harmony with his dishes and the harshest phrases of the purest originality were applied to a *menu* more nourishing than appetizing.

"Lobskous" had already received its fair share of attention. Another formula of a kindred sort had now found its way to the kitchen. Its name was in no way significant of its ingredients, and its arbitrary designation as unpalatable to polite ears as was the dish itself to refined palates. The recollection of its euphonious title will probably follow a description of its composition and preparation.

The canvas bag of the haversack was filled with hard-tack, and, with one stone for an anvil and another for a hammer, the crackers were reduced to a coarse powder. This usually fell to the lot of a volunteer assistant, tempted by the opportunity to share such strong and nourishing diet. Meanwhile the regular cook had chopped up fresh meat, cut up onions and potatoes and stewed them well together. When the stew was thoroughly done it was taken from the fire and while yet warm the ground grist of hard-tack was poured into it and the whole thoroughly mixed. The mixture was then shaped into cakes after the manner of the "codfish ball" and nicely browned on

all sides in sizzling pork grease, and the dish was ready to be served. The name it bore would have shocked Marion Harland or any other well-accredited cook-book authoress equally as violently as would the suggestion to give such a rude formula a place in her next edition.

This was treated as quite a dainty morsel and much sought after. When the season was at hand that the meal could include some of the common field parsley, boiled with the proper quantity of old salt horse, the mess fortunate enough to revel in such a diet was the envy of its fellows. If the sutler was up with supplies of canned goods, fried oysters and clams frequently garnished the table, and occasionally a dessert of rennet custard concluded the rather luxurious allowances. Such fare only found a place on the dietary lists during the days of the permanent winter camps. With the march and bivouac the old schedule of coffee, hard-tack and salt pork was promptly resumed and rigorously continued.

One mess, composed of five non-commissioned officers, had a friend among the brigade butchers—the men who killed and dressed the cattle that served for fresh beef for the different regiments. Every fresh-beef day one of their number would go to the slaughtering ground and bring back a couple of heads. These were skinned, cracked in pieces with an axe, thrown into a camp kettle and boiled until the meat became loose on the bones. The meat and bones were then removed and beans thrown into the rich liquor and boiled until they began to go to pieces. The five would then sit down to a meal so square that it resembled a cube. The camp-kettle held about eight gallons. Five sat down to dinner. Frequently when they rose from the meal, which included bread and meat as well as bean porridge, the camp-kettle was empty.

A soldier's capacity was something marvellous. It is related of one mess of but three that, not satisfied with the issue of soft bread—twenty-one loaves in a week—they took advantage of their officers' privilege to purchase from the commissariat, and on their orders bought in addition twenty-one loaves

REVEILLE.



I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, I tell you;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

The Lieutenant's worse than the Sergeant,
But the Captain's worst of all.

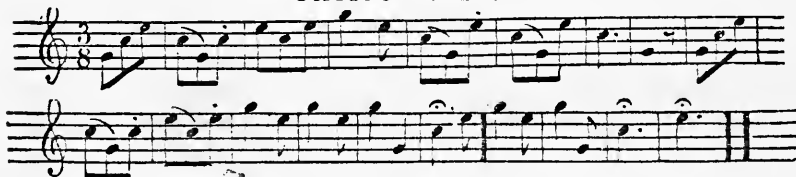
The Corporal's worse than the Private,
The Sergeant's worse than the Corporal,

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up to-day.

ASSEMBLY—"FALL IN!"



FATIGUE CALL.

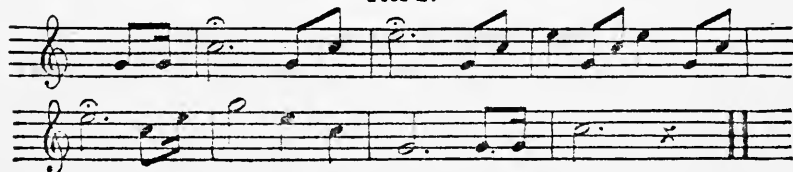


SICK CALL—Tune of "Come along, Josie."



Dr. Thomas says, Dr. Thomas says,
Come and get your Quine—Quine—Quine—Quinine,
Come and get your Quinine,
Q—u—i—n—i—n—e!!!

TAPS.



more, thus increasing their weekly quota to forty-two. Each man is said to have devoured a loaf at least at each meal, and one, more voracious than his fellows, frequently nearly two. When to this was added the other regular daily issues, the supplies purchased of the sutler, of sheepskin pies, cakes flinty hard, lobsters, clams and oysters, first canned and then churned by rough transportation by rail and wagon—if this mess be taken, as it fairly may, as typical of the others, it is just to assume that with good digestion responsive to such exorbitant requirements, the American volunteer was building up a constitution firm and strong as that of his country.

The cooks to whose lot fell the preparation of all the food consumed were not all so closely wedded to their calling as to be incapacitated for the dangers and exposures of battle. Their assignment as cooks very properly exempted them from all details of picket, guard, police and fatigue duty. On one occasion during this encampment a demand was made on Company D for four men for picket duty. Exclusive of Guilleman, the company cook, but three were available. This fact was made known to the lieutenant-colonel commanding, accompanied by the request that the number be reduced that the cook might be permitted the usual exemption. The duty was important; numbers were essential and, for this time at least, regulation must yield to necessity. Such was the purport of the commandant's response. There was no help: Guilly must go. His indignation knew no bounds. He raged and raved in broken English about broken faith and violated promises, and, as if determined to be revenged by breaking his promise to serve as cook, grabbed his gun, exclaiming: "Got's in Himmel, me cook no more; me carries the gun and fights forever." And he did to the very end. No persuasion could induce him to resume his abandoned occupation. He adhered faithfully to his pledge and fought manfully in the ranks for the rest of his enlistment.

Before the winter was over the services of the Pied Piper of Hamelin could have been put into active requisition. Not so

much as a thousand guilders awaited him, but he could have been handsomely compensated. The chapel and the tents in the vicinity of it were overrun with rats. The soldier's ingenuity equalled the magic of the piper's pipes. The scheme for their extermination originated with Sergeant Nugent, of Company K. The homes of the rats were first to be flooded and then, as they sought safety in flight, they were to be clubbed or stoned to death. Under the supervision of the originator some fifteen or twenty volunteered to carry water in kettles from the river to the holes, anticipating huge sport in this proposed rat-killing harvest. It was a weary job. The river was some two hundred yards distant, and gallon after gallon was emptied into the holes and all to no purpose. Finally, as these water-bearers were losing heart and roughly berating their comrade for his failure to realize on his well-conceived project of destruction, a single rat presented himself and quickly fell before the unerring club of the man who stood nearest. The spirits of the exterminators revived. "More water, more water," was the cry. More rats, more rats, was the response. They came thick and fast; some were escaping; they were increasing beyond the control of those who were managing the enterprise. Reinforcements were called for, and before the affray was over the services of the entire regiment, officers and all, were in requisition. The large quantity of water used and the number tramping about the vicinity made considerable mud. Regardless of the condition of the ground, as the rats plunged through it the blows were laid on hard, and every one engaged was thoroughly splashed. Mud instead of blood was the evidence of conflict. The affair was completely successful. The annoying pests, wholly exterminated, never reappeared, and those who had nearly lost faith in the originator of the plan accorded him his just deserts, and all who had suffered by the annoyance were duly grateful to their deliverers.

Volunteer officers, as a rule, were not apt in the sword exercise. Ambitious to excel in this soldierly acquirement, the officers of one of the regiments imported from Massachusetts an

instructor, who came not only with high endorsements as a master of his calling, but with much repute for his ability to meet and successfully resist all comers. His career was a short one. Whatever may have been his abilities as a teacher, he soon proved his utter incapacity as a practical combatant.

A little Frenchman, Albert De Ville, of K, exceptionally expert with sword and foil, had heard much talk of the proposed Yankee importation, and, prompted probably as much by a spirit of revenge at the failure to recognize his capacity as a desire to meet a foeman whom he supposed worthy of his blade, determined to seek an early opportunity for a pass with the gentleman from Massachusetts. He was not long in waiting. The instructor was informed that a soldier in the ranks claimed to be his equal as a swordsman, and for his own sake he must quickly secure the supremacy.

A Sibley tent was selected and an audience, necessarily limited, witnessed the exhibition. For fifteen minutes the blades flew about with some adroit and skilful manœuvring, when suddenly the instructor's sword lay at his feet. He very unjustly claimed a foul, raving about it with much passion. Such a demonstration of anger was just what the Frenchman wanted, and, concluding to settle him forever, he promptly conceded the claim, and at it they went again, the Frenchman with much deliberation, the instructor badly broken up. The contest was of short duration, and soon up went the instructor's sword high into the air. This time, disarmed effectually beyond the hope of cavil, he yielded, and shortly afterwards disappeared entirely, a sadly discomfited and, as he thought, much-abused man.

De Ville was a man of no physical strength. His arm, by those who had seen it, was described as no thicker than an axe-handle. He was very ready to explain his art, which he had most thoroughly acquired in his native country, but others seemed to be in no way at all able to reach him. One of his favorite modes of expression was that a sword should be handled just as you would a writing-pen. He claimed that in

the sword strength must subordinate itself to skill, and illustrated it by a story of his having in a very close combat once disarmed a general officer, a West Point graduate, a man six feet in height and of magnificent frame. He was equally proficient in the bayonet exercise, was ready and did often meet with the sword an antagonist of no mean skill, armed with musket and bayonet, and the antagonist always gave it up. De Ville remained through the war and contributed materially to the instruction of the officers and men in the art he knew so well.

On one occasion, on a bleak, cold night, intensely dark, William T. Godwin, of Company F, on his way with the relief to a picket outpost, slipped from a log that spanned a narrow creek in the route to his destination and fell headlong into the stream. He was the last man in the detail and his splash bringing the advance to a halt, they returned and by the light of a torch fished him out. His musket, which was loaded, filled with water that immediately froze hard, and, as he would be useless at the front, he was sent back to the reserve. This happened on a Friday night. Saturday the pickets were relieved and through the day, the weather continuing freezing cold, he worked manfully with his piece, but to no avail; there was the load and there was the ice nearly to the muzzle. The next day, Sunday, an inspection was announced by Colonel Herring. In the vain hope to divert attention from the inside of his gun, Godwin devoted special attention to the outside, until the barrel shone with unusual brightness. In the morning the temperature rose materially and the sun developed an exceptional winter warmth. The sad effects of a thaw inside his piece had not dawned upon Godwin. The colonel was especially complimentary. The rammers had not been sprung, when, unfortunately, the colonel raised the hammer. A long, black stream spouting from the nipple disfigured his clothing and entirely changed the color of his clean white gloves. The particular cleanliness outside doubtless aroused a suspicion of design. The colonel was demonstratively angry,

would listen to no explanation at the time and gave instructions for a positive punishment. Subsequently the misfortune of the previous Friday night and the intervening cold and sudden warm weather satisfactorily accounted for the condition of Godwin's piece, and the affair was not permitted to disturb his otherwise excellent record.

The Fance mansion was located just outside the picket line. The family, a mother and two promising daughters of education and refinement, claimed the usual rating common to Virginians of the higher class. Safeguards from the regiment relieved each other at the house at regular intervals, and those disposed to cultivate an acquaintance were permitted as reasonable an intimacy as the strained relations of armed antagonism would sanction. Occasionally when the soldiers' entertaining powers were irresistible, notably as in the case with Smith, of K, the ladies responded with music, song* and gossip, and all

* These are lines, set to appropriate music, often repeated by the Fance ladies to entertain their soldier guests:

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

Oh, yes! I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear!

I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.

We've sent the bravest from our land
To battle with the foe,

felt that a cruel service should so relax rigid rules that the best society men might be alone assigned to duty when the charge

And we would lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
And since Old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can live content
With goods that's Southern-made.

We'd scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with much grace.

This Southern land's a glorious land,
And hers a glorious cause;
So here's three cheers to Southern Rights
'And for the Southern Boys.

We've sent our sweethearts to the war,
But, dear girls, never mind;
The soldier lad will not forget
The girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore,
And when this sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,

I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad that I love most
Shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young man, a word to you—
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.

Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the one
That fills a soldier's grave.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear!

they had to keep were the stately matrons and comely maidens of Virginia's aristocracy.

Smith had very justly already earned an excellent reputation for courage and determination among those with whom he had been closely associated, but to others his extremely youthful appearance sometimes suggested a doubt whether he was fitted for a sudden emergency. On one occasion, at this encampment, a detachment of the 4th Virginia Cavalry had made a daring dash through the pickets, shaken up Sweitzer's headquarters pretty well, and returned with a number of captured horses. Shortly afterwards, when it fell to the lot of the 118th's detail to be assigned to the spot where the lines had been successfully penetrated, the officer in charge, advised of the incident, was instructed to more than usual caution, and particularly to look well after Post 7.

This post could be approached under cover to within but a short distance, and no man was to be assigned there except one who could receive and return an unexpected shot. Sergeant Daly, of E, inspecting the line with a view to determine whether this post had fallen to the lot of one calculated to hold it, came across a smooth-faced, seventeen-year-old boy. He knew him only by sight as a member of the regiment—nothing of his name or reputation. Engaging him in general conversation, he finally disclosed the purpose of his investigation, and concluded by inquiring of the youth, who was no other than Smith, of K, whether he thought he could sustain himself in case the circumstances likely to occur should happen. "Tell the lieutenant," said Smith, "that I can stay here as long as any one, and hope he won't relieve me just because I happen to be a boy." The reply was sufficiently assuring and Smith was not disturbed.

It was not an every-day opportunity the enlisted man had to secure his share of spirits. On a cold, bleak, stormy morning a knot of officers conceived the notion the day would pass more cheerily with a reasonable supply of the ardent. They selected a trusty soldier and, supplying him with nine canteens

and nine orders on which, only, whisky was allowed to be sold, despatched him in all haste to the commissary.

The soldier, thoughtful as well as *trusty*, concealed his own empty canteen underneath his great coat. Arriving at the depot, he found it in charge of an old acquaintance to whom he delivered the nine orders and the nine canteens. Two barrels, with the heads out but full, stood close to each other. From one Billy, the acquaintance, proceeded to fill the canteens. Leaning by the other was the soldier. As Billy filled, the sol-



THE "TRUSTY" SOLDIER FILLING HIS OWN CANTEEN.

dier dropped his own canteen into the other barrel, withdrawing it when the sound indicated the liquor had reached the mouth, meanwhile engaging Billy in loud and amusing conversation to drown the gurgling sound. Billy meanwhile was so intent on his own duties and interested in the task, that what had been done wholly escaped his observation. Settling his score, the soldier earnestly appealed to Billy for a drink, but Billy consistently resisted his appeals, predicting that with such a load and such temptation he would be drunk enough before night

anyhow, and that his friends would do him service by not expediting him to the unseemly condition he was bound to reach.

Billy's predictions were fulfilled. Nine drinks, one out of each canteen, on his way back set the man up pretty well before he reached camp. The officers, at first disposed to parsimony, were not inclined to reward him for his work ; but the mellowing influence of the rum lubricated their generosity, and they plied their willing messenger so repeatedly with the beverage that long before "retreat" he had landed in the guard-house. The night's confinement sobered him, and then he had the better of the officers. He had not so far forgotten himself as not to successfully conceal his own canteen, and immediately upon his release he and his companions had another bout of it, the officers meanwhile languishing morosely with canteens empty and stimulants gone.

Larry Mullen, of Company A, was a new recruit, a great raw-boned Irishman, afterwards a good soldier, but at first green as his native isle. Picket duty soon fell to Larry's lot. Captain Walters was the officer in command of the line, and Larry stood upon the outpost in all his primitive, ungainly awkwardness. Captain Walters, accompanied by Larry's lieutenant, visiting the outposts about dark, approaching Larry's post, slackened his pace, waiting for Larry to satisfy himself, according to instructions, that they were entitled to be where they were.

But Larry had no such intention. Throwing his piece to his left shoulder, he advanced with his right hand extended towards his own officer, in friendly recognition of his presence. Upbraided by Walters and reminded of his instructions, and asked why he had not followed them, he replied innocently, in his broadest tongue, "I would, sure, only I know'd the other fellow." Walters's gravity yielded for the moment, and both officers gave way to the merriment the situation naturally produced.

There had been considerable firing on the picket line for sport. Game and domestic animals shot there had often sub-

stantially improved the diet. Stringent orders had been issued prohibiting it. Two fat opossums on one occasion ventured within range of Godwin's musket. Though aware of the consequences, he fired and brought them both to earth. The fear of detection so disturbed him that he sought to dispose of his game where he thought it would most likely palliate his offence. One he sent to the commandant, Colonel Gwyn, and the other to Quartermaster Gardner. He was right in his conjecture, for he shortly found himself a guest at the quartermaster's table, where the leading dish was the "other opossum," cleverly baked and well stuffed with potato filling.

A detail at work widening the railway cut at Rappahannock Station met with ocular proofs that frogs are hibernating animals. They were "drifting" through soft porous rock that yielded readily to the blows of the pick, when they struck upon what was apparently the winter-quarters of all the frogs in the neighborhood. The gathering was as large, populous, and closely settled as a prairie-dog village. Their state of torpidity soon yielded to the genial rays of the bright sunlight, and they all hopped off with the evident conviction that the springtime had really come to stay.

This encampment, so prolific of anecdote, was rapidly approaching its end. In its solid details it did not differ essentially from others that have been treated of elaborately.

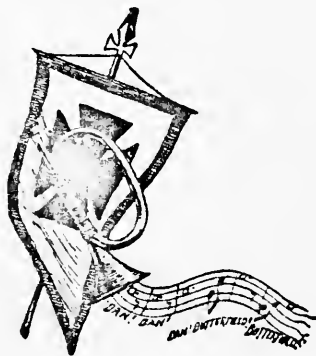
Some important changes occurred towards its conclusion. Captain Crocker, who has frequently appeared throughout these pages with such merited prominence, found it necessary to withdraw from the army. On the 27th of January, 1864, his resignation was accepted, and the regiment and the service lost an officer worthy of honorable mention among the gallant men whose names enrich the country's history with heroic deeds and patriotic sacrifice. Returning to civil life, Captain Crocker engaged extensively in business pursuits, and a few years since, in the prime of successful and enterprising manhood, died, after a short illness, at his home in Buffalo.

Captain Donegan about this time also resigned. After the

war his fellow-citizens, recognizing his services to his country, selected him for an honorable and lucrative office. He died shortly after the expiration of its term, well advanced in years.

Signs were indicative of active operations if the season was not. Boisterous March had not yet disappeared when the orders were issued that consolidated the Army of the Potomac into three efficient corps, with which, and the subsequent addition of the 9th Corps, it fought the struggle out to the end. The 1st and 3d lost their identity; the 2d, 5th and 6th retained theirs.

Sykes was sent to other fields of honorable service, and the scholarly, intrepid Warren took his place. The old 1st Brigade was broken up and the 18th Massachusetts, 20th Maine, 44th New York, 83d Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania, 1st Michigan and 16th Michigan were organized as the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division, 5th Corps. The 3d Brigade retained its well-known bugle call. General Dan Butterfield, its earliest commander, shaped its notes to lingeringly pronounce his name, and "Dan! Dan! Butterfield! Butterfield!" at times rang out in chorus when the men were in the humor down to the very end.



The brigade was formed specially to secure in numbers and efficiency an organization suited to the high military attainments so prominently developed in all the many battles of General Joseph J. Bartlett. It was his right in the reorganization to be assigned to a division. Not strictly speaking his right, for of right that command belonged only to a major-general. But some of the major-generals about that time, for sufficiently cogent reasons, had been relegated to duties as near akin to quiet, peaceful pursuits as could be suggested, when grim-visaged war needed the services of all the valiant sons of

Mars. They had been tried but were not to be trusted. Political considerations forbade their actual retirement, and so the command of divisions fell to brigadiers whose work had proved them worthy of their trust. Of these it was conceded Bartlett was one. He had indeed had a division, but there were not enough for all, and he was forced to bide his time for a better opportunity. General Griffin was continued as the division commander.

This reference to these retired general officers recalls an incident of some historic moment which may not inappropriately be mentioned here.

While the army lay around Petersburg an eminent corps commander visited the President to urge upon him the justice of promoting, to the rank to which their commands entitled them, the gallant division commanders who had so valiantly fought their divisions through the severe campaign of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. The President, struck with the force of the appeal and conceding the justice of the demand, feared only that the list of major-generals was already full to its legal maximum, and that right and justice must tarry until vacancies should make places for deserving men. The adjutant-general was summoned and reported. The President was right in his conjecture; the list was in fact full, and, under the law, there was no room for other appointments. "But," considerably added General Townsend, "some of these are at their homes awaiting orders, or on some light or trifling duty that can easily be discharged by officers of much less rank; their services might readily be dispensed with and places made for other men."

Mr. Lincoln saw the force of the adjutant-general's suggestion, but as war demands a strength and support at home as well as in the field, and as all these gentlemen had a warm following among some very influential men, he did not just see his way clear to summarily dispose of them by a wholesale muster out. "But," said the President, always ready for an emergency, "I tell you what we can do: as the rank for these

brigadiers does not fit their commands, we can send them all home and put the major-generals, who have rank without command, in their places."

This startled the corps commander. He knew well the utter unfitness of most, if not all, of them; and, besides, that nobody at the front wanted them; and believing the President sincere, earnestly urged him, if he desired to preserve the integrity of his armies, to make no such fatal blunder. But the way in which he managed this part of his case—which really needed no such urgency, for the President had no serious purpose of carrying out his suggestion—and the way he continued to press the righteous claims of those for whom he pled, ultimately convinced the President that justice must be done, and enough of the major-generals not with the army at the front should be mustered out to make room for those deserving promotions.



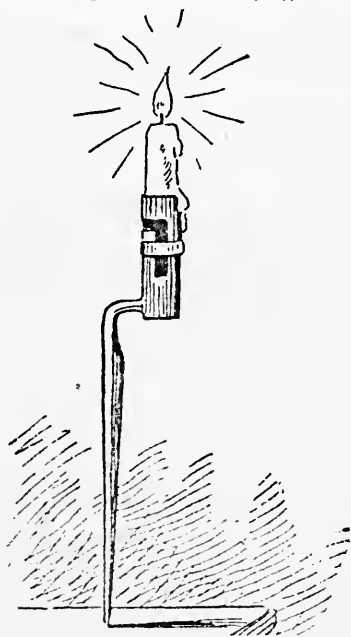
CHARLES F. DARE.

Elated with his success, the corps commander hurried to General Halleck and rapidly repeated the result of his interview. General Halleck was not slow to act. Within an hour he was with the President with a list of generals whose services could be summarily dispensed with. The hour's delay was fatal; the success of the corps commander with the President had promptly spread abroad. Political influence dominated the situation. The strong men these distinguished heroes kept at the capital to watch their shadowy hold on military life

were quickly with the President. All the good the corps commander had done was speedily dissipated; the major-generals held on, and the hope of promotion that had dawned on the brigadiers disappeared for a long time to come.

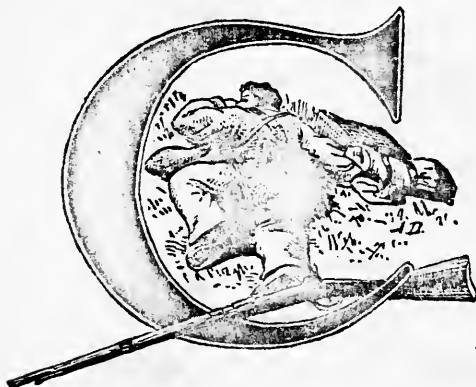
The signs of a movement increased; the season when it would become practicable drew nearer. April was well on the wane. The surest of all indications that battles must be looked for was at hand. The field-hospitals were abandoned and the sick ordered to the rear. Afterwards but a single day elapsed, and then from the smoke and flame that arose, as the torch destroyed all that remained of its old abandoned dwelling-place, the regiment plunged into the fierce fires that followed the gory track of battles from the Rapidan to the James.

At the Wilderness General Grant's army included 316 pieces of artillery, comprising 236 regiments and three battalions of infantry, thirty-five regiments of cavalry and sixty-four batteries of light artillery. Many were veteran regiments whose banners had waved on many hard-fought fields. The Army of the Potomac, according to the morning report of April 30, 1864, had an aggregate present of 127,471, including the 9th Corps.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILDERNESS—LAUREL HILL—SPOTTSYLVANIA.



LARK'S MOUNTAIN, the bold promontory on the south side of the Rapidan, the silent sentinel that had kept its ever-wakeful watch on the old Potomac Army through all the months that it lay at rest in its quiet winter home, had not been over

vigilant on the morning of the 1st of May. The 5th Corps had two rivers instead of one between it and the enemy, and to be up with the rest of the army it moved two days earlier that all might make that memorable midnight start on the 3d. Yet the more than usual smoke that filled the air from the abandoned 5th Corps camps failed to arouse the vigilance of the Confederate signal officer on the mountain top, and Lee knew nought of the majestic sweep prepared for him until daylight of the 4th revealed the heads of all the columns at the very Rapidan itself. Whether it was Lee's purpose to embarrass the crossing or not, if he had been advised in time, is not known, but certain it is that scarce had his adversary's foot been planted on the other side of the river than he was promptly in motion against him.

The order to move on the 30th of April was followed by its execution the next day with a march as far as Brandy Station,

where, remaining in bivouac until noon of the 3d of May, it was continued to the vicinity of Culpepper. From there, shortly before midnight, began the actual offensive movement, which in march, siege, skirmish, or battle, continued incessantly until Appomattox terminated it within three weeks of a year from the day of its commencement.

It was the generous blooming spring-time, but there was no indication of its presence. The weather was hot, somewhat in advance of the season. But no flowering vine climbed the



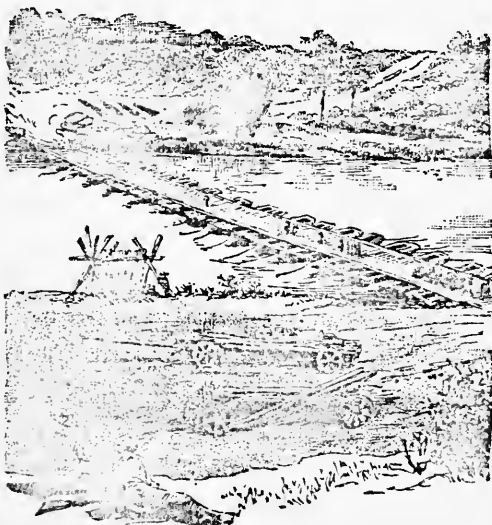
MAJOR-GENERAL G. K. WARREN.

lattice, no flowers bloomed, no fruits blossomed. The trees of the forest and of the orchard had fallen before the axe of the soldier, and vines and flowers had been obliterated by the gory, grimy track of war. The landscape for several years had failed to welcome the approach of spring.

The brigade crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford by a pontoon bridge, and halting some three hours for breakfast, continued the march until about 3 p. m., when Griffin's division

formed line of battle along the pike at a point about a mile beyond where the Germanna plank road crossed the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike and a little farther from the old Wilderness Tavern. The 1st Michigan, from Bartlett's brigade, were thrown out as the brigade skirmishers, and in this formation the troops bivouacked for the night.

It was a wild, weird region. Everywhere was dense and trackless forest. The piercing cry of the whip-poor-will rang through the sombre pines and the screech of the owl echoed from the tree-tops. A wary foe was concentrating for a mighty stroke, and the weary soldiers rested, for the last time for many months, without the sound of musketry to break their repose. The Wilderness, for such the region was justly named, suddenly peopled by two great warring hosts, was about to make a battle-history unparalleled for slaughter, to be read with interest, deep, intense and abiding so long as the English language shall be spoken.



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RAPPAHAN-
NOCK RIVER.

No other idea of the country can be given save that it was a forest apparently without limit, with clearings so few and their space so contracted as scarcely to be considered as breaking the solemn monotony of tree, chaparral and undergrowth. Here and there a swale and ridge broke the level, but the rise and dip were so inappreciable that they would scarcely have been noticed save when men were seeking cover from the bitter pun-

ishment of battle. East and west two main highways, the Orange and Fredericksburg plank and turnpike roads, running parallel with each other, and crossing near Chancellorsville, pass through the entire wilderness. The Brock Road begins on the pike and runs southeast to Spöttsylvania Court-House. The Germanna plank road, after crossing the turnpike, terminates on the plank road some three miles northeast of Parker's Store. Other plantation roads connected the few settled patches.

On the morning of the 5th Crawford's division led the 5th



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

Corps, moving off in the direction of Chewning's and the Widow Tapp's, towards Parker's Store, on the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road. Chewning's is about two miles southwest of the Lacy House, where Grant and Meade remained during most of the action. Except the occasional cleared fields of these three and a few other farms, the forest was unbroken. Wadsworth and Robinson followed Craw-

ford in the order named, and Griffin remained across the turnpike, throwing up breastworks about eight o'clock in the morning.

To Griffin's division belongs the distinction of having opened the battle of the Wilderness, which will be ever memorable, not only for its magnitude, the fierceness with which it was contested and the appalling loss of life on both sides, but as being the commencement of the greatest campaign of the war. About noon Griffin advanced with great difficulty through the woods, with Ayres's brigade on the right of the pike and Sweitzer's and Bartlett's on the left. The second line of Bartlett's brigade was composed of the 20th Maine and the 118th Pennsylvania, the latter led by Lieutenant-Colonel Herring. Colonel Gwyn commanded the line. The movement was very vigorous and spirited. It broke up Jones's Confederate brigade completely, killing its commanding officer, driving it through the supporting line, disordering Batte's brigade and pressing hard the brigade of Doles.

In spite of the obstructions and in the absence of that encouragement which is afforded by the sight, on the eve of an engagement, of strong lines of battle to the right and to the left, the advance was made with zeal and resolution. The snapping of boughs and branches, the tramp over the cracking, tangled underbrush, piercingly distinct in the otherwise noiseless forest, alone indicated that a considerable force was in motion, until a wild, wicked roar of musketry, reverberating through the forests with a deep and hollow sound, opened the appalling carnage of the Wilderness. The enemy broke under the withering fire. The lines had broadened their spaces, and the 20th Maine and 118th Pennsylvania rushed to the front line. The pursuit continued through the dense woods until a small clearing was reached. The enemy retreated across this clearing, and, upon reaching the other side, made a stand, and in an instant the timber blazed with the fire of musketry. Our men paused for an instant, but only for an instant, when, with ringing cheers, they charged across the clearing, driving the

enemy from their position. This and the advance through the woods was not accomplished without serious loss. Many a brave fellow bit the dust as the charge was made across the open ground. The pursuit was continued but a short distance, when it became known that the troops on the right and left had not maintained connection and that both flanks of the advanced line were exposed. In a few minutes it was discovered that the enemy were intent upon flanking. Firing upon the flanks soon compelled the line to fall back. At first this was accomplished in good order. The command was given to "about face," and for some distance a good line was preserved. But the impression soon gained ground that they were hopelessly flanked and liable to be surrounded and captured, and then the line broke up into little knots which, falling back some distance, would turn and face the enemy, and then again fall back. In this way the position from which they had started, where the breastworks had been built, was at length reached.

The difficulty in forcing its way through the scrubby pine and tangled undergrowth had so hindered Wright's division of the 6th Corps, advancing to cover Ayres's flank, that this brigade was forced back, which eventually exposed the flanks of the others on the left of the pike, and they in succession followed.

There was but little opportunity for supports to promptly find their way to where they were most needed. "Where shall I go?" shouted a gallant brigade commander, anxious to throw himself where the pressure was the strongest. "Push, sir," replies his chief, "as rapidly as you can to where you hear the sounds of the heaviest fighting." The instructions were just as definite as if he had been told to take a given direction, for the sounds of the heaviest fighting were everywhere, and a given direction in this impenetrable maize was nowhere.

General Bartlett was as conspicuous in this engagement as he always was in every battle. From what they had seen of him, from the reputation he had acquired elsewhere, his soldiers looked for nothing else. He was always distinctively dressed.

In the thickest of a fight his men could not mistake him, and the enemy could not complain that they had not in him a shining mark whenever there was opportunity to make a selection. During this engagement he made a very narrow escape. He had ridden in to the thickest and suddenly found himself in close proximity to a considerable body of the enemy, who made him a target for their rifles. His horse was killed, part of his clothing was shot away, but he fortunately escaped with a few bruises.

A section of a battery on the turnpike—there was little place for artillery, except on the roadways—did excellent execution in covering the withdrawal, while the infantry in their retreat would stop to serve as a support. As "K," of the 118th, was in its vicinity, doing its best to fight off the enemy as they were pressing the retiring troops, the batterymen showed, and very properly too, a decided disposition to leave. Every indication pointed to a sacrifice of their pieces if they held on much longer. But as Fryer, a very gallant soldier of that company, quaintly expressed it, he, Nugent, Stotsenberg and a few other associates who were with him, organized themselves into a self-constituted committee to wait upon the men of the battery and urge them to stay a while; that they and hosts of friends they had in the neighborhood would soon gather about them. Whether the committee's persuasion had the effect or not was never known. But these men of "K" and other companies of the regiment, with soldiers of other commands of the brigade, rallied about the battery, which opened on the approaching Confederates with grape and canister and checked their advance, and the rest of the movement was conducted in more creditable order.

There were a goodly number of prisoners taken during the forward movement. They were disarmed, their accoutrements taken from them, and directed to find their way to the rear, as there was no time then to give them other attention.

Colonel Gwyn was severely wounded; all the other regimental commanders in the brigade were either killed or

wounded. The loss of the 118th—two enlisted men killed, one commissioned officer and twenty-six enlisted men wounded, and twenty-seven enlisted men missing, was not so heavy as in the other regiments. The command of the regiment had now devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Charles P. Herring, and so continued almost uninterruptedly until the loss of a leg at Dabney's Mill, in February, 1865, deprived the regiment of his services.

Crawford's division, now somewhat isolated, was drawn in and posted about a mile southwest of the Lacy House, facing towards Chewning's, with Wadsworth on his right, and Robinson



RESCUING THE WOUNDED.

on the right of Wadsworth filled the space between Crawford and Griffin. The right of the 5th Corps, Griffin's division, rested on the turnpike, about three hundred yards from the enemy. The assault that promised such an advantage was over. By two o'clock the troops were all back in the breastworks. No other demonstration was made by the division until towards nightfall, when an advance disclosing the enemy in strength in the same position where he repelled the assault of the morning, the soldiers in the intrenchments rested for the night.*

* The following particulars respecting private Cunningham Johnston, of Company E, who was taken prisoner at the first day's fight in the Wilderness, are furnished by his son, Mr. C. B. Johnston :

Private Johnston had been in every battle in which the regiment was engaged,

It was a woeful night, and yet the soldiers in the trenches did not seem to have such conception of its horrors as they had upon reflection in after years, or as will those who read this story. War does blunt the sensibilities, but the wounded or disabled are never sacrificed if it be within the pale of human possibilities to succor or sustain them. Men hardened to exposure and daily facing death cannot suppress the thought, as one another about them fall, "What of it? the next turn may be mine." Manifestations of grief rarely follow the fatal casualties of war. It is better that it should be so. The business of war is to kill and maim, and the quicker this is accepted as a hard and bitter necessity the better are the soldiers. But the moans and wailings of the Wilderness battle-field stirred the stoutest hearts, and yet they could not be relieved. Wounded men make but little demonstration and rarely utter an outcry. Throughout the night, as the forest fires, which had blazed since the early afternoon, drew nearer and nearer to the poor unfortunates who lay between the lines, their shrieks, cries and groans, loud, piercing, penetrating, rent the air, until death relieved the sufferer, or the rattle of musketry, that followed the advent of the breaking morn, drowned all the other sounds in its dominating roar. There was no hope of rescue—war's hard rules would not permit it; and there, between the lines, the men of both sides perished in the flames, because there was no helping hand to succor, no yielding of the stern necessities of war.

until he was taken prisoner. He was an inmate of various Confederate prisons, being confined nine months at Andersonville. At the close of the war he was released and was sent immediately to Annapolis Hospital. After being there two weeks he was allowed to visit his family, but owing to the condition of his health, the result of his long confinement in prison, he was obliged to return to the hospital for treatment. Desiring to take part in the grand review at Washington, he again requested to be allowed to leave the hospital. This was granted on condition that he should ride in an ambulance. He took passage on the steamer Massachusetts, and the same night lost his life in the collision between that vessel and the steamer Black Diamond. His fate was a peculiarly sad one. He was a patriotic man, and patiently accepted the dangers and hardships of army life as a duty to his country.

At 3.30 A. M. the division moved some distance beyond its intrenchments and again lay until nightfall under artillery fire. The skirmishers continued actively engaged and the zip-zip-zip of the minie kept up a fitting tenor to the deeper toned notes of solid shot and shell.

The real wicked roar of battle rolled up in tremendous proportions from the left. There it was a solid death-grip. Hancock throttled Longstreet and drove him with relentless fury through more than a mile of swamp and forest. And then the undergrowth and timber that had so impeded Hancock concealed the movements of Longstreet, until it was his turn to throttle Hancock, and all the ground so valiantly won in the morning was lost again by noon. The swirl involved the 5th Corps' left, and Wadsworth, patriotic, self-sacrificing, of "distinguished intrepidity," fell mortally wounded in front of his division.

But the day's work was not yet finished. As the struggle subsided in one direction, its furies rose again with vigor in another. Just as the shades of night were closing everything in deeper darkness, Ewell struck the 6th Corps' right and mashed it, and then, when Sedgwick with his "I have re-established my lines" had added another of those laconic phrases to the rich vocabulary of war, daylight had disappeared entirely and all fighting for the time was over.

On the 7th there was apparently more activity in the vicinity of Griffin's division than elsewhere, though the day was no such one as its predecessor. About six o'clock in the morning the enemy made a real or pretended attack, which was handsomely repulsed. He came within range of the rifles and vigorous volleys drove him back. That he broke the picket line and struck the works seemed to indicate he had more in view than simply to satisfy his curiosity. Later the sharpshooters had been so annoying that General Griffin ordered an advance to drive them from their cover. The signal was to be the waving from the works of the brigade color by General Bartlett. The brigade, leaping over the breastworks, advanced

with a cheer, and the woods were soon rid of the pests who had infested it. It is said some of them were brought down from their perch with a thud, and others, squirrel-like, leaped from limb to limb in their effort to escape. This entire battle of the Wilderness had been fought almost exclusively by musketry. In this little combat the artillery firing was so heavy as to contrast strangely with its previous absence.

These affairs of the morning were followed later by a demonstration on our part. There was no mistaking what its purpose was. The instructions were to feel and drive the enemy. The latter part of the direction was inserted more in hopefulness than as a command. It was easy to feel, but the driving was not so readily accomplished. The line was composed of the 20th Maine, 118th Pennsylvania and 12th and 14th Regulars, Colonel Herring commanding the whole. The regulars had the left, and by some mischance they missed the connection. And they had to move very cautiously, as the Rebels were very close, and liable to bring on an engagement at any moment. In the rear the troops were making themselves comfortable for the night.

While we were supporting a regiment in the fight the firing opened with bang, bang, bang, zip, zip, zip-boom, de-bang, boom, and whirr-siz-siz-siz; ripping, roaring. The air was full of balls and deadly missiles. The stretcher guard were carrying off the dying and wounded. We could hear the rebels yell their yi-yi-yi, and knew that in a few moments there would be a desperate struggle.

Now, these rebels were whipped and fairly whipped, and according to all the rules of war they ought to have retreated; but they didn't.

The design to break away from the Wilderness in search of other fields for further fray had now taken shape. Darkness was to conceal the movement, and, when the night of the 7th had fully settled, the army, moving with a painful, solemn silence, beginning on the right, cautiously unwound itself from the front of the watchful foe. The 6th Corps was to move by

the Turnpike and Catharpin Road to Alsop's, near Spottsylvania Court-House, there to unite with the 5th, which was directed to reach the same destination by the shorter route of the Brock Road.

The highly responsible duty of corps officer of the pickets was committed to Colonel Herring. It could have fallen to no more efficient keeping, nor a detail been selected of more trusty troops. This was its composition: the 20th Maine Regiment, Major Ellis Spear; the 16th Michigan, Major R. S. Elliott; the 118th Pennsylvania, Major Henry O'Neill, and detachments of six companies from the 22d and one company from the 9th Massachusetts, under Captain Frederick H. Field.

The command was in readiness in the late afternoon. Colonel Herring, to prevent the movement of the main body of troops from being observed, ordered an advance of his line. The 20th Maine, with its right resting upon the Turnpike, moved forward with its usual vigor, and at the distance of five hundred yards from the main line struck the enemy's pickets. Major Spear pressed them persistently, keeping them moving with rapidity for fully five hundred yards more over an open field, until they covered themselves with the protection of their works, and found shelter after a hard run under cover of their guns. The major was now some three-quarters of a mile from his own line, when from the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field he was opened on heavily by both artillery and musketry. His purpose was accomplished and he was ordered to retire. This he did successfully, and with the rest of the pickets remained in position until one o'clock on the morning of the 8th, when the whole line withdrew to a designated point of concentration preparatory to taking up the march to join the corps, then well on its way to Alsop's.

Simultaneously with the advance of the 20th Maine Major Elliott advanced with the 16th Michigan deployed as skirmishers. After covering some distance, estimated by him to be about a mile, but doubtless not so far, he met the enemy. His centre and left wing drove the enemy from his rifle-pits, inflict-



Corporal John L. Smith

GETTYSBURG *versus* WATERLOO.

BY CORPORAL J. L. SMITH.

The battle of Gettysburg was the greatest conflict of modern times. In the number of men engaged, in its duration, it exceeded Waterloo, and the loss of life was heavier. Over one-third of the Union army and nearly one-half of the Confederate army were killed, wounded or missing.

General Pickett's charge, on the third day, and its repulse, have not been equalled in valor since the day of Thermopylæ. Napoleon's Old Guard, historic for their victorious career, wavered before the first volley of the English batteries at Waterloo, and at the second fell back in confusion and disorder. Pickett's men at Gettysburg advanced a mile under a fire of musketry and artillery that tore great gaps in the line, which were filled by the living, and firmly, steadily the line advanced, as through the very gates of hell, until they engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Union men, but were finally repulsed.

Waterloo has stood for half a century without a parallel. It is not to be wondered at that when the descendants of the men who conquered there met each other the fight should be fiercer and longer than on that famous field.

The critical fighting and severest losses took place on the second day, when Longstreet made his desperate charge and was driven back defeated. This was the turning point of the Rebellion. From that time its fortunes waned.

ing considerable loss. The rifle-pits were not tenable and Major Elliott withdrew a short distance to the crest of a hill and there maintained himself fighting until the line on his right gave way, when he too fell back for a half mile further, until the right having regained its ground, he again advanced, driving the enemy and retaining the ground gained until the general withdrawal of the pickets to the point of concentration previously referred to. In this affair the 16th Michigan lost two killed and thirty-three wounded, their aggregate loss in it and the fight at Laurel Hill being five killed and forty-eight wounded and one officer and fifteen enlisted men missing.

The march of the corps by the Brock Road, narrow and lined each side with dense timber, was wearisome. At daylight the sun shone as hotly as in August. Robinson's division leading, had struck the enemy at Todd's Tavern, relieving Merritt's cavalry division, which, hindered by the thick undergrowth and heavy timber, had found it difficult to press him with any degree of rapidity.

The enemy was Longstreet's corps, which had been moving all night by the Shady Grove Church Road, which runs parallel with and about a mile to the southward of the Brock. Our purpose was to seize the junction of the Block House Road, a road which, beginning on the Brock Road a mile and a half to the west of Alsop's House, connects it with the Shady Grove Church Road, which terminates at Snell's Bridge over the Po. This purpose was never accomplished. The enemy reached the junction first and never loosened his grip on this all-important point.

A half mile to the east of Alsop's the Brock Road forks. Robinson took the left, Griffin, Bartlett's brigade leading, the right fork. In the open ground about Alsop's, both divisions, moving on separate roads, became almost simultaneously seriously engaged, and ultimately were permanently checked in the timber beyond, where they found the enemy already fairly intrenched. Not so permanently checked as to stop further battle, for in fact that continued in this vicinity many

days, but so checked at least as to gain no substantial advantage. Robinson was severely wounded.

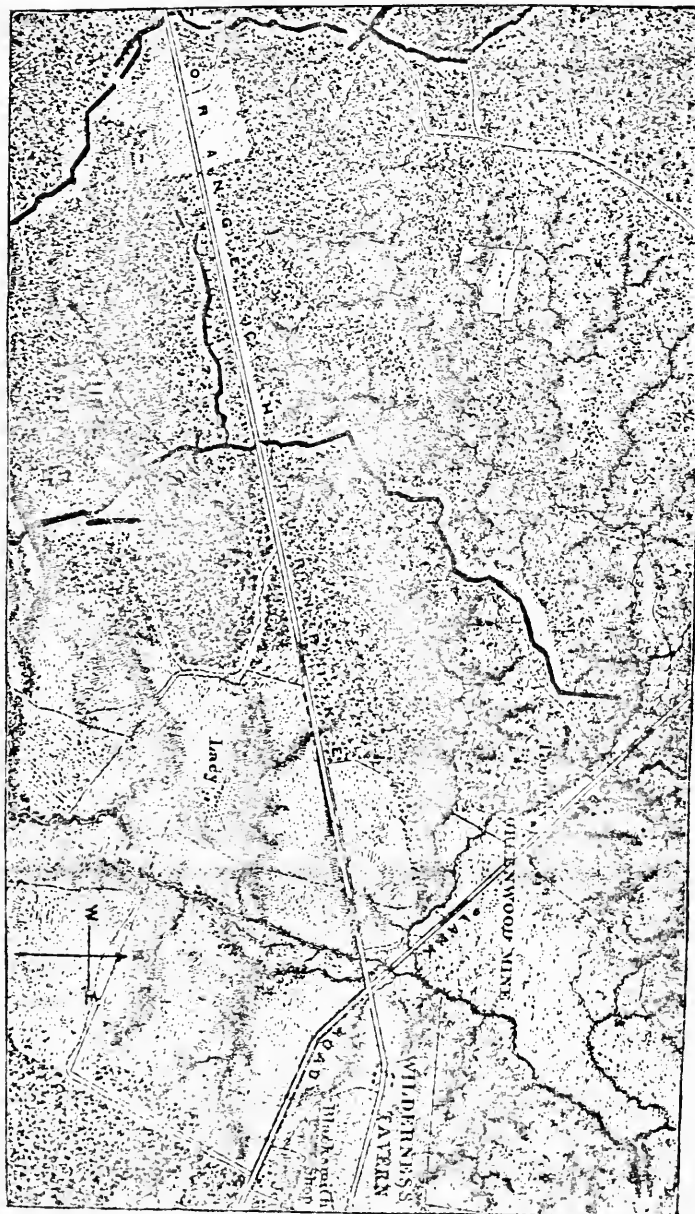
Herring with his picket brigade, for such in numbers it really was, reached this new front about ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th, with the situation as has been described. He at once reported to General Warren, and, as was his privilege, having completed his tour of picket duty, suggested that he was ready to return his troops to their respective commands. This privilege was not accorded. He was informed that other important duty still awaited him and he was directed to hold his command together for further instructions.

Crawford, after the battle of the morning, passed the right of Longstreet's corps, came unexpectedly upon Rodes's division of Ewell's moving by a flank, forced him back some three-quarters of a mile and was pressing him towards the crest of a prominent rise. It appears to have had the neighborhood designation of Laurel Hill. Such at least is the name by which it was known by those who gave it tragic prominence by their very brilliant feat of arms upon its crest at nightfall. Colonel Herring, with his command still intact, with the exception of the regulars who had been relieved, was ordered to report to General Crawford to support this advance.

Colonel Herring received no specific directions from General Crawford until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was ordered to advance in support of a brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves. He formed his line as well as the conformation of the ground would permit, with the 22d and 9th Massachusetts on the right, the 20th Maine and 118th on the left, the 16th Michigan in reserve. Much time was consumed in arranging for the movement, and it was six o'clock, then almost night in the shadows of this dense thicket of cedars and pines, before Herring began his advance.

As the line advanced it came abruptly upon Crawford's in front, halted and firing. Herring too halted. All this time the enemy had kept up a continuous and rapid firing. It was now growing darker; objects in the woods could not be

THE WILDERNESS. SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.



seen with distinctness; the color of the uniforms was not distinguishable. Suddenly and without unusual noise the enemy advanced to a counter-charge. Without intimation the whole of Crawford's line immediately disappeared, somewhat affecting the integrity of Herring's, upon which the whole shock and force of the attack fell. It was heroically and successfully resisted, notably by the 20th Maine. Men fought with desperation. Hungered, fatigued, discouraged, they were goaded to a frenzied madness. Hand-to-hand conflicts were numerous; bayonets crossed frequently; muskets were clubbed repeatedly. Swords clashed and revolvers that had never left their holsters to be discharged in anger were freely used. Shouts, yells, imprecations, heard above the noise of battle, were incessant. Alone, a mile beyond relief, menaced by death or captivity, the men were in a mood to fight and fight hard. They were sustained by the officers, who joined personally in the combat with great vigor. In the imperative necessity for action, action, action, time was not afforded to load and men dropped their pieces and clinched each other with a deadly grip. Front, rear and flanks were lost in the whirl; organization was gone; each man depended upon himself; darkness increased the confusion and the result hung upon personal tenacity. Shouting helped to encourage the combatants, and ours, deeper, louder, more determined, was the most assuring. It was as severe and desperate a struggle as these troops, with all their varied experience, saw during the entire war.

Down a ravine upon the right flank the enemy made a final lunge. This the 16th Michigan received and successfully repulsed. Ultimately the whole force in front disappeared, killed, captured, wounded or driven back, and Herring was left a little time to gather himself. The night would soon be well spent and before the day should break he must be directed to withdraw or be supported in his desperate strait. Thus far his soldiers had covered themselves with enviable renown.

Trophies added to their famous deeds. The 20th Maine took seventy-seven prisoners and sent them to the rear. Others

fell into their hands, but it was in the heat of action, and the paucity of numbers and the sharpness of the contest required that every man should be used for fight. None could be spared to guard the prisoners, and, though disarmed and ordered to the main line, it is more than likely most of them escaped. The 22d Massachusetts captured fifty, and Captain Benjamin Davis of that regiment took the colors of the 6th Alabama. Smaller numbers were secured by other regiments, and the whole number taken aggregated 200.

Herring occupied the crest, but he was by no means secure. He was in advance of our lines. Our own main picket line was well to his rear. The enemy, restive under his severe repulse, his losses, the capture of his men and colors, was beginning to comprehend that all this had been accomplished with a force isolated from supports and far inferior to his own. The sound of movements, shiftings and manœuvres indicated that he was preparing to retrieve the disaster.

Colonel Herring made judicious dispositions to sustain himself. He established his own picket line, found a small detachment of the 6th Corps, under Major Ellis, of the 49th New York, that had lost its way returning from some detached service, which he utilized to cover his left, and changed the direction of his right regiment to protect his right flank. Enjoining quiet, he then awaited the return of the officers whom he had sent to the rear for instructions.

Lieutenant Stamwood, of the 20th Maine, Lieutenant Hand, Colonel Herring's own adjutant, and Lieutenant John J. Thomas, to whom he delegated this duty, had no easy task. For a long time they struggled aimlessly through the woods, at times lost in the darkness. After striking the line, with all the assistance that was freely rendered from officers, some of them of high rank, disturbed, as they were, in their much-needed rest, they failed to discover General Crawford. Finally they came upon General Neill, commanding a division of the 6th Corps. To him they told the story of the engagement, explained the perilous exposure of Colonel Herring's position, and receiving

instructions to direct him to withdraw at three, o'clock in the morning, returned to communicate them. It was past midnight when they reached their commander and informed him he was still to hold on a few hours longer.

The juncture continued critical. The pickets reported the enemy evidently forming for an attack; the cracking of bush and undergrowth, the tramp of men which could not be mistaken, what was undoubtedly hushed and subdued tones of the human voice, confirmed their judgment. Herring determined to in no wise exceed the instructions, and with the perils that surrounded him to remain until the hour arrived indicated for his return. At last, with all the anxious, watchful waiting, the hour came. The regiments drew out by the left, moving parallel with each other. A caution to preserve unusual quiet was unnecessary. Each man knew the necessity, moved with delicate tread, exchanged no sound above a whisper, and firmly held his bayonet shank that it and the canteen, which could always be relied upon to make the most discordant noises, should make no sound.

Colonel Herring preceded his command to advise the pickets of the main line of his approach. It was a wise precaution. Without it this brilliant affair of his might have had a most disastrous conclusion. The pickets had no right to expect anything from that direction but the enemy. There would have been no hesitation for investigation or inquiry, a volley was alone the reception awaiting a force approaching from the front.

A suitable place was found within the lines for a bivouac during the little time left before all would be astir; and then reporting at sunrise to General Crawford this gallant body, justly proud of their achievements, lauded without stint by their associates, commended handsomely by their superiors, returned to their commands to rehearse again and again to willing listeners the story of the night triumph upon the crest of Laurel Hill.

The loss was proportionate to the severity of the engagement. In both affairs the 20th Maine lost 2 officers and 7 en-

listed men killed, 4 officers and 20 enlisted men wounded and 4 missing, making a total of 37. Their loss was chiefly on the night of the 8th. The 16th Michigan lost 5 killed and 48 wounded, 1 officer and 15 men missing, aggregating 69, mostly on the night of the 7th. The 22d and 9th Massachusetts detachment lost 10 men wounded and 4 missing, a total of 14. The 118th 5 killed, 24 wounded and 16 missing. The total loss in all the commands was 150. Proportionate to the numbers, by this time in the campaign materially reduced, this was commensurate with the work accomplished and the time in which it was done.

Among the wounded of the 118th was that very worthy soldier, who had been so prominent with the committee interviewing the battery on the turnpike, Sergeant Theodore B. Fryer, and Corporal H. Toland, of K, Corporal William Hodge and Benjamin J. Stevens, of Company F. Stevens was subsequently killed at Péeble's Farm. Lieutenant Crossly was taken prisoner. His captivity was a short one; he was released a few days subsequently when Sheridan made the dash at Beaver Dam Depot, but only to be again taken within a short time and to suffer a long imprisonment.

Benjamin Day, of Company I, turned about to check the firing in his rear, under the belief it was from friends, when he was met with the usual demand to "drop that gun." There was no way out of it and he yielded. Day was a Marble Head Massachusetts Yankee and was of fluent speech. Summoned to the presence of a Confederate general officer, who sought information, he rattled away so glibly about the great cities of the North showing no indication of the presence of a war, that he was dismissed as a hopeless subject for the purposes intended, with the remark that his statements were unworthy of credence.

Of the killed of the 20th Maine was Captain Morrell; of the wounded Lieutenants Melcher and Prince.

Colonel Herring had now notable prominence. He had achieved enduring honors, proven a capacity equal to the

severest test, and worthily sustained that enviable reputation which he had always borne.

After the war, in the course of a correspondence occasionally exchanged between Colonel Herring and General Warren, the general thus recalls the incident: "Your successful engagement with the enemy on the evening of the 8th of May, two years ago, with its captures, will help relieve a record made up of many gloomy repulses so trying to us all."

No active operations were contemplated, and on the 9th the army was given a day of rest. It may have been a rest as matters had been going, and was probably properly so styled, if the chieftains conceived they needed at least twenty-four hours for conjecture and consideration, but, whatever it was, a rattle of small arms enlivened the picket line during all the hours of daylight.

The 6th Corps was shifted to the left, extending the line in that direction. General Burnside moved with the 9th Corps from Aldrich's, on the Orange and Fredericksburg Turnpike, to Gates's House, on the road from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court-House, crossing the Ny with Wilson's cavalry division and a portion of Stevenson's, encountering a small force of cavalry and a brigade of Longstreet's corps. General Hancock closed up from Todd's Tavern, where he had been severely engaged on the 8th, to the right of the 5th Corps, and the latter corps remained in the same general position it had first taken upon its arrival in this vicinity.

"In the morning General Sedgwick was killed close to the intrenchments at the right of his corps, but not under cover, at the point where the forks of the road in Alsop's field unite."*

His loss cast a gloom over the entire army. It was indeed a serious loss to the army, the country and his corps. Equally distinguished, most beloved of all the commanders, he was a soldier eminently fitted for the occasion. Well and widely known, he had grown in efficiency as the war progressed.

* "The Campaign of '64 and '65," Humphrey, p. 71.

Actively participating in every engagement, he had acquired a high reputation. His reliability was his distinguishing characteristic. Eyer absent from cabal and combination, he was free from the many complications that followed the frequent changes of army commanders. Arms was his chosen profession. In it he had learned that obedience and loyalty are as essential in high as in lesser rank. As faithful to one chief as to another, he had the confidence of his superiors and was trusted by his government. His honest-hearted, manly courage, his care, consideration and forethought had won for him the admiration of his soldiers. General Horatio G. Wright, under whom the 6th Corps retained its high repute, succeeded to the command.

On the way from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, tempted by the sight of a house by the roadside, and urged by the gnawings of hunger, four of the 118th, evidently like-minded, dropped out. It subsequently appeared that Osborn, of F, was the promoter of the scheme and had intimated his purpose to the others. Approaching the porch they were confronted by the proprietress, to whom they communicated their famished condition, and politely stated that the object of their call was to ask, not take, from the family supplies sufficient only to satisfy a craving appetite. Indifferent to quality, or variety, anything, so it was bountiful in quantity, would answer the ravenous demands of their emptiness. The lady stoutly and persistently insisted that her larder was empty; that she was wholly without the food necessary to sustain herself and those about her, and anxiously awaited the withdrawal of the armies, that she might journey to a neighbor's farm, from whom the armies had not forced a contribution of their all, and borrow or beg sufficient to keep her household going.

While this interview progressed, what was evidently a groan of distress was frequently heard escaping from the adjoining room. The lady, when asked what it was, though the groans were plainly audible and proving more frequent, strenuously insisted that it was nothing. Determined to satisfy his curiosity,

and against her urgent protests, one of the party ventured to open the door. There upon the floor lay a Confederate soldier mortally wounded. Anticipating that his end would be hastened by a merciless butchery, for that was the real reason the lady had attempted to conceal his whereabouts, she vehemently pleaded that he should be permitted to pass away peacefully. Her astonishment knew no bounds when she found her unbidden guests were disposed to minister to the sufferings of the wounded Confederate.

The soldier had a fatal cut, about three inches long, in the right side of his abdomen, from which his bowels protruded. He was in great agony and knew his end was near. Osborn having some little knack in such matters, proceeded to close the wound and restore the parts. He bound a towel tightly around his patient and bade him lie perfectly still. The soldier, much relieved, was very grateful. Tied in a corner of his shirt was a silver half-dollar, all his earthly possessions, which he was anxious should be given to his sister. In the presence of those who had so kindly ministered to him, he begged the lady of the house, who knew his sister, to communicate to her that it was his dying request that the coin should be sent to her.

The sight of such considerate treatment softened the hostess. She had not spoken truthfully when she asserted her supplies were gone, and, without further request, she summoned a negro servant, and soon a table laden with corn-bread and bacon greeted the vision of the famished four. They proceeded to do full justice to the generous repast, and had not yet completed it when, with a long, expiring groan, the wounded Confederate soldier passed away forever. At the request of their hostess, Osborn and his party stopped to decently inter him. The half-dollar was found and kept to be delivered in accordance with the soldier's dying directions. His lady friend, whom he had made his executrix, promised to see them faithfully carried out. An old darkey dug the grave, a blanket was rolled around the body, and Osborn, with a pathetic manner, which he claimed

was eminently suited to the occasion, delivered a suitable funeral discourse.

Between the lengthy parley, the satisfactory meal, the hospital attendance and the funeral service, the time of the absence of this party had lengthened out considerably. But their movements, expedited in proportion to their increased physical strength, brought them to the front in ample time to find matters in a condition by no means attractive.

The movements on the morning of the 10th indicated an intention to assault, but with no definite purpose. Hancock the night before had crossed the Po and so threatened the integrity of the enemy's left as to cause him to throw some of his best troops to that locality. Warren, meanwhile, having reported his front as favorable for assault, was directed to attack, and Hancock ordered to send two divisions to his support. These he withdrew across the Po in the face of the enemy successfully, but with considerable loss, leaving the enemy, however, under the impression that he had suffered defeat. Hancock subsequently reported that if he had not been acting under imperative orders, and had been permitted to have his own way, there would have been another story of the left, and the enemy would not have rested under the impression that he had administered a defeat. It was afterwards conceded that Hancock's movement, begun on the morning of the 10th, instead of the night of the 9th, and pressed vigorously, was the one which was the most likely of success.

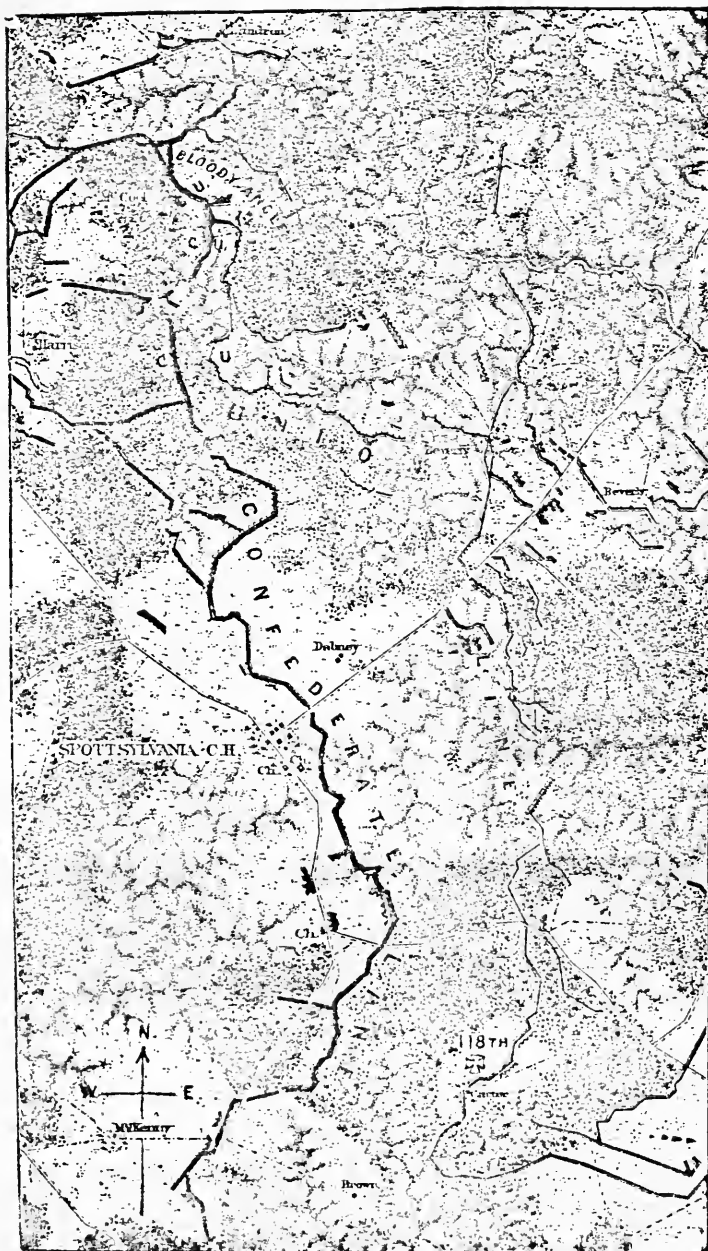
General Warren never appeared to better advantage. Himself burning with the conviction that he had secured a vulnerable point for an assault, and a favorable opportunity for an immediate attack, his enthusiasm was in some way communicated to his troops, and they, wholly without the knowledge he possessed, seemed intuitively impressed with a like conviction. Wearing his full uniform, he was conspicuously prominent. He was on all parts of the field, encouraging his soldiers by his presence and stimulating them by his example to unusual activity.

Crawford's and Cutler's, formerly Wadsworth's, division—Robinson's had been broken up and his troops distributed to the others—with Webb's and Carroll's brigade of Gibbon's division of the 2d Corps, proceeded to assault the enemy's works. They gained the *abatis*, a few the intrenchments, but were driven back. With all their enthusiasm and gallantry, they were only to furnish another proof of the futility of a direct assault against well-manned breastworks. Upton with his own brigade and other troops of the 6th Corps, co-operating on the left, met with more success. He captured the first line and took many prisoners, but unsupported, outflanked, and stubbornly resisted at the second line, he too was compelled to retire.

Bartlett's brigade, except that it was engaged in heavy skirmishing, took no active part in this day's operations. It was moved about to different points in support of the charging columns, and had formed in line in front of the breastworks at Spindler's peach orchard, ready to advance, when the main assault proving a failure, all other operations for the day were abandoned.

The country about Spottsylvania Court-House is interspersed with open fields, and the ridges and knolls are prominent. Where the timber still stood it was of the same dense, impenetrable character as in the Wilderness. Between the Brock Road and the road from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court-House there are no connecting roadways, and all the movements made towards the enemy's right and back again were conducted across country, except where occasional plantation roads intervened. The enemy had control of all the main highways, and his movements were facilitated by easier travel, interior and shorter lines. In front of all his intrenchments in the woods he had slashed the timber and in the open constructed *abatis*. The farms, Alsop's, Landrum's, Shelton's, Brown's, McCool's and others now historically familiar as the scenes of some of the distinctively severe assaults, were large, all of them plantations of four hundred acres and upwards. The nearer the Court-House the more open is the country.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.



To the eastward and southward it was generally all cleared land, and timber was the exception.

Except a light shower on the 7th the weather had been clear and generally unusually warm. On the 11th rain fell heavily, and the storm continued throughout the night. During the day there was no positive demonstration. The skirmishers were pressed close against the enemy. Active firing followed,



A WET DAY ON PICKET.

accompanied by occasional discharges of artillery. Lieutenant Thomas was wounded by a piece of shell.

The instructions to corps commanders had been to ascertain what, if any, changes had been made in their front, the least force sufficient to hold their positions, and what force was

available for offensive movements, the object being to ascertain where a concentrated attack might be most effectively made and with what force.

In one of the many affairs so significantly designated as feeling the enemy to ascertain his strength, John L. King, of Company E, now a minister of the gospel at Lysander, N. Y., was taken prisoner. He had been whirled around in the usual turmoil which follows such occasions when the *feeling* has been accomplished and the *strength* ascertained sufficiently to let the feelers know they have no business there, when, wiping the dust and perspiration from his eyes, he found himself confronted by a line of battle. "Where's the 118th Pennsylvania?" innocently inquired King. "Ground your arms," was the reply, accompanied by the usual volume of wordy pyrotechnics aptly suited to just such occasions only. Not yet fully realizing his situation nor altogether satisfied with the response, he yelled still louder: "Where's the 118th Pennsylvania?" The "throw down your rifle and remove your accoutrements" was now emphasized by the ready and aim of a half-dozen muskets. The click of the triggers brought King to a more comprehensive sense of his situation, and complacently yielding, he was marched to the rear to the zip of our own minies and kept closely as a prisoner until the end of the war. He rejoined the regiment in time to participate in the grand review.

The 12th was the day of the heaviest fighting at Spottsylvania. The rain continued to fall at intervals, at times hard. The previous experiences of the army, that fighting must cease with the daylight, had been worthless as a basis on which to frame opinions in this campaign. From the very beginning darkness never stopped a battle when there was opportunity to continue it, and now that other notion, born, too, of experience, that with the rain hostilities were suspended, was effectually exploded. The heavy fighting of the 12th continued without interruption through the hardest showers with the same vehemence as if the sun had shone in the brightest rays of all its summer brilliancy.

General Hancock had moved during the afternoon and evening from the right of the army, and by midnight was in position in front of the open fields of Brown and Landrum to attack the apex of a salient in the enemy's works. This salient was in advance of the main line and protected a high piece of ground which, General Ewell said, if controlled by our forces, would have enabled our artillery to command their line. Its west angle, at which and along the apex the fighting continued incessantly from 4.30 in the morning, the hour of Hancock's assault, until three o'clock the next morning, when the enemy withdrew, was afterwards known as the "bloody angle." It is better styled by the Confederates as the "bloody bend," for it was in fact more of a bend than an angle.

General Burnside was to operate with Hancock on the left, General Warren was to hold the position vacated by the 2d Corps, to shorten his line whenever he deemed it judicious, and both he and General Wright, leaving sufficient troops to hold the intrenchments, were ordered to be in readiness "to attack in their fronts" or "move elsewhere and attack," according to the developments of the day.

General Hancock's attack was completely successful. His troops passed through the *abatis* and over the intrenchments, capturing nearly 4,000 prisoners, among them Major-General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George H. Stewart, twenty pieces of artillery, several thousand stands of small arms and upwards of twenty colors. General Hancock pursued the enemy in the direction of Spottsylvania Court-House, until he encountered a second and formidable line of intrenchments, when the enemy assuming the offensive, our troops having lost all organization in the charge fell back to the line of the apex. Russell's and Neill's divisions, of the 6th Corps, were hurried to the aid of the 2d. General Wright made repeated assaults upon the west angle, but failed to drive the enemy from its inner face. The combatants continued the deadly struggle for nearly twenty-four hours, the one on the outer and the other on the inner face of the intrenchments,

until Lee finally withdrew to his interior lines. It was hardly practicable to change the troops along this line. Changes were only made occasionally, and then in order to replenish ammunition. The ammunition was mostly carried to the rear of the troops engaged. The boxes were thrown down along the line and armloads of packages supplied the place of the cartridge-box, which was not used after it was first emptied. Of this part of the action so cautious a writer as General Humphrey, in his Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65, on page 9, says: "At the west angle the fighting was literally murderous."

What had occurred on the left had given the impression that Warren's front was materially weakened. He was consequently ordered to attack with his whole force if necessary. This he did, but was repulsed. Longstreet's corps, in which there had been no substantial change, was still holding the intrenchments in force.

A further demonstration on the left was now ordered to be made, and Warren's corps was sent to renew the attack at the salient. Cutler's division reached the ground and became engaged. Griffin's followed, but before his arrival the project was abandoned, as too much had already been sacrificed and a further prosecution of the effort did not promise success.

During these engagements the 118th, deployed as skirmishers, held the extreme right of the army. It was, in fact, a picket detail, but it was so essential to cover a large front that it assumed more the character of skirmishing. Crossing the Po during the night, shortly after the withdrawal of Hancock, the regiment from that time, during all the day and night of the 12th, remained in position and was not relieved until noon of the 13th. The skirmishers were more or less engaged, and compelled in their much exposed and highly responsible post to be actively on the alert. During Warren's assault they lay between the artillery fire of both sides, and both before and after they were frequently vigorously shelled themselves. They lost men in killed and wounded, and when they withdrew across the Po did so under fire. The following is a despatch from

General Crawford, who had general charge of that locality, sent to Colonel Herring during the night of the 12th :

{ HEAD-QUARTERS PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES,
May 12, 1864, 9.30 o'clock P. M.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERRING, *Commanding Right Flank Pickets :*

The general commanding directs that you strengthen the point of attack on your line. The line is important and must be held—feel well to your right. It is not thought that the enemy will make any serious attack on you before the intended disposition of the line is made. Send in a report of the extent and character of the demonstration made on your line.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CRAWFORD, *Commanding Division.*

ROBERT A. MCCOY, *A. A. G.*

The enemy having been so severely handled on his left during the day, it was feared he might attempt to retrieve himself elsewhere, and our weakened right was the subject of some anxiety.

The 13th was a gloomy day ; at times it poured, at no time was it clear. The lengthy tour of picket duty terminated at noon, and the corps—Crawford's division and the picket detail had not moved on the 12th—was concentrating for its famous night's march to the left of the army and the eastward of the Ny.

General Warren was ordered to move immediately after dark by Landrum's and Shelton's, over a farm road, to a ford across the Ny ; thence over the country to the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Court-House road, and then, recrossing the Ny and forming on the left of Burnside, to attack the enemy at four o'clock in the morning at a point that had been designated. The 6th Corps was to follow him.

The night was dark ; the rain poured incessantly. On the slightest break in the column those in advance would disappear entirely, and what was behind would be compelled to halt until somebody found them or by some accident they made connection with the advance. Fires were built along the route and staff officers and guides posted at intervals to light and direct the struggling column, cursing and floundering knee-

deep in mud and mire that stuck with an unyielding persistency. But it was of no avail; the corps could not make the headway calculated as necessary to accomplish the purpose in view at the end of its journey. Of this march General Humphreys, that eminently reliable historian, who has been so often referred to and who cannot be too frequently quoted or consulted, says: "The mud was deep over a large part of the route; the darkness was intense, so that literally you could not see your hand before your face."



HALT IN THE NIGHT MARCH.

The head of the column reached its destination at the hour designated, but the corps was *mad*, scattered and broken along the entire route. It was neither practicable nor possible to shape it into columns of attack within the hour of darkness to make the assault effectively at the break of day. The attempt was consequently abandoned.

As the day grew older the army awakened to new sensations, to a buoyancy and invigoration it had not known since it first buried itself in the wilds of the Wilderness. The fighting had

not ceased, nor was the battle over; as yet the pickets spoke contentiously with "significant frequency" and the guns roared occasionally in "sonorous cadency." But the land was all aglow with sunlight, all the heavy, sombre clouds had disappeared, the pelting rain had ceased to fall, every blade and spear of grass danced and glistened in the radiance of a noon-day sun in hues of brightest green, fresh in the primitive glories of an early summer verdure. The sweltering heat and dense humidity had gone, and the great army, as if it were a great city, revived under the influences of the stiff invigorating breeze. And then it was a country of field and farm, of cultivation and tillage, of crops and harvest. The dreary, woeful, timber-stricken region had been left forever. Well-kept gardens, comfortable homes dotted distant knolls and far-off slopes, and all between was field of rolling sward. Here and there stood woods of straight and lofty pines. The sluggish Ny traced a devious course over fallow and meadow and through the wood, until it lost itself in the greater streams beyond.

It was the vivid contrast, the sudden burst of sunlight, the cheering change from pent-up forest to broad, open plain, that threw a coloring o'er the scene it could not have commanded of itself alone. It was for this, and all this, that the army breathed freer. Like the man whose weary task is finished, whose heavy burden is lifted, who has attained what he never dared anticipate, the soldier felt as he does, that with ball and bat and kite and top and every implement of youthful sport he could be a very boy again. It was a short shift of relief; but, limited as it was, the army never returned through all the rest of the great campaign to such a feeling of depression as hung over it through the Wilderness and part of Spottsylvania.

Late in the afternoon a bold, round hill on the south bank of the Ny, upon which was a well-appointed farmer's dwelling, was the scene of a sudden and hurried repulse. The hill did not seem to stand relatively to either side as suitable to hold, but as a commanding eminence for observation was a decided acquisition to us. Upton, with his own and part of the Jersey

brigade, 6th Corps, a force aggregating about 800 men, had crossed the river and disposed his forces for a temporary occupancy. The pickets were thrown out to the edge of a piece of timber some quarter of a mile to the front. This wood was well calculated to cover the enemy in any attempt on the hill. General Meade, with a number of his staff, had accompanied Upton, remaining with him some time. The enemy, meanwhile, had not been idle. The detached force, the unusual number of mounted officers with it, had attracted attention, and Lee was not slow to seize his opportunity to rout or capture it. He quietly moved a large force of cavalry and infantry, far exceeding Upton's, to the edge of the timber, successfully concealing his operations until the entire body was ready for the advance. General Meade had just left, when, with a vigorous rush, the enemy's column ran over the pickets, swooped down on the main body and Upton and the Jersey-men were hustled over the river without a full comprehension of exactly what had struck them. Several prominent officers fell killed and mortally wounded, but neither in killed, wounded or prisoners was the loss as large as might have been expected. By some good fortune most everybody got away to the other side of the river, and in a little while the integrity of the two commands was fully restored. It was nearing darkness when Ayres's brigade was sent to regain the hill. The stream was waist-deep, with steep and slimy banks. There was no road or ford-crossing. The distance between the bank of the stream and the base of the hill was not sufficient for deployment, and the line of battle moved into the water from the open fields. Upon the other side but a moment was necessary to rectify the alignment, and then, advancing handsomely up the hill, Ayres drove the enemy from his lofty perch, and he in turn was unceremoniously hustled back to his own lines, as Upton had been to his. This affair of the regulars, happening in full view of a greater part of the troops of both the 5th and 6th Corps, brought them much commendation.

Before the army moved from Spottsylvania the house upon

the hill was fired and with all its outbuildings totally destroyed. The owner had abandoned it before our troops appeared. An aged servant who remained said his master's name was Anderson. Upon the official map of the battle-field Anderson's name is applied to a house in another locality. The house indicated on the map as most likely to be the one where the affair occurred is noted as Gayle's.

Three days followed of a rather uneventful character. It was a season of comparative rest with but little excitement and only occasional firing. The lines were advanced and heavily entrenched. The work was usually done during the night, and the sight of the new entrenchments in the morning generally provoked fierce shelling, which was promptly replied to. It did not prove very damaging and soon ceased, and then the pickets would worry away a while until, tiring of a resultless effort, a tacit consent stopped the dangerous amusement. All this was in the open country and both sides had full opportunity of observation. A greater part of the 5th Corps lay within full sight of the court-house. The casualties were not numerous. Among them was John Clay, of Company C, mortally wounded.

The fortifications were more than ordinarily substantial. The men had become skilled in their construction. Except that their slopes were not sodded, they looked like permanent works, and in the feature of sentries pacing the ramparts wholly so.

This continuous contact was breeding the usual picket familiarity. The suggestions for more friendly relations first came from the enemy, with the proposition to exchange newspapers. It was cordially accepted, but had made but little headway when it was discovered and promptly checked.

Occasionally, when the pickets would cease firing for a considerable time, the Confederates were seen sitting and standing upon their works, with their clothing partially removed, examining their shirts with close and critical attention. This naturally provoked inquiry, and to the interrogation as to what

in the thunder they were at, they replied that they had been very busy of late, and having had no leisure to "hunt 'em," they were determined to utilize this opportunity for investigation until every "varment" should be extirpated.

So many friends and relatives desired to visit the front to look after the bodies of the dead or care for the wounded that the War Department was forced to forbid it. It was no easy matter to secure a pass, and, if one was secured, to accomplish the purpose intended was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Among those fortunate in securing a pass was Mr. James C. Wray, of Philadelphia. His mission threw him among some old associates, officers of the 6th Corps. He had been with them for a day or two and was continuously and urgently pressing his desire to see, as he styled it, a live rebel in arms. It so happened that in front of the 6th Corps at that time the pickets were not in close contact, nor was the enemy in sight. To the right, however, in front of the 5th, the view he desired could be readily obtained. So one afternoon when there was no reasonable prospect of a movement, yielding to the urgency of the appeal, a friend of Mr. Wray in the adjutant-general's department consented to conduct him to a point where he might satisfy his curiosity, explaining that the errand would likely involve some personal risk. Mr. Wray was not equipped for active field operations, the part of his dress most unsuitable for campaigning being a high silk hat.

The two rode off in the direction of the nearest picket reserve of the 5th Corps. The officer in charge was loath to permit them to go beyond it, but after explanations and much persuasion, as the line had been quiet for some hours, he finally consented. Leaving their horses and proceeding some hundred yards farther, Wray and his escort came upon an outpost. For a time nothing could be seen. The enemy's line was distant some five hundred yards, and it was only the experienced eye that could detect the little upheavals of earth that concealed the Confederate pickets, and only the knowledge born of experience that told that behind each one of these upheavals was what our

friend most desired to see. He had tarried so long that he believed his mission a failure, when a Confederate picket, gathering assurance from the lengthy quiet that he might safely expose himself, rose to his full height, doubtless to seek relief in a good, vigorous stretch. Wray was all excitement. He seemed to be the first to discover him. "There's one now!" shouted he, and believing that death, swift and certain, was the only punishment for a rebel in arms, yelled out: "Shoot him; d—n him, shoot him!" The soldier on the outpost, not willing to be thought derelict by a citizen, "let go," and then another picket "let go," and then the other side "let go," and Wray soon found himself in the midst of an active little picket fight, provoked by his own desire to see, as he thought, justice duly administered. He bore up under it manfully, and retired in good soldierly shape. Remounting their horses, the two rode away as rapidly as decency would permit, the zip of the bullets continuing until they had outdistanced them. Mr. Wray conceived that he had more than satisfied his curiosity, but having safely passed through such an unusual experience for a citizen, concluded that it would be a remembrance well worth cherishing.

As a rule, new regiments lose more men than an old one in doing the same fighting.

On one occasion some new men were needlessly exposing themselves, when an officer exclaimed: "Get down there! or you'll get a bullet through your head. You cost the government a thousand dollars apiece, and I'll be d—d if I am going to have you shot without good cause; you're too expensive!"

This was said with all seriousness, but it made us laugh. It is remarkable how much men found to laugh at while engaged in such serious work. Cracking of jokes was as incessant as the crack of musketry. Artillery was posted in the entrenchments at the apex of the salient. Gibbon's division advanced to beyond the McCool House. The interior lines had been materially strengthened; where they were in the woods they were protected by slashings, and in the open by *abatis*. The

division was repulsed with loss. The attack of the 6th Corps was in progress, when learning of the resistance met with by Gibbon and the formidable character of the works, General Meade ordered the operations suspended. The artillery of the 5th Corps—that was the part it was designed to play until offensive operations were necessary—was heavily engaged. The heavy entrenchments constructed by the corps a few days before, and previously referred to, were built with a purpose to further this operation by drawing still greater attention to a determination to concentrate on our left.

The 6th Corps returned to its position to the east and south of the Ny. Burnside was moved to its left; Hancock remained near the Landrum House, preparatory to a movement looking to the opening of the roads to the southward, and the 5th Corps now became the right of the army. Its right was extended to the vicinity of the Harris House and the works beyond the crossing of the Ny, by the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Court-House Road.

The Ny is, as may be judged from the text, a very tortuous stream. Before it crosses this road it flows due east for half a mile, just before reaching it bearing off a little to the south-east. After crossing the road it turns abruptly to the south, and flows in that direction a little upwards of a mile. Then it resumes its easterly course for a short distance, and again turning to the southeast so continues until its junction with the Po.

That portion of the 5th Corps which extended to the northward covered the Spottsylvania Court-House and Fredericksburg Road, the only route by which supplies reached the army. Still to the right of the corps, and covering the road, Tyler's heavy artillery, a splendid division from the fortifications at Washington, that had never yet been in action, lay in bivouac, halted on its march to join the Army of the Potomac. Ewell, demonstrating on Lee's left to ascertain whether a belief that the Army of the Potomac was drawing away from Spottsylvania was well founded, came upon this force of Tyler's. An

engagement followed of some magnitude. Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery, relieved from duty as guard to the Reserve Artillery, and now part of and the extreme right of the 5th, was also at once involved. Both the brigade and division behaved handsomely and suffered severely. Other troops were needed. Warren, who was nearest, was ordered to send reinforcements. His Maryland brigade reached the field in time to take an active and effective part in the fight. Before the affair was over every corps but Burnside's had been tapped. Hancock sent Gibbon and Birney; Warren added Crawford; from far away on the left, Wright hurried Russell along. Ewell went away discomfited, leaving a pretty heavy list of casualties to attest the severity of his punishment.

This encounter delayed the preparations for the ultimate abandonment of the operations about Spottsylvania Court-House, and the further prolongation of the "jug-handle" movement, which had become the popular army designation for all the manœuvres now well understood, that had in contemplation the envelopment of the enemy's right flank. Hancock, however, was off on the 20th and Warren followed the next day. The 5th Corps pickets were withdrawn in the afternoon long before dark. The 118th, or a detachment of it, under Captain Wilson, was on the line. The opportunity was too tempting to resist, and the enemy opened with a rattle of small arms and salvos of artillery, but fleet of foot, and spurred by a desire to temporarily, at least, dissever an association which had grown wearisome and monotonous, the details were soon under cover of the timber and within the protection of the corps lines. Our people, forced to this scurry by orders to retire, were compelled to take some decidedly opprobrious talk from the enemy without opportunity for resentment. "Stop, you cowardly Yanks; drop your guns, d—n you, or turn and use them," were phrases heard as distinctly as the whiz of the bullets. But General Griffin, seated composedly on his horse, as our men reached their cover, encouraged them with the assurance that their run was all a part of the game, and that others were at hand to re-

sent the insult. And so they were, for when all the pickets were safely stowed away, a counter-charge gathered in a goodly number of the enemy, who in the wild excitement of success had ventured beyond the bounds of prudence.

It was night before the column was well away. A brilliant moonlight shimmered on the bloody field, and the determination as to which of the mighty chieftains had the better of the other in the fourteen days of doughty fight at Spottsylvania was relegated to the judgment of history.

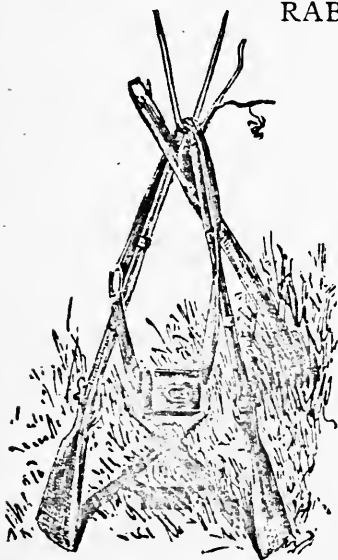
Losses. 8th to the 18th, Spottsylvania, 18,339; Wilderness, May 5th to 7th, 17,666; Cold Harbor, June 1st to 4th, 12,737; June 15th to 19th, Petersburg, 11,386.

There were 112 battles in the war in which one side or the other lost over 500 in killed or wounded. There were 1,882 general engagements, battles and skirmishes in which at least one regiment was engaged.

(Figures are compiled from the battle reports, official records of the Union and Confederate armies.)

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTH ANNA—BETHESDA CHURCH—COLD HARBOR.



RABLE lands, wayside villages, the country store, grist and saw-mills, railway stations, were helpful to good cheer and encouraging reminders of the better things at home. Such were the features noticeable for their frequency between the Ny and the Anna. It was a thrifty country and apparently a prosperous people. War's despoiling hand in such a region rested with a greater severity upon the inhabitants and their belongings than in the sparsely settled, unproductive waste late the scene of such fierce, enduring fight. But Virginia's cup was not yet full. Her fair fields already trodden and wasted were but typical of the devastation yet to follow.

The 5th Corps continued to move on the 21st to Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, about eight miles from the court-house; then crossing at Guinea Bridge, below the junction of the Po and Ny, it halted for the night about nine o'clock at Catlet's, sending forward detachments towards Mud Tavern and Madison's Store. The latter place is about a mile from Nancy Wright's, on the Telegraph Road, the main road to Richmond. Detachments of

the enemy's cavalry were at the bridge when the corps approached it and continued in front as it advanced.

All the army was trending southward. So too was Lee, but not for the purpose it was hoped he would. The 2d Corps had been thrown well away from the main army, some twenty miles, in the hope that the temptation might lure Lee to attack it, and then the others were so held that they could swoop down on him overwhelmingly for his temerity. But the project worked ill. Lee seemed to covet no such opportunity, and, content with simply interposing himself between us and Richmond, turned our movement into the usual genuine flanking operation, as it was intended it should be considered, if Lee could not be coaxed or tempted to a combat with the isolated corps.

The column moved again early on the morning of the 22d. Bartlett's brigade led the corps. General Bartlett had been a few days on the sick-list and the command had devolved upon Colonel Chamberlain. The march by way of Madison's Ordinary and Nancy Wright's was to terminate for the night at Harris's Store. The latter place is near the Telegraph Road and on the cross-road from Childsburg to Milford, a station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Hancock had arrived at Milford the day before and been directed to remain. Wright was following Warren; Burnside was to the north and east, near Bethel Church, on a cross-road from Madison's Ordinary to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 21st Warren's cavalry outpost at Lebanon Church had heard the noise of troops all night passing along the Telegraph Road, and in the early morning some part of the trains accompanying the troops were in view. A detachment sent out in search of information ascertained that Ewell's and Longstreet's corps had passed over the road the night before.

Upon arriving at Madison's a part of the corps was transferred to the Telegraph Road, the rest taking a road one mile to the east and running parallel with it. Stragglers of the

enemy's infantry were picked up, and Longstreet's corps was reported but three miles in advance. Rosser's cavalry was encountered at the crossing of the Mat river, near Dr. Flipper's.

It was Sunday; the evidences of the encounter with Rosser were apparent. Along the roadside were the dead bodies of Confederates. Beyond these bodies, with a wood intervening, and so far as to have evidently been out of the reach of even stray shots, lay the body of a boy not fourteen years old. The soldiers paused, awestruck. The story went that some of Meade's cavalry escort had suddenly come upon him armed with a shotgun. There was a demand for surrender, a hesitation to comply, then a single shot, resulting in instant death. The hesitancy evidently was from shock and embarrassment, and from no disposition to resist. The affair drew forth severe censure from General Meade, and it was only because the soldier who fired was able to show a demand for surrender and a seeming refusal that he escaped punishment.

It was evident that we were closely pressing the enemy's rear guard and every moment expecting a sudden attack on the head of our column. Colonel Chamberlain, in advance of the column with a few scouts and skirmishers, was anxiously examining every point of advantage from which the enemy might turn upon us, and was holding the brigade well in hand for anything that might happen. Suddenly the expected signal came. A rifled cannon shot came whizzing over our heads—we saw the white puff of smoke from a wooded crest—killing one man in the regiment. The division was halted; consulting a moment with General Griffin, Chamberlain conceived a movement to capture the battery by taking advantage of the piece of woods which had masked them. Moving the brigade into the field to the right, he formed it in echelon and rapidly advanced, evidently unseen by the enemy. The orders were for the first men who should strike the battery not to mind so much to kill the men, but to shoot the horses, especially the wheel-horses, so that in the tangle the enemy could not get their guns away, if they did themselves: we were only foiled in a complete and brilliant

success by a natural obstacle which delayed us, and thus drew the enemy's attention. Nearly up to the woods on the flank of the battery we came to a stream, not very wide, but looking deep and muddy, and the men hesitated to ford it. It was a critical moment. Chamberlain, impatient at the delay, urged the men over. A lucky thought hit him. There was a heavy plank fence along one portion of the stream. "Take the fence along with you, my men; throw it in, and yourselves after it!" It was done with a will: one jump to mid-stream, with the planks for a pontoon, and we were over. But the confusion had attracted the enemy's attention. They whirled their battery about, and gave us canister, inflicting quite a loss on us. We pushed all the quicker for the canister, but the enemy managed to get away with their guns. We felt not a little chagrined at the loss of the splendid prize which we had so well planned and struggled to win. But the road was effectually cleared, and the corps was soon on its onward way. When the 118th Pennsylvania and 20th Maine had covered their own front, they were flanked to the left and moved forward in line of battle, preceded by skirmishers hurriedly detached from "E," of the 118th, and assigned to the command of Captain Walters. "E" at that time was without a commissioned officer, and Walters, apt and ready in such affairs, was taken from his own company and placed in charge. Everything had transpired so quickly that the skirmishers had not yet had opportunity to secure a respectable distance in advance. Walters was in front of them, when suddenly he came upon a Confederate officer mounted upon a gray horse, leaning forward with his hand up to his ear, his whole attitude indicating that he was straining every faculty to ascertain what he could of the whereabouts of his enemy. His faculties were evidently blunted or his thoughts astray, for he had as yet neither seen Walters nor heard the tramp of the advancing troops. Walters at once determined to cautiously circle around the major until he had placed himself so far in his rear as to have the major between himself and the skirmishers, and then insist that the major unhorse himself and acknowledge himself a prisoner.

Colonel Chamberlain, who was also in advance of the line, had caught sight of the operation and at once conjectured Walters's purpose. He dare not speak a word to halt the line or caution quiet. But as he raised his hand and turned toward the troops his countenance and his gesture seemed to communicate what he desired, and a sudden stillness followed. Walters had seen nothing of this, but the quiet so startled him that every twig and bough he was treading upon so cautiously snapped with sounds, to him at least, like the breaking of great branches before the whistling winds. And yet there the major still sat immovable until Walters had entirely encircled him, and stood with a pistol in his right hand and with his left grasping the bridle-rein, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender.

"Not so, sir," said the major, about to seize a carbine slung at his side; "you are my prisoner."

"Touch that and you die," said Walters. Walters's manner was a sufficient indication of resolute purpose, and his pistol was levelled with deadly aim. The major slowly slid out of the saddle. He was evidently a courageous man, but he was so startled and overcome at this unexpected termination of his observations that his face turned to an ashy whiteness; so remarkable was its absolutely colorless hue that, as he afterwards passed through the lines to the rear, it was the subject of much comment. He delivered his carbine without question, but to the "now for the sword, sir," he drew it angrily from the scabbard and, plunging it desperately into the ground, broke it off at the very hilt. The skirmishers had now come up and Walters turned over horse and rider to be conducted to the rear. The major was rather a tasty fellow, and an inspection of his saddle disclosed a brand new uniform coat, evidently intended to be worn on distinguished official or high social occasions.

The battery which had so injudiciously exposed itself managed to limber up and escape entirely. Not before, however, it had with a discharge of grape and canister inflicted a loss of one man killed and several wounded.

This section had never been visited by an invading army in any force. Fence rails were in abundance and supplied the fuel for the night's meal. The parties out after wood and water fell upon a lot of sheep grazing. A carcass or two contributed to a very acceptable temporary change of diet.

The country was so thrifty that instructions were issued reviving the almost forgotten orders against foraging. The soldiers were not in sympathy with the measure; officers gave it but a half-hearted support. The obedient restrained themselves; others, not so disposed, took about what was fair.



FORAGING.

From his place on the flank of the column Major O'Neill's attention was attracted by the violent hissing of a goose. Turning in the direction of the sound he discovered that Paddy Mulchay, of "G," had seized a straggler from a flock unable to keep up with his fellows, making haste for the shelter of a neighboring barn-yard. "Mark time, Paddy; mark time," shouted the major, his favorite phrase when he desired to be severely impressive; "don't you know the orders?"

"Shure, sur," says Paddy, "the only orders I know is not to leave anything behind me, and ain't I obeying them, sur?"

"Well, if it's a prisoner you mean you'll not leave behind you, you may turn him over to me. Here, Kit Carson," addressing his servant, "put the dirty rebel in the guard-house," and with the solace of a pinch of snuff from his silver box, and the complacent reflection that a well-fed goose would grace his table at the first opportunity to prepare a meal, the major pressed Paddy no further upon his failure to be exact in the recollection of his orders.

Mulchay had some strange characteristics: among them was an indisposition to go into action with his own regiment. He was frequently found fighting zealously with others in the brigade, throughout which his oddities had brought him into general acquaintance. He was a courageous fellow, and, when arraigned for his delinquencies, was always able to secure such excellent reports of his conduct as to relieve him from the punishment which would have otherwise followed.

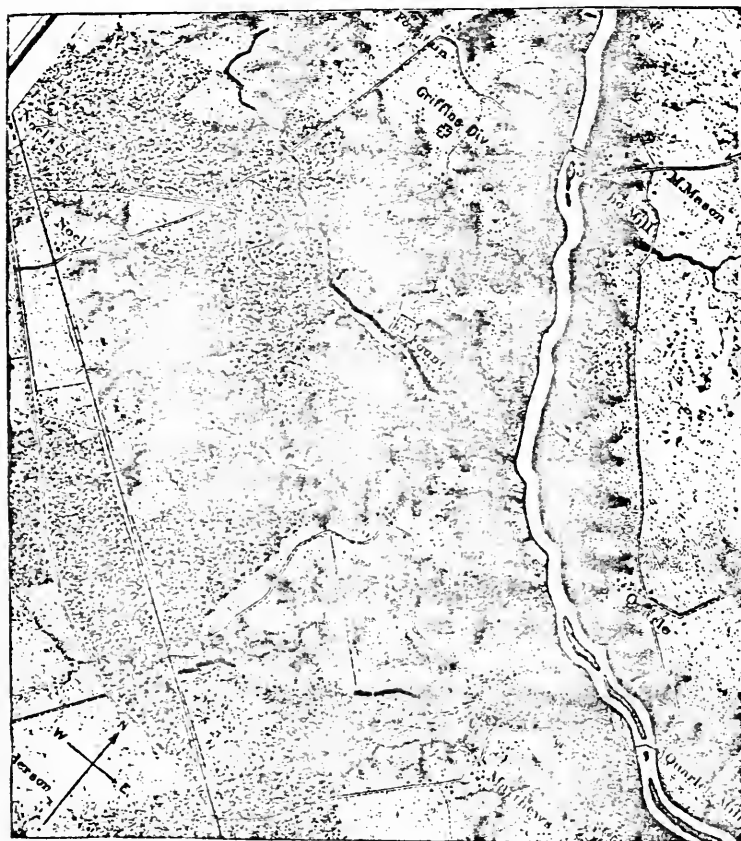
On the 24th the army was in readiness to move at five o'clock in the morning. The cavalry detachments serving with each corps were sent out on all the roads leading southward to ascertain if the enemy had crossed the North Anna. If he had, the purpose was to follow him. Hancock moved to Chesterfield Ford, near the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad Bridge; Burnside to Jericho Bridge, and Warren to Jericho Mills. Wright followed Warren. Jericho Mills is four miles west of Jericho Bridge.

Ewell and Longstreet had arrived at Hanover Junction, some nineteen miles distant from our advance, the night of the 22d, and on the 23d Hill was pressing to join them.

Warren arrived at Mount Carmel Church at 11 A. M., and from that point moved to Jericho Mills, on the North Anna, about three miles distant, Rosser keeping in his front to the vicinity of the river.

Bartlett's brigade waded the river, encountering a few of the enemy's pickets on the opposite bank, and secured a lodgement to cover the laying of the pontoons. The banks of the stream were high and precipitous and the road rough, consisting of a series of rocky steps.

The line advanced sufficiently to permit deployments of the troops to follow, and pickets were thrown out to the edge of a wood some distance beyond the bank. A feeling of fancied security had prompted all the "dog-robbers," "pot-wrestlers"



NORTH ANNA.

and "coffee-coolers" to keep well closed up with the column. This vast array of essentials, bearing designations so pertinent to their calling, so useful and necessary in the domestic economies of army life, with due consideration for personal safety, with weighty convictions that their loss would be irreparable,

never ventured upon the hither bank of a stream until furnished with the most reliable assurance that the enemy had vanished from the vicinity beyond all range possible for an encounter.

It was a sense of fancied security that prompted these foraging spoilsmen, ready for booty when no dangers attended its acquisition, to scatter in every direction to seize the rich yields the prolific indications of the neighborhood promised. Many in the ranks were sensibly affected by the opportunities, and imitated their example. Among them, Smith, of "K," to maintain his reputation as a successful forager, passing his musket to the custody of Nugent, followed. Observing a party who had nearly completed the butchering of a well-fattened hog, Smith, hoping to reap a share of the spoil, knowing the mortal terror which the announcement of the immediate presence of the enemy would likely arouse, cried loudly, "There comes the rebs." "Rebs be d—d," was the reply. For the moment the attempted deception was apparently a failure, when suddenly from the woods the enemy's batteries opened with a simultaneous crash, and musketry flashed on front and flank. Confusion immediately followed, panic seized the "pot-wrestlers," and they imparted it to the pack mules. Cooks, servants and mules, pots, kettles and pans, yelling discordantly, rattling inharmoniously, broke for the river by whatever route was nearest, no matter how impracticable.

Ned Wolfenden, of "K," in charge of an officer's horse, had ensconced himself at the base of a bald-faced, rocky bluff, straight as a wall, six or eight feet high, safe certainly from danger of every sort. Suddenly over the top leaped a man, followed by a rope, at which he tugged violently. Then appeared the head and ears of a mule, and then his great pack heaved into sight. Wolfenden waited no longer. He preferred to take the ordinary risks of battle rather than to be thus ignominiously crushed under the weighty load that seemed certain to demolish him.

Smith was neither discomfited nor confused. The pork was of course abandoned by the "pot-wrestlers." Seizing a quarter

of the derelict pig, he bore it back with him to the ranks, and with pig in one hand and musket in the other advanced to the charge with the regiment. He never lost his load, notwithstanding his subsequent puncturing, and, with his messmates, hugely enjoyed the spoil when, with darkness, hostilities were suspended and an opportunity came for cooking.

The attack, which was by A. P. Hill's corps, made about six o'clock, had fallen heaviest upon Cutler's division, while it was still going into position after crossing the river. His troops broke and were followed by the enemy, who were promptly driven back by our artillery. The assault covered the whole



CHECKING THE ENEMY'S ADVANCE.

of Warren's right and centre. Along Griffin's front, the centre, the attack was handsomely repulsed and the enemy driven to his works on the Virginia Central Railroad. In this assault the 83d Pennsylvania, Colonel McCoy, famous for its heroic resistance on Little Round Top, played a most effective part. Colonel Spear, of the 20th Maine, of late so prominent in the night affair at Laurel Hill, was wounded. The fight lasted some two hours. The sounds of the musketry, the noise of the violent cannonading, bursting suddenly upon the comparative quiet of the few days previous, denoted a struggle of some magnitude. Ayres's brigade, with Bartlett's in support, bore

much of the brunt of the action. The loss to the regiment was in wounded only.

Lee had set great store by this movement of Hill. Warren was in a most hazardous position. He was alone upon that side of the river. Night was at hand and the 6th, the only corps within supporting distance, with the river to impede its progress, would have been necessarily much delayed in reaching him. The next day the Army of the Potomac was so placed that to strengthen any threatened point it was necessary to cross the river twice. Thus a still more tempting opportunity was again afforded Lee. It had been his intention to do some determined work in this vicinity. Warren's successful resistance may have inspired a spirit of caution that restrained him.

In advancing under the heavy shelling the regiment came suddenly upon the 44th New York, lying down, so covered by leaves and underbrush as to be entirely out of sight. The 118th lay down immediately in its rear. The two commands were so placed with a view to a counter-charge. The instructions were that if the attack was pressed in that direction, the 44th New York should rise, deliver a volley and then lie down. This was to indicate that it was the 118th's turn to deliver their fire, after which, with fixed bayonets, they were to charge over the other regiment. The enemy's attack was not forced in this vicinity with sufficient vigor to cause the execution of these instructions.

The regiment halted just before dark, within range of the enemy's fortifications, on the Virginia Central Railway, and threw up a temporary line of works. The sharpshooters now began active operations. To raise a head above the works involved a great personal risk, and as nothing was to be gained by exposure, most of the men wisely took advantage of their cover. Poor Ed. Rien, of "G," better known as "down the river," imprudently exposed himself, and fell seriously wounded. This roused the ire of Smith, of "K," who, rising to his feet, insisted that he would "fetch" the fellow that fired, as soon as he got a good shot at him. "Sit down, Smith, sit down,"

cried Sergeant Nugent, "the fellow's range is longer than yours and he will pin you first, sure." Just then a puff of smoke indicated precisely the man's position, and still disregarding the caution to cover himself, Smith rose to fire, but a ball penetrated his arm, passing under the skin entirely across his back. Rolling over, with a painful but not a disabling wound, he concluded to accept, for the present at least, the protection afforded by the earthworks. The two Kesslers, of "K," now undertook to wreak the vengeance Smith had intended. One raised a cap on a ramrod. The decoy worked admirably; the sharpshooter fired, so did the other Kessler. The cap stayed up, but the sharpshooter came down, and with his fall all annoyance from that quarter ceased.

The inhabitants in this locality had not abandoned their houses, but remained during the action. At the Matthews' House the meals were still prepared and served with the usual regularity, and the officers of the head-quarters established there experienced the novel sensation of a summons to the supper table by the ringing of a bell. All the table furniture and appointments were the family's, and the food supplied was from their own stores. The young lady who played the part of hostess was not very gracious, but she had good reason to be somewhat incensed at the conduct of her guests. The enemy had posted a number of sharpshooters in the house, and in a charge made to dislodge them one of them, a very prepossessing young man, had been killed and his body still lay upon the porch.

Hancock, with Eagan's and Pierce's brigades of Birney's division, carried the bridge head at the Telegraph Road, and on the 24th, the enemy having abandoned his works on the south bank of the river, crossed with his whole corps. The enemy had, however, taken up a strongly entrenched line beyond, having slashings and *abatis*. The 2d Corps advanced and entrenched within six or eight hundred yards of this line. The corps several times became briskly engaged, but all efforts to force the line were failures, and the design was abandoned.

Burnside was ordered to carry Ox's Ford and cross with his corps, but found the enemy too strongly entrenched on the south bank. Crittenden's division crossed at Quarles Mill, a mile and a half above, and joined Crawford.

The 6th Corps followed Warren at Jericho Mills, and, with the 5th, advanced to within six hundred yards of the enemy's entrenched position, which Crawford had already developed.

On the 25th a considerable portion of the Virginia Central Railroad, at Noel's Station, was destroyed. That part of the work allotted to the brigade was performed by the 118th and the 18th Massachusetts, both regiments being under the command of Colonel Herring. The destruction was pretty effectually done. The ties were heaped together and the rails placed on top of them. The piles were then fired and the heat twisted the rails into shapes wholly useless for immediate relaying.

Two days' rations issued during the day supplied a much needed want, and with a good rest, a thing at that time so rarely accorded, the troops felt decidedly better satisfied with themselves and the situation.

The hammering process was still ineffectual; there must be more of it somewhere else. Something, though, had been accomplished by attrition. Again responding to "By the left flank," the army hurried off to "catch on" early at a better place.

In covering the railway during its destruction the advance had pushed well up to the "Little River." There had been considerable skirmishing to reach the position attained on Anderson plantation with the river in front of it, and two men of the regiment were wounded. Rain fell at times in torrents.

Leaving the 18th Massachusetts on picket at seven o'clock in the evening of the 26th, moving by the left, with the 118th leading, the march was resumed back towards the North Anna. Two hours later the column crossed at Quarles Mill. The night was intensely dark, and the withdrawal of the entire army, which was completed by the morning of the 27th, had apparently been effected without the knowledge of the enemy.

The route of the 5th Corps was some distance to the eastward of that followed by the rest of the army. About midnight the brigade halted to draw rations, and, resuming the march, stopped again in the morning for coffee. It was heavy work all day, with the weather clear and warm. By the route travelled some thirty miles were covered between the Little River and the Mongohick Church, where a bivouac, with the regiment in column of division, was made on the night of the 27th.

The entire route was through a luxuriant region in a high state of cultivation. The open, broad acres of great plantations rolled off in all directions. There were roomy mansions, pillared and porticoed after the peculiar Southern fashion, the comfortable, luxurious homes of lordly owners, the real aristocrats of the choicest blood of Virginia's boasted chivalry. Chief among all these, with lordlier appointments and of greater size and grandeur than the rest, was the residence of that famous Southern statesman, ex-Secretary John B. Floyd, whose marvelous conception of duty prompted him during the Buchanan administration to use his official power in the Cabinet of the nation to place the military stores and property of the government in the custody of those who contemplated its destruction. The early summer fruits, ripening in luscious profusion, grew in the grounds about the manor house, and here and elsewhere through the march fruit and vegetable, flesh and fowl, paid handsome tribute to the Yankee hosts, who were now the lordly masters of the soil. These tempting, toothsome opportunities to feed upon the rich and bountiful production of farm, garden and dairy, with the toilsome, lengthy march and the oppressive heat, induced unwarranted straggling, and it was late evening before all the stragglers had found their bivouac home.

The 28th was a bright morning, with the promise of a temperature above the range of comfort. At four o'clock the regiment was again on the march as the rear of the brigade, the brigade leading the division. The Mongohick Church, at

which was General Grant's head-quarters, was passed in the very early morning, and subsequently the little town of Enfield. Before midday the Pamunkey was crossed on pontoon bridge at Hanover Town, and the 5th Corps' lines established some two miles in front of the town with their right on the road to Richmond and their left near the Tolopotomy, where it is crossed by the road from Hawes's Shop to Old Church.

Shortly after noon of the 28th the 6th Corps had also crossed the Pamunkey at Huntley's Corners, four miles above Hanover Town, and was in position across the Hanover Court-House or River Road at Crump's Creek. The 2d Corps followed the 6th closely, forming on its left and completing the cover of the road from Crump's Creek to Hawes's Shop. The 9th Corps, that had followed the 5th, was not over until midnight. The 6th was now the right corps, the 5th the left and the 2d the centre. They were all not more than twelve miles northeast of Richmond.

The army was again in the far-famed Peninsula. Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, the Chickahominy, Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, already familiar as the scene of famous fights, were close at hand and might be called upon again to lend their names to the battle vocabulary of the nation.

The birthplace of Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the slashes," was near, if not actually within, the enemy's lines. The locality was suggestive of such a disassociation of the memories of his patriotism and the then condition of the country that it may forcibly have suggested to the thoughtful men in the ranks of the Confederacy of how far they were astray from the teachings of this most eminent of Southern statesmen, ever so faithful in a firm maintenance of the principle that the "more perfect union" of the constitution was indissoluble.

Without the formality of direction, the troops fell to work heartily to entrench, and before dark the whole of the 5th Corps' front bristled with formidable earthworks. All day the sounds of battle raged but a short distance beyond the lines, so close that occasionally shells intended for the active com-



batants fell among the unoffending soldiers of Griffin's division. The cavalry—nearly the whole corps were participants—were having a serious time of it at Hawes's Shop. The conflict was long and hard until nightfall, when Custer's brigade and Gregg's division carried the entrenchments and drove the enemy back.

On the 29th, at 6.30 A. M., with a heavy skirmish line in front, Griffin's division moved out of the breastworks in the direction of Mechanicsville. The advance continued slowly all day, several times forming line and again breaking into column. The enemy's outposts were occasionally encountered, but retired before the skirmishers. At four o'clock the line crossed the Tolopotomy and moved along the shady Grove Church road where, the enemy being in force, Cutler's division was moved over to Griffin. At seven o'clock the division halted and bivouacked for the night with the 2d Brigade on the left.

These manœuvres were in conformity with directions to the commanders of the 2d, 5th and 6th Corps to make reconnoissance in their fronts, supported by their whole force. General Wright moved to Hanover Court-House, but encountered no enemy except small parties of cavalry vedettes. General Hancock, moving on roads from Hawes's Shop to Atlee's Station, met only the enemy's vedettes, until he arrived at the crossing of the Tolopotomy, by the Richmond road, where the enemy was found in force entrenched on the other side, and a brisk skirmish ensued. General Burnside was held in reserve near Hawes's Shop.

While we were attempting to secure the roads beyond the Pamunkey on which to advance towards Richmond, Lee was endeavoring to cover them. Lee was away from Hanover Junction in time to successfully accomplish this by the afternoon of the 28th. Ewell's right rested near Beaver Dam Creek, which empties into the Chickahominy near Mechanicsville, his left on the Tolopotomy, near Pole Green Church, about four miles from Hawes's Shop. Longstreet, on Ewell's right, between Huntley's and Walnut Grove Church, covered the road

from White House by Old Church, Bethesda Church and Mechanicsville to Richmond. Hill formed along the Tolopotomy, extending from Early's left to the vicinity of Atlee's Station, crossing the railroad a mile north of it. General Ewell was ill and General Longstreet wounded, and their corps respectively were commanded by Generals Early and Anderson.

As Warren was operating on the roads to Bethesda Church, Old Church and Mechanicsville, the troops which he might have expected to encounter were those of Longstreet's corps, but the subsequent shifting of Early's troops brought Warren more severely in contact with the latter.

The 30th was another clear day. It was about the beginning of that period of continued heat and lengthy drought which, with but a rare interruption, did not terminate until the summer began to wane. Griffin's division, with Sweitzer's brigade in advance, again led the corps out the Shady Grove Church Road. All day the skirmishing was heavy, especially on the Old Church Road and Mechanicsville Pike, three-quarters of a mile to the south of the Shady Grove Church Road. The 22d Massachusetts was the skirmish detail for the entire division, with Colonel Tilton in command. This regiment of Sweitzer's brigade will be remembered as the one which has been frequently referred to. It had formerly belonged to Barnes's brigade, and was at that time in almost daily contact with the 118th. With seven hours of hard skirmish fighting it accomplished a work that brought it much commendation, and gave rise to the expression that Griffin's division if not hindered would make its way into Richmond alone. The enemy were driven some three miles, and at dark the line halted with its left somewhere in the vicinity of Bethesda Church, and threw up entrenchments. During the afternoon developments from that direction showed the enemy throwing himself across Warren's left. A brigade from Crawford's division sent to check his advance was repulsed. A battery, posted where a cross road from Bethesda Church enters the Shady Grove Church Road, effectively checked the advance of Rodes's division of Early's



corps, until Crawford's other brigades and Cutler's division came up, when Rodes in turn was forced to retire.

The enemy's attack was resolute and they suffered severely. By ten o'clock they had retired from the field, moving back on the pike, abandoning some of their dead and wounded.

The movements of the day had extended the 5th Corps lines farther to the left. Burnside, with sharp skirmishing, had crossed the Tolopotomy and was now on the right of Warren, connecting him with Hancock. The 6th Corps was still the right of the army. General Wright had endeavored to place his corps on the enemy's left flank, but a swamp and tangle of the worst character at the head of Crump's Creek delayed the movement until it was too late to effect anything.

Sharp firing went on somewhere along the lines all night. What little opportunity there was for rest was, as had been frequently the case of late, disturbed by the issue of rations. This was not completed until two o'clock in the morning; was ordered to cover three days and to include the 4th of June. It was an ominous outlook. Hard fighting was evidently anticipated for some days to come, and the situation was likely to be too warm for the exposure of the impedimenta.

On the 31st, about eight in the morning, the brigade was moved about a half mile to the left and lay fairly quiet for the rest of the day. The skirmish lines were kept actively engaged and all the infantry corps were pressed as close as practicable without assaulting. The position all along the front was strong naturally and the attack was abandoned.

Cold Harbor was an all-important point. It was on a line with the extension of our movement to the left, and a point of concentration for many roads, the control of which would materially facilitate intended operations. The cavalry, under instructions to hold it at all hazards, were having a hot struggle, when, on the night of the 31st, General Wright was detached from the right and reached there at noon on the 1st of June. General W. F. Smith's 18th Corps, from the Army of the

James, landing in transports at White House, arrived about the same time. A desperate battle followed. Hancock, on the 1st, moved to reinforce Wright's left, and the ever-memorable struggle at Cold Harbor, to continue for twelve days in battle, blood, siege and skirmish, opened as inauspiciously as it terminated resultlessly.

Wright and Hancock had both gone and Burnside was now the extreme right of the army, with Warren next to him.

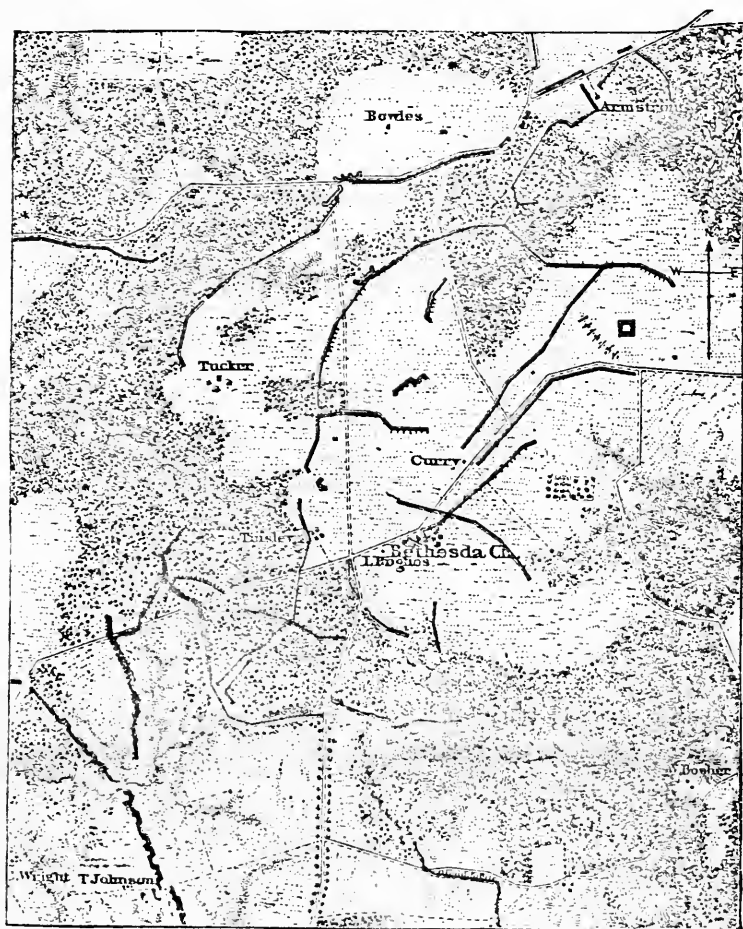
On the 1st of June the brigade was moved forward and a new line of works thrown up under fire. Rotten pines, the only timber available, made the revetment rather insecure. Before their completion an attack in force was repulsed. Among the wounded were Corporals Lincoln and Rodermel, of "E." A whiskey ration was issued.

In front of the 1st Michigan a skirmisher was seen to hurriedly run in, mount the breastworks, and, unable to check himself, roll over in a heap. As he rose it was noticed that his nose had been completely shot away. Unfortunate as it was for the poor fellow to be so painfully wounded and horribly disfigured, the laugh was irresistible. During the day heavy cannonading was kept up on the left, and sharp fighting in the same direction continued throughout the night.

On the morning of the 2d Warren was ordered to extend his left to connect with the 18th Corps at Woody's, the right of which corps crossed the Bethesda Church Road at that point, near Beulah Church; at the same time he was to contract his right to such an extent as to make one-half his force available for attack. This it was expected would bring his right in the vicinity of Bethesda Church and give him a line about three miles long. Interrupted here and there by the swamps of the Matadequin it was virtually shortened, as he would command the swamps without occupying them. General Burnside was directed to withdraw and mass his force to the rear of Warren's right to protect that flank and support the corps.

The withdrawal of troops from our right had attracted Lee's attention, and on the morning of the 2d he had directed Early

to get on our right flank and drive it down the front of the Confederate line. To carry out this order Rodes's division moved out the Shady Grove Church Road, Gordon moving



BETHESDA CHURCH.

round to keep pace with Rodes, and Heth following Rodes took position on his left. Burnside's withdrawal was still unfinished, his skirmish line still occupying the corps entrench-

ments. The movement brought on sharp fighting which lasted until after dark, but failed to accomplish the full purpose designed.

The skirmishers from Bartlett's brigade held the extreme right of the 5th Corps. On their right were the skirmishers of the 9th Corps, with whom they were supposed to unite. Between them, however, and the left of that corps skirmish line



CAPTAIN ISAAC H. SEESHOLTZ.

was a deep, thickly wooded ravine, which effectually concealed the two bodies from each other, but their line was there when Bartlett's line was established. The 5th Corps pickets were peremptorily instructed upon no consideration to change their front. Anticipating an attack from the direction in which they faced when posted, they were to devote their attention exclusively to that direction. Having never seen Burnside's picket line, and not having been informed of its withdrawal, they were wholly unac-

quainted with the fact that it had been withdrawn.

Major O'Neill was the officer in charge of the brigade skirmish line, and of his detail were 160 men from the 118th, commanded by Captain Henry K. Kelly, under whom were Lieutenants Crossley, Connor and Seesholtz. Lieutenant Crossley was assigned to the right, Seesholtz the centre, and Connor the left, Captain Kelly assuming general charge of the whole.

The line was posted about eleven o'clock in the morning, occupying pits built to accommodate three men each. Soon

afterwards the enemy opened fire, and the two lines were engaged in a desultory way until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the firing was interrupted by a severe thunderstorm. The three men in the pit in which George W. Lenoir was posted repeatedly fired at a general officer on a white horse, who, with his staff, was seen frequently riding up and down the Confederate lines. While it rained the men huddled together closely in the pits seated on their knapsacks, improvising such shelter as their gum blankets afforded, still keeping an eye sharply to the front. Just as the shower ceased an officer passed along the line with the information that the enemy were about to attack, and that our line must be held at all hazards. The attack followed, but from a direction evidently not contemplated.

Meanwhile Rodes was working on Burnside's skirmishers, who had fallen back to the works his main line had abandoned. Lieutenant Crossley, on the extreme right, seems to have been first apprised of the approach of the enemy from a quarter where he was least looked for. The meal to which Crossley was entitled at noon was late arriving, and, as he sat disposing of it, his attention was attracted by a shot on his right flank, followed quickly by another and then another. He promptly despatched a messenger to Major O'Neill to advise him of the situation and ask for instructions. The major, who was as little affected by musketry on the flanks as he was from the front, returned the very characteristic reply, "Tell Leftenant Crossley to remain at his post and do his 'juty.'" Captain Kelly was then appealed to, the position of the enemy being meantime revealed by his fire and by his appearing in sight. Seeking the major, hurriedly, Kelly personally urged him either to assume the responsibility of changing the front, or permit him or some one else to go to the rear and procure reinforcements to cover the exposed flanks. Neither suggestion suited the major; he would have none of it: "Mark time you, there, Kelly, right where you are, and I'll go for the reinforcements," and away he went rapidly towards the rear, laughingly ex-

claiming as he reached the regiment: "If I don't hurry back with some of yez to help the whole of them out there beyond, Kelly and all of them will be gobbled by the rebels." But long before O'Neill returned, the capture of the greater part of his line had been effected. The sweep was so sudden and in such force there was but little resistance. The enemy went with rapid strides from post to post. To the "drop your guns" were many unwilling affirmative responses, until eighty-six enlisted men were made prisoners. With the two officers, Captain Kelly and Lieutenant Crossley, also captured, and four enlisted men wounded, the total loss to the regiment in this affair in wounded and missing was ninety-two. Of the enlisted men who were taken at Bethesda Church there was an astonishing mortality during their captivity: but twenty-five ever rejoined the regiment; the rest, sixty-eight, all died in rebel prisons, mostly at Andersonville.

As the movement progressed towards the left the situation began to be comprehended, and that part of the skirmish line broke. Some of the men, after many varied experiences of fight and flight, saved themselves from captivity.

Lenoir, who had, with his comrades in one of the pits, been firing at the Confederate general officer, was fortunate in escaping capture. He had fallen back about a hundred yards, when, turning to see whether he was pursued, he was surprised to find at a short distance an advancing line of battle. The Confederates were moving in splendid order, carrying their muskets at a right shoulder. He soon met a number of the members of the regiment, who had assembled behind a line of works. A vain appeal was made to some men of another command to make a stand. Just then a regiment made a splendid charge on the right, but after firing a volley fell back. As it appeared that every one else had left the locality, the remnant of the 118th picket detail decided to have a little fight of their own. Advancing to a little clump of brush, they opened a lively fire on a pine thicket in front. It stirred up a response from a force far in excess of the little band of soldiers engaging them.

Having fired ten or twelve rounds, they were discreetly about to rapidly retire, when Coonan, of "G," raised his piece to fire at a man not thirty feet from him who had pushed ahead of his line, when one of our men knocked Coonan's piece up, exclaiming, "Hold on there, Cooney, don't shoot: why that's one of our men," and turning to the man who was in our uniform, said, "Aint that you, Jack?" The answer came back promptly, "Yes." Coonan immediately dropped his piece, but the man had no sooner been uncovered than he fired, the ball hitting Coonan in the back of the neck and making a regular furrow. Thirty-two holes were afterwards counted in the blanket rolled on the top of his knapsack. The Confederate, for such he was, disguised in Yankee uniform, then started back on a full run; three or four shots followed him in quick succession, one of which evidently struck him in the leg, as afterwards as long as he was seen he limped perceptibly, assisting himself with his musket.

The fight now seemed to grow warm in every direction. The little affair the 118th men had organized in their own behalf had assumed proportions they had not calculated upon. They were really in front of the fighting line, and a big battle was in progress. The timber was thick, and the trees large; shots flew through it like a whirlwind, shells thundered through the branches. Dodging from tree to tree and happening to hit the right direction, Lenoir and most of them with him ultimately reached the regiment in safety.

Thrilling incidents followed John L. Smith, as he sought his friends and a refuge. When the rush came, Smith had charge of the men on several picket posts. Observing an uneasiness he attempted to hold them, but they had caught the situation quicker than he and would not be stopped, nor was he long in gathering it in, either, and soon permitted himself to drift with them to the left and rear to avoid capture.

Major O'Neill, who had returned, and Lieutenant Connor, getting in among the fugitives and coming across a breastwork, rallied them, and deployed and advanced again as skirmishers,

but the pressure increased, the line scattered, and Smith found himself alone. To his right some distance was a body of soldiers fighting, and realizing probably the philosophy of Aristotle "that man by himself will soon cry for help," Smith made off towards them. They were United States regulars of the 5th Corps. His reception was most ungenerous. "To what regiment do you belong?" said some one. "The 118th Pennsylvania," replied Smith. "Get out of here, get out of here," responded several voices; "we want no volunteers among us." "Not I," said Smith, undiscouraged by the cool welcome, and he took his place in the ranks and began to load and fire as rapidly as the rest of them.

Smith soon found he was not wholly without acquaintances. Looking to his right he noticed a man of Company A, of his own regiment, fighting away vigorously. In a few moments a shot struck this man in the thigh and he dropped to the ground. He was quite a young man, the shock overcame him and he fell to weeping. "Oh, carry me back, please carry me back," he cried out. The regulars were not altogether heartless, nor really as harsh as they appeared. "Shut up, young fellow, shut up: what are you bellowing about?" shouted one of them, a big, strong, brawny chap, and with that he picked up the youngster, threw him over his shoulder and ran with him to the rear and saved him from capture.

The enemy now advanced, howling one of their terrific yells. The line of which Smith made a part fell back to a line of entrenchments in the rear. As he clambered over the works a bullet scraped his nose, but he still held on.

And then on the right soon appeared the column with their pieces at a right-shoulder, moving by fours. Our troops had now all left the works they had but a moment before occupied for better ones farther to the rear, but somehow or other Smith and a single regular still held on. The head of the advancing column was not seventy yards off. Their blankets were rolled, horse-collar fashion, over their shoulder. Their gray suits and slouched hats satisfied Smith and his companion

of their identity, and they went to work putting shot after shot into them. "Give it to 'em, my boy; give it to 'em," cried the regular, and so he did, and so did the regular, both with commendable persistency. But from the right, some fifty yards, where Sweitzer's men lay, came a cry that astonished these two lively musketeers, battling away there alone against all these formidable hosts. "For God's sake, stop firing," yelled Sweitzer's men, "don't you see they are our own people?" "Our own people be d—d; look at their slouched hats and gray clothes! Give them h—l, and we'll clear 'em out of this," and Smith and the regular still pegged away. And then occurred one of those inexplicable situations in battle which always remain unexplained. The men who insisted that the advancing soldiers were not Confederates could not be convinced of their error until it was too late and the enemy were so close that those who were not captured were forced in confusion to the rear.

Solid shot came plunging in from the right. Smith and his new-made but now fast friend separated. Smith happened to run in the right direction and soon found his command. It is to be hoped that his gallant companion was equally fortunate, for Smith never saw or heard of him afterwards.

Rodes, who had cleared off everything that had interposed, now made a desperate charge along the whole line, but Ayres, Bartlett and Sweitzer were all in shape to receive him, and he was handsomely repulsed.

In front of where the regiment lay was a boggy swamp. After quiet had settled over the battle-field and the complete darkness of night had set in, a human voice was heard coming apparently from the depths of the swamp, daring any one to come out and fight. The Confederate was most lavish in his profanity; foul and frightful oaths accompanied his repeated challenges. He asserted that he was alone, would give any man a fair fight who would meet him, and could lick any d—d Yankee who would undertake the job. It was quite apparent that the taunt was intended to lure some spirited fel-

low to death or captivity. Eventually the ruse proved successful. A staff officer, skilled as a pugilist, against the earnest protests of those around him, dashed out to avenge the insults. The horse he rode was the white one Captain Walters had taken with the Confederate major a few days before. It was as expected; he never returned and afterwards died in a rebel prison. His term of service at the time of his capture would have expired in one week. His name was Lieut. C. H. Ross.

Among those of the picket detail, many of whom disappeared, were a large number of "The Fairies" of Company K. Boys in years, light in weight, small in stature, their lithe forms, quick, active ways, smooth faces and ever-smiling countenances contrasted with the strong, heavy forms of the bigger men around them and justified their companions, or at least they thought it did, in classing them with the ideal fairies they had read of in the days of their childhood. But the names by which they knew each other would not have secured them recognition in the Cinderella world. Red-headed Connelly was known as "Gun-Boat," little Lukens as "Chestnut Hill," William and Isaac Kessler as "Biller" and "Iker," and J. L. Smith as the "Forager." Many of the "Fairies," however, were fortunate in working their way back to the line held by the regiment. They had gathered together a number of abandoned muskets, secured an unusual supply of ammunition, and posted themselves behind the breastworks for a revengeful resistance when the onslaught, which they felt was close at hand, should come. They were not long in waiting. Resting their pieces on the works, they managed to fire from each shoulder at a time. One of their number would give the command, "Fire by battery," and all would blaze away at once. They had a noisy time of it. How effectively their gunnery operated was never known. They earned, however, something by it in the shape of another sobriquet, and besides "The Fairies" they afterwards were frequently styled "The Jackass Battery."

William Kessler was of indomitable will. The next day, in

strengthening the earthworks, he was seriously wounded and borne away on a stretcher. Deserting from the hospital, a few weeks afterwards, in front of Petersburg, he was again with the regiment. Not yet recovered, his wounds broke out afresh, and he was forced by the surgeon to return for treatment, when, shortly after the fall of Richmond, Sergeant Nugent, riding at the head of the trains (he was then ordnance sergeant of the division), came across a man limping along in much pain, bare-footed, with his shoes slung over his musket. The sergeant's soldier sympathies were aroused, and, riding up, he generously tendered his horse to help him along, when, much to his astonishment, he discovered he was his old comrade Kessler. Kessler finding the confinement irksome, had again deserted from the hospital. Determined to participate actively in the end of the struggle, he was slowly working his way to his regiment. This time, with the help his companions gave him, he worried it through and had the satisfaction to be with his colors at the final muster-out.

The fight over, the enemy repulsed and night almost on, the front was without a picket line. No orders had yet been received to establish a general one, but anticipating their reception and as an essential precaution, Colonel Herring determined to cover his own regiment. The officers had all been so severely taxed that a reliable sergeant was selected to command. The selection fell upon Nugent, of "K." Satisfied that the right would also look after its own front, he was instructed to connect with what he would be likely to find there and to let his left rest upon a swamp, which, on that portion of the regimental front, lay a little beyond it. As the enemy was still pounding away with his artillery, Nugent first deployed his line, and then, advancing it with a rush, secured a fair position. With the cessation of the firing the line was adjusted, taking advantage of such cover as the trees and stumps afforded. There was considerable noise on the other side during the night, but no firing. At the earliest dawn the enemy's pickets were observed constructing pits. They evidently had not discovered

the location of our line. The careless manner in which they exposed themselves offered a tempting opportunity to shoot. Seen through the morning fog which hung close to the ground they appeared of giant-like stature. The men on the left, protected by timber, importuned Sergeant Nugent for permission to fire, but, with due regard for those who had only the stumps for cover, he wisely restrained them. Before the day ended Nugent's party had the satisfaction to witness a wholesale capture and complete dislodgement of the line they were so anxious to engage. Had they disclosed themselves the movement which effected this might have been entirely frustrated.

The 3d was another day selected for a tremendous battle. It was, indeed, tremendous, frightful in slaughter, great in splendid heroism, historic as a signal failure. From the 5th Corps, with its weak and lengthy lines, not much was expected. Still all along its front there was heavy firing and a brisk engagement.

At ten o'clock a lull in the cannonading brought attention to the yet neglected picket lines, and instructions were received from superior head-quarters to rectify those already established, to conform them advantageously to the nature of the ground and to secure their proper connection. The execution of these instructions, so far as the regiment was concerned, was left to Captain Walters. He had been giving some attention to the front and had already reported an opportunity to capture a Confederate color in an exposed position near our left. He begged permission to take advantage of the opportunity. The attempt was likely to interfere with other arrangements in contemplation, and his request was denied.

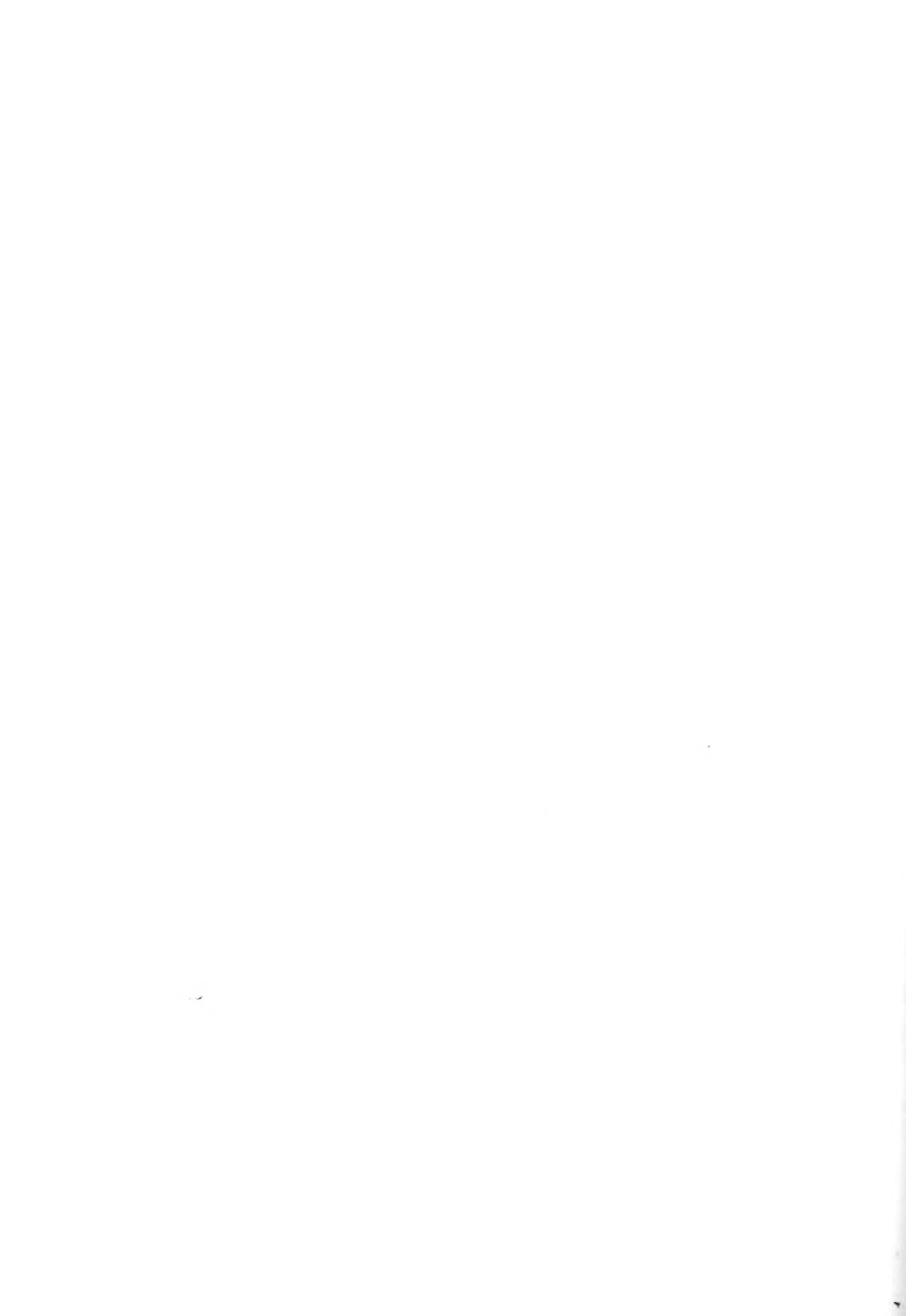
The land in front had been cleared and cultivated; the stumps still remained. On the enemy's left was an elevation. The ground then fell off gradually from his left to his right, until it reached the swamp which interposed between the lines. The general conformation of the ground was the same on one side as it was on the other. The enemy's pickets occupied from the crest of the elevation down the slope to be-

yond the swamp, terminating in a clump of trees opposite our left. This clump of trees, among his other observations, Walters had ascertained covered the enemy's extreme right post. Beyond there was nothing. Captain Walters saw no better ground to occupy for his pickets than that the enemy had chosen, and conceived the project of taking him in flank, capturing his posts and, by turning the pits already built to face the other way, utilize them for himself. It was a high soldierly conception, a daring undertaking, and needed skill and tact for its accomplishment.

The swamp, if it would admit of a passage, would afford excellent cover to conceal the operation. Selecting men tried, trusty and reliable, Captain Walters moved from inside the breastworks, crossed them and followed the skirts of the swamp until he had reached the point which he calculated to be nearest his objective. Still moving cautiously, he succeeded in passing by the clump of trees and gaining the rear of the enemy's extreme right post. Halting his detachment by a wave of the hand, he approached the post alone, and there found seated in the corner of a bunch of rails the picket, weary but not watchful, soundly sleeping, with his musket resting against his body. It was but the work of an instant to seize the piece, and a levelled pistol enforced the silence which Walters's muttered tones demanded. Disarmed, astonished, bewildered, after a little hesitancy, quickly removed by a still more determined and closer levelling of the pistol, the yawning Confederate yielded to the suppressed but insisting demand of Walters to be guided to the post nearest his left. Convinced that, if treacherous, his life would pay for it, the captive picket proceeded sullenly and silently in the direction of the adjoining post. The distance between the timber and the next post was short. Walters halted his detail in the clump of trees, and, moving stealthily with his captive, he was quickly in the rear of the post. It was the first of a series of pits. There were three men inside. One was gazing steadily to the front with rifle over the parapet pointed towards our line, the other two were

seated in easy posture, apparently engaged in interesting conversation. Here, again, Walters approached with levelled pistol. Beckoning three of his men from the woods, he disarmed the Confederates in the pit, hastened them singly to the woods as prisoners and replaced them with his own men. The other pits in sight were on something of an echelon formation, the steps of the echelon rising toward our front. No guide was needed, and, as each pit was a little in advance of the other, Walters was enabled, with little chance of detection, to come upon each from the rear. He now had four prisoners, three of his own men were detached, seventeen were still available. He had started with but twenty. The distance between the other pits was greater than that between the first two which had been captured. Several posts were now captured, one after another, each triplet of Confederates as they were captured being substituted by three Union soldiers. Walters had now reached a point on the sloping line much higher than the ground was where he started, when all the other posts on the rise, apparently having caught the situation, abandoned their places and disappeared. Walters, encumbered with his prisoners, managed with some difficulty to communicate with Colonel Throop, of the 1st Michigan, the nearest officer to him of higher rank. Reinforcements were sent him; he was supplied with entrenching tools, ordered to face the pits in the proper direction and hold the line until relieved. This he did under a sharp fire until the next morning, having also meanwhile safely secured all his prisoners and sent them to the rear.

On the morning of the 4th Lieutenant Ware was sent out with the relief. Ware, recently promoted from a sergeantcy, with a courage known to be equal to emergencies, was rather anxious, beyond the range of prudence, for early distinction. Walters, who had established his head-quarters in the clump of trees, from which he had a full view of his whole line, cautioned Ware against unnecessary exposure, and suggested that he allow his men to crawl to their places. This Ware declined to do and personally conducted each relief to its post. Instead



of taking advantage of the clumps of trees, he moved his head-quarters to the right and there having the men on the post deliver him their pieces loaded, one after another, that he might not be delayed by stopping to load, he opened and kept up a rapid fire. This, of course, soon drew attention, and experienced marksmen began to reply. But Ware would not desist, and, falling severely wounded, a few days afterwards died.

Captain Walters's feat secured him high commendation. He was personally congratulated, and his brevet commission as major mentions among other performances: "For gallant and distinguished services at Bethesda Church."

On the 4th, until noon, the regiment still occupied the same position, when it was relieved by the 2d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, but after a couple of hours this regiment was withdrawn and the 118th again returned to its former place. Heavy fighting was heard on the left; the batteries were more or less active; picket firing continued through the night, and shortly after midnight orders were received to be in readiness at dawn to prevent a surprise.

On the 5th, pursuant to instructions, the men were aroused at 3 A. M. After daylight the wagons were brought up and a whiskey ration and two days' supplies were issued.

During the movements in the vicinity of the Tolopotomy and Bethesda Church the lines were often so close that every attempt to establish a picket line brought on a sharp contest, and each side thought the other the attacking party.

A successfully conceived ruse, in which there was no mistake as to who was the attacking party, on one of these occasions, secured the enemy's entire line. Happily for the success of the affair, the character of the attack was wholly misapprehended. The enemy, probably without acquaintance with the real advantage he had attained, had worked his picket line into such position that it must either be dislodged or the brigade seek another location. It was determined to dislodge it. The line was but about two hundred yards from our works and securely entrenched with pits. The country between was open, and

there was in fact no other place for our pickets than the ground the enemy occupied or beyond it.

A company of the 22d Massachusetts was brought into requisition and posted immediately in the centre of the brigade. They were directed to radiate their fire from their Spencer magazine rifles towards the right and left, and by its incessant rapidity to so force the enemy to the cover of his pits that he would have no opportunity for observation. A deployed line was at the same time organized which, when the fire of the 22d had so driven the enemy to cover that the movement could be unobserved, was to move at a run to the right and left and capture the posts at those points. The 22d were to cease firing in those directions when they observed the men so near their point of assault that it would be likely to injure them, and then concentrate on the centre. The scheme so happily conceived worked admirably. When the right and left parties were within some thirty yards of their destination the firing was directed towards the centre. Under the suddenness of the concentration the deception worked so well that the rest of the distance was accomplished still without observation, and all the posts on the right and left were captured without the enemy firing a single shot or the loss of a man on either side. The party organized to operate on the centre under the same conditions was equally successful. The whole line was immediately occupied; entrenching tools were speedily at hand and the pits as promptly turned.

General Birney's division of the 2d Corps, that had been previously sent to strengthen the 5th Corps' lengthened lines, on the 5th was returned to its own corps and extended its left to the Chickahominy.

About ten o'clock on that night the brigade moved off finally from the vicinity of the Shady Grove Church Road, a locality it had learned to know so intimately, if not favorably. Major Spear, of the 20th Maine, was left in command of the division pickets, and Lieutenant Ashbrook of the regimental detail. There was sharp firing at times during the night. A friendly

fog aided the withdrawal of the pickets. During the night many of our wounded between the two lines, and under the direct fire of the pickets, were brought in by comrades.

That the acquaintanceship with Bethesda Church might not be discourteously severed, the brigade halted there at 2.30 in the morning; again resuming the march at sunrise the column reached Allen's Mill, not far from the old Tavern at Cold



LOG BREASTWORKS WE OCCUPIED AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

Harbor. Here there was an all-day stop, intended to be, as it was, an interval of real, comforting rest. There was much gunnery along the entrenched lines. But once out of the fray the distant noise of a battle is a soft refrain. It is the hustle, screech and whirl of closer relations that break the illusion. This was the 5th Corps' "day off;" it had indeed earned a holiday.

Day had scarcely dawned on the 7th when the column was off again towards the left. A five-mile journey brought its right to Sumner's lower bridge on the Chickahominy.

In the constant hard usage of the campaign the clothing was



CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.

worn almost threadbare ; the shoes were through to the ground. Shirts, drawers and stockings, forlorn and dirty, were mostly

beyond washing, and if change was to be made at all, a new issue was essentially necessary. The presence of Quartermaster Gardner in the camp indicated an arrival of supplies, and with the appearance of his well-stocked wagons shortly afterwards the ragged, worn and dirty garments were discarded for the new, clean clothing at hand to replace them.

The Chickahominy alone separating the combatants, the pickets soon began their accustomed familiarities. The 35th North Carolina *vis-a-vis'd* the 118th Pennsylvania. War may arouse bitter antipathies on occasions of actual combat, but when both sides speak the same tongue, with the exchange of a word or two, hatred and antagonisms melt before a natural tendency to be excessively communicative and sometimes confiding. Lone fishermen sat upon either end of the bridge, dangling their lines resultlessly and chatting complacently. In the absence of a mutually acceptable medium of exchange, or a suitable scale for the adjustment of the values of the recognized currency of the two sections, coffee went for tobacco and hard-tack for corn-bread.

A young soldier, not different, however, from the many ever anxious, regardless of consequence, to communicate intelligence which they conceive they possess exclusively, indiscreetly remarked in the course of a conversation with a new-made Carolina friend: "You fellows were d—n smart yesterday shelling that piece of woods on the side of the hill yonder; we ain't camped there; we're laying over on the flat."

The next day "those fellows" were smarter—not much either. They shelled for the soldiers, but struck in among the butchers slaughtering for an issue of fresh beef. The cattle had been split into halves down the middle when the shelling commenced. The butchers immediately disappeared, leaving their half-butchered beeves a certain prey to those less regardful of their personal safety. It was pretty active and very accurate practice that in those days would make a soldier of the Potomac army forego such a "splen-did" opportunity. There was no such activity or accuracy here. By the time the

shelling ceased and the butchers returned the slaughtered beef had disappeared and its reappearance was never even looked for.

To give an idea of the terrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, the 28th Mass. went into action with 310 men. Their loss was 53 killed, 149 wounded and 28 missing. In the fifteen minutes that covered the charge against the Rebel earthworks a Rebel officer who was engaged in this battle stated that they were massed five deep behind their works, and their artillery poured in a flanking fire of canister on them, and he expresses wonder that any survived.

Is it any wonder that the men refused to make the second charge?

That night we began to build breastworks.

Gen. Grant says in his book, page 276: "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made."

A few days more rolled leisurely away. Gradually, as if weary of fight, if it were for slaughter only, the gunnery subsided, until at last it seemed to cease entirely. As bright a moon as ever shadowed a Virginia landscape lit the heavens on the night of the 12th of June, 1864. Guided by the light of its brilliant radiance, ere the midnight hour had gone, the far-reaching lines from the Matadaquin to the Chickahominy were all abandoned, and, stretching itself towards the James, the old Potomac Army, stiff and doughty as afore, was off for its lengthy grapple on the Appomattox.

AT NORTH ANNA.

Hill thought he would strike while the iron was hot, and while it could be hammered into shape, and make the Yanks believe that it was in this charge Lee was wielding the sledge; but he was like the fellow who took a piece of iron to the shop intending to make an axe. After working for some time and failing, he concluded that he would make a wedge, and failing in this, said "I'll make a skeow!" So he heats the iron red hot and drops it into the slack tub, and it went s-k-e-o-w—bubble, bubble, s-k-e-o-w, bust!

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETERSBURG—WELDON RAILROAD—PEEBLE'S FARM.



It was a long wait still, but this was to be the final plunge. Nine months were yet to come of most exacting service in the trenches. During the forty long, weary days which had now closed there had been no day in which the men, if not actually engaged in fighting, had been beyond the sounds of artillery and musketry, and day by day the list of casualties had grown larger and larger.

The line upon which General Grant had determined to fight it out if every day of all the summer time should witness a battle was crimsoned with blood, from the Rapidan to where the deadly miasmas lingered around the sluggish waters of the Chickahominy. The summer was lost in autumn, autumn in winter and the winter broken by spring before the line had come to an end and the battle had ceased to rage.

There was a promise of respite from the daily sounds of carnage. It was fifty miles by the safest route and surest crossing of the James to the destination fixed upon. The enemy was to be deceived by a feint toward Richmond from the direction of White Oak Swamp. Should this deception succeed, the exposed flank was secure from attack, the march safe from interruption. To the point where the end sought for was to follow

the wise execution of a skilful conception, the movement from the Chickahominy to Petersburg was eminently successful.

This end, the seizure of Petersburg, as usual, failed of its expected consummation. Every combination had been made as intended. A great army had stolen quietly from actual contact with its adversary, marched fifty miles, crossed two rivers, one a tide-water stream a half mile wide, fifteen fathoms deep, and was within an arm's length of the place it purposed seizing before its foe knew the point of intended attack. It was but thirty-four miles from Cold Harbor to Petersburg by the route Lee should travel, but he stood toying with a brigade of Wilson's cavalry and a division of Warren's infantry at Riddell's Shop, a third of the way on his journey, while Grant, with full force for his purpose, had reached the coveted position he had sought to seize. But just here something again went wrong. Lee, catching the scent, hastened to the rescue, and what might have been the work of a summer's afternoon took many months for its accomplishment.

The chief road-crossings of the Chickahominy below Bottom's Bridge were Long Bridge, fifteen miles below Cold Harbor, where Hancock and Warren were to cross; Jones's Bridge, five miles further down, reserved for Wright and Burnside, and still four miles below that, at the head of navigation, was Windsor Shades. There the great trains, moving from White House Landing on the Pamunkey, were to find their way over.

The marches at once assumed a business aspect. Long and exhaustive they were—from twenty-five to thirty-five and sometimes forty-five miles in length. The promise that the sounds of battle should not disturb the ear was realized. Wilson and Crawford's affair at Riddell's Shop was so far away or so light in contrast with what had gone before that it scarce secured a passing comment.

The halts were for rest and not for bivouac. Crossing Long Bridge at dawn on the 13th and moving on until seven o'clock, the longest halt was made at White Oak Swamp, where the divi-

sion lay all day, awaiting Crawford's call for aid if he should find he needed help. What little there was to do required no assistance, and at eight o'clock the division was off again to make the distance the rest of the army, some of which had kept it up continuously for twenty hours, had gained upon it. There was a break from two to five, and at nine a lengthy stop at Charles City Court-House for breakfast. The 2d was the only corps ahead, and at one o'clock, abreast with the 6th, the 5th was on the bank, gazing with fitting admiration, as did the colonist of old, at the broad sweep of the great, majestic James.

The lands bordering the stream, not sensibly affected by the rough usage of '62, were fruitful and abundant. The magnificent James River country was ever famous for its wealth, its bounteous products, its learned and patriotic aristocracy, from the days when Gosnold and Newport and Smith wrenched an ownership from the savage proprietors of the soil. It lay, bright and picturesque, a landscape unrivalled for beauty. The "great river" bore a mighty fleet upon its quiet surface. There were craft of all descriptions: vessels of burden, steamers for passage, transports and luggers, ferry-boats, schooners, sloops, and the high wooden walls of great river boats that had often borne gay and joyous crowds on many a summer journey upon "The Sound," the Hudson, the Delaware and the Chesapeake, each and all of them now subordinated to the urgent needs of the occasion. But dominating all these, with their black, gloomy hulls and frowning guns, silent, reliable and impressive, were the ships of the American Navy. Chief among the war ships was the rebel ram "Atlanta," unchanged in shape or name, a recent trophy won in valiant fight in distant Southern waters.

The long pontoon bridge of 100 boats stretched from shore to shore. Old Fort Powhattan, revived, reconstructed, improved, with its sloping parapet, its barbette guns, bristled formidable on the other side. The 2d Corps, its columns attenuated by the distance, was slowly winding its way over the bridge; the great trains and artillery were arriving and parking,

and boats and transports were ferrying to and fro to cross the soldiers hurriedly.

For form's sake the river fronts above seemed to need a little looking after, and Captain Young, with 150 men, was of a detail sent to picket on the banks. It was a short season of luxury. Upon that line, at least, the men were willing to fight it out even if it did take all summer. Removed a short distance from where the pressure of numbers had exhausted the country's rich supply, there was no limit to the good things available. The shad were still running. They were successfully caught, and a shad dinner fairly divided attention between diet and duty. Milk, eggs and steaks, pork and mutton, supplied a dainty supper; and, with well-satisfied appetite, its tour of duty finished, the detail yielded to the inevitable and gave way reluctantly to the unwelcome relief. The Aaron Burr and Judah P. Benjamin plantations supplied many of the good things the men had so thoroughly enjoyed.

The respite from the noise of battle was over, and heavy cannonading, deep, dull, suggestive, boomed out from the direction of Bermuda Hundred.

At six o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the regiment embarked on the steamer "Exchange" at Wilcox's Landing, crossed the river and debarked at Wind Mill Point. The men lounged about, bathed, swam and sported in the river until half-past one, when the division, the 118th leading, began the forced march which terminated at midnight within a few miles of Petersburg. The journey was enlivened at times by the sharp rattle of musketry in the distance and by rumors that the division of colored troops had carried the outer works at Petersburg.

Here was the first experience in this vicinity of a water famine. The fatiguing march was accompanied by the accustomed growling, and word went along the column that the division would halt as soon as it reached water. At last it was found, fit, probably, for thirsty soldiers, but certainly for none else. A green slime floated on the surface; a skilful and sudden movement with

the bottom of the tin-cup opened the scum, and then a hurried dip before it closed again supplied a cupful. So urgent was the thirst that the foul, slimy liquid was swallowed with avidity, regardless of taste or consequence. With the daylight an attempt to wash in this swampy bayou was speedily abandoned. It revealed hosts of forbidding animalculæ, tad-poles, "zig-zaggers" and every squirming insect that found life and comfort in such repulsive quarters. The flavor of the morning's coffee disappeared in gally bitterness. Rather than fill canteens the men moved on in hopes of finding something better. They soon discovered their mistake. Instead of finding better, there was none at all. In the section the army was approaching and that was so long to be its home, there was no water on the surface during the hot season just at hand. At every change of position it was first a dig for cover and then a dig for water.

General William F. Smith, with his 18th Corps, returned by transports from White House Landing to the Army of the James, reaching Bermuda Hundred at sunset on the 14th. He was ordered, with Hink's division of colored troops, to attack Petersburg at daylight. There were six or seven miles to make. Reconnoissances, deployments and preliminaries followed, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before the assault was delivered. Two miles out the town was encircled by infantry parapets. Nobody was there but Wise's brigade of militia and Dearing's cavalry brigade. The attack was successful and a number of the redans were secured. At nine o'clock others fell before another assault.

Smith, advised that two of Hancock's divisions were within supporting distance, sat down before the works for the night. Hancock, having had no intimation that Petersburg was to be assaulted on the 16th, had stopped to ration his corps and had been directed, because of faulty maps, to a point that really had no existence. The delay was fatal to immediate success. Lee was not convinced or did not know that the Army of the Potomac was over the James until it was nearly all across. Beau-

regard, either with more information or a better grasp of the probabilities, on the night of the 16th took Hoke's division that Lee had sent him and started it off to Petersburg. It reached there before morning, followed closely by Johnson. Hagood's brigade of Hoke's division formed on Wise's left, and the line with Johnson was about five miles long, with the left resting on the Appomattox. No other reinforcements arrived until the morning of the 18th, when Kershaw and Field, and afterwards Heth, reached the ground.

When Hancock relieved Smith in the morning and assaulted he captured two or three more of the outlying redans, together with their connecting works, but after desperate fighting and with heavy loss. Several vigorous attempts during the night to retake the ground were repulsed. Hancock had evidently met Hoke and probably Johnson.

At the first of dawn on the 17th Griffin and Curtin's brigades of Potter's division, 9th Corps, were directed to assault the redans and lines on the right in the vicinity of the Shands House, in silence and with the bayonet. It was one of the few, if not the only one, of the many assaults during the war, that were so directed, that was so accomplished. The works were carried in most gallant shape. The Confederate troops were caught asleep with their arms in their hands. Four guns, five colors, 600 prisoners and 1,500 stands of small arms were captured.

The assault on the 17th was confined almost entirely to the 9th Corps, with Barlow, Gibbon and Birney's division at times supporting, and Crawford's division of the 5th Corps thrown in as a further support on the last attack. All the assaults were gallantly conducted, resulting generally in success, but only after heavy casualties.

During the night Beauregard, who had been for the past two days managing affairs, determined to withdraw to an interior and shorter line which his engineers had laid out for him. The line was back from five hundred to a thousand yards; extended from the Appomattox first southeast and then south, and inter-

sected the original line at the Jerusalem Plank Road. The withdrawal was accomplished after midnight and the work of entrenchment at once began. This was substantially the line of resistance, extended as new developments on our part required to be met, during the whole of the operations about Petersburg.

But a few hours had elapsed in time since we had neared Petersburg, but they were hours of dangers braved, of opportunities lost. If the vigorous assault had been as persistent while the enemy's outer works were crumbling as it was when he had entrenched himself within his permanent lines, his rout would have been complete.

The regiment remained during the 17th in its bivouac of the night before, in hearing of the hard work in progress nearer Petersburg.

On the morning of the 18th, at 4.30, the division moved out towards the front, to play its part in the various combinations planned for execution during that eventful day. Bartlett's was in réar of the division and the 118th in rear of the brigade.

The march trended towards the left of the Hare House, and concluded in rear of the position in front of which on the enemy's side was what was afterwards known as Elliott's salient, under which the Burnside mine was subsequently exploded. On the route the column passed over the site of some of the previous hard fighting. The dead of both sides were still unburied. In a breastwork which had been occupied by the enemy the Confederates, four deep, lay on top of each other. The attack at this point had evidently been made by the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, of Wilcox's division, 9th Corps. Their dead lay so close that their muskets crossed each other. There are thoughtful men who study battles who reject the phrase "piles of dead" as an extravagance. The Bloody Lane at Antietam, the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, and here at Petersburg, is testimony sufficient to justify its use. The fight at this place was late in the afternoon. The 1st Michigan

Sharpshooters were a new regiment, skilled in the use of the rifle, as was shown by the dead Confederates, who were shot either in the forehead or face. The Confederates held up their hands as if about to surrender ; but as soon as the sharpshooters were close to their breastwork opened fire on them, at the same time giving a terrific yell. Three brothers belonging to the sharpshooters were lying near each other. Together in life, they were not separated in death. The dead were literally piled one upon another. There were but few survivors on either side.

All the corps which were in position—the 2d, 5th and 9th—assaulted the new and interior line of the enemy late in the afternoon, at hours not widely apart. The most serious work in General Warren's corps, whose assault was well managed, fell upon the 1st and 2d brigades of Griffin's division. None of the assaults were successful, but Griffin's appears to have been the most vigorous. His losses were severe and some of his men were killed within twenty feet of the enemy's works.

Colonel Chamberlain, of the 20th Maine, who had recently been assigned to a brigade in the division, was desperately wounded leading the charge under a destructive fire. He had previously been recommended for promotion. He had fully earned it as far back as Gettysburg, when he so heroically defended Little Round Top. His action here accelerated a tardy justice and he was promoted upon the spot. It came directly through General Grant, who thus refers to it: "Colonel J. L. Chamberlain, of the 20th Maine, was wounded on the 18th. He was gallantly leading his brigade at the time, as he had been in the habit of doing in all the engagements in which he had previously been engaged. He had several times been recommended for a brigadier-generalcy for gallant and meritorious conduct. On this occasion, however, I promoted him on the spot, and forwarded a copy of my order to the War Department, asking that my act might be confirmed and Chamberlain's name sent to the Senate for confirmation without delay. This was done, and at last a gallant and meritorious officer

received partial justice at the hands of his government, which he had served so faithfully and so well."*

The attempt to establish an advance line by taking Petersburg had not been bloodless. The total of killed and wounded when footed up was 8,772. Adding to this 1,814 missing, we have as the total of our loss, 10,586. This opened the fight along the lines of Petersburg; as a whole, the most remarkable and long-sustained contest known in history.

Generals Grant and Meade, satisfied that all that could be done had been done, gave directions that the assaults should cease and that the troops be placed under cover to secure some rest, which they most certainly needed. Looking at it from the present time, it was a novel sort of rest to be under fire of some sort or other part of every day or night. But in those days it was assurance that no more earthworks were to be assaulted. These assaults had failed so often, or if successful had shown no results, that the men had about concluded that they had seen enough of them. And so began the siege of Petersburg.

Though the siege had commenced in purpose it was only as the great forts rose responsive to the directions of the engineers, and the earthworks assumed a character for strength and endurance before unknown, that the army began to comprehend it had settled down to its work of investment. A new experience was in waiting. The ever-present dangers, the strain of a lengthy and ever-lengthening siege was a startling contemplation—if soldiers ever stopped or cared to contemplate. The sortie, the bomb-proof, the mine, the counter-mine, the covered way, new even to these experienced men, they were to learn the use and purpose of as well as they already knew of the advance, the charge, the assault, the repulse, and all the perils of the deadly fray in open field.

To encircle Petersburg as completely as a siege demanded, it was essential that the two railroads, the Weldon and the

*"Personal Memoirs," Vol. ii. p. 297.

Lynchburg, should be covered. It was some time before the first was controlled, and the other never was until the city fell. The 6th Corps was sent to accomplish this purpose, and the 2d, connecting its right with the left of the 5th Corps at the Jerusalem plank road, was ordered to swing around its left and close in on the enemy. At first these corps were ordered to keep up connections, but these instructions were subsequently withdrawn and a gap opened between the 6th and 2d Corps. A. P. Hill, sent to look after Wright's attempt on the Weldon railroad, leaving Wilcox to take care of him, passed through the opening with Mahone, drove back Barlow's and Mott's division in some confusion, struck Gibbon's left and broke his second line. The entire corps line was subsequently recovered and entrenched. The 6th Corps abandoned its attempt on the railroads, refused the 2d's left, faced the Weldon railroad, though at some distance from the road, and threw its pickets out close up to it. In this general position the army remained some time, the 9th and 5th Corps being pushed close up to the enemy to the eastward of and on the direct Petersburg front.

The first among the substantial lines built by the division was secured by a night advance of the 20th Maine, 118th Pennsylvania, 18th Massachusetts, 1st Michigan and 16th Michigan, under the command of Colonel Herring. He pushed up as close to the enemy's position as his instructions would warrant without involving the troops in a direct assault, and by daylight had protected himself with entrenchments calculated, after some strengthening, to be maintained as a permanent work. The loss in this operation was one man killed and six wounded.

The enemy kept up an active fire during the day. The works were an effective cover and the only casualty was Eshback, of Company "I," wounded.

Active gunnery continued day and night, and the pickets, particularly in front of the 9th Corps, were continuously and frequently severely engaged. The position held by the regiment while it occupied the entrenchments, varied by occasional



WORKS AROUND PETERSBURG, SHOWING POSITION 118TH OCCUPIED.

changes, were at points about equidistant between the Jerusalem plank road and opposite Elliott's salient, afterwards the crater. It was sometimes in reserve, generally in front. Either was in effective artillery range, and casualties were as frequent in one as in the other.

Surface water had disappeared entirely. Squads were dispatched in different directions to look for signs indicating that with pick and shovel a supply might be secured below the sur-



face. Sergeant Nugent, ready and reliable, was the most successful in discovering it. After a search of several hours he set his squad to work, and at the depth of five or six feet found excellent water. Two barrels sunk to the bottom walled the well, and a guard thrown around it kept off intruders not entitled to its privileges. The sergeant, as a recognition of his discovery, was placed in charge of the guard, but, though less exposed, he soon grew weary and lonesome of a retirement that kept him from his companions, and at the end of three

days, at his own request, was returned to his company. The well was not altogether out of range, and musket balls, pretty well spent, often dropped near it. One had enough force left to kill, and a man loaded with canteens was shot just as he reached the well.

It is said to have been a mystery to the Confederates where our water came from. In fact, they were encouraged in the belief that it came from the James, that sufficient quantities could not long continue to be hauled so great a distance to

sustain the army, and Grant consequently must soon abandon his lines. Theirs was obtained from the water works of the city of Petersburg, and as the works were never intended to answer such demands, the supply was limited, and to procure it involved much inconvenience and labor. An early inquiry after the pickets became acquainted cleared up the mystery, and the enemy soon became as apt well-diggers as our men.

The pickets soon began to fraternize with probably a greater freedom and familiarity than ever before. Certainly, the intimacy, if not closer, was of greater length. Instead of depending on individual posts to conduct the usual bartering a regular exchange was arranged. A little clump of trees between the lines concealed a broad stump. This soon became the recognized market place. One side would visit it, leaving their contributions, and the other taking them away would deposit theirs. There were no calls for more margin, no "clearing house" to settle differences. Every barter was accompanied by immediate delivery, all questions of value were subordinated to needs, and the traders were satisfied with goods furnished by one side that were unobtainable by the other. The article most desired by our men was tobacco, and of this the Confederates seemed always to have an abundant supply.

An enterprising fellow, probably familiar with merchandising from having been employed in a country store, inventoried a list of articles he was most in need of, offering liberal terms of barter or purchase, and sent it with a request for its free circulation across the lines. This man who was on picket walked out towards our pickets, and placed a stick between the lines, and stuck on it the communication. He then returned to his position. The ever active and investigating Smith, of "K," who was on picket at the time, promptly went out from his post and received it. Smith still has the paper in his possession, and treasures it as a memento. A fac-simile of it is here introduced. The paper is indeed worth preserving, and especially so in view of the fate which befell the writer a few days later, of which mention will be made.

Mr. Gank

if you have any
writing paper & envelops & coffee
or sugar or nifes or combs or
a Deck. of Cards or soap
or a good horse or sled
or Oil Cloth or any
Little trick you wish
to trade for tobacco
or if you will bring
the writing Paper &
envelopes or some
Black spool thread
& some Black fox
thread I will pay
you in greenbacks
for it. I am your
friend untill paid
a poor. J. S. Sampson
Co. S. L. Fla Reg

read this & pass
it a round ball
of your comrades
if you please

*bring all the
articles if you
can get them &
more. if you
have it today mail
it. K. H. **

Cards were often played. A large tree between the lines offered convenient shade, and it was not a rare sight to see

* The following letter shows that the name of the man was J. T. Lumpkin :

“TALLAHASSEE, FLA., May 31, 1886.

“MR. J. L. SMITH :

“DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 26th inst. to hand. Your suggestion that the name you wish to know is Lompkins, instead of Tompkins, caused a search among the L's, and I find upon the register the name of 4th Sergeant J. T. Lumpkin, Company G, 2d Florida Regiment, who is doubtless the man you seek. If you remember the personal appearance of the man you may recognize him by this description, as I remember him. He was at that time about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, near six feet tall, weighed about 180 pounds, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, round, smooth face, and incessant talker, sometimes stammering when excited, considerably addicted to boasting and profanity, in fact a bravado. If this is the man you seek, he met his fate one summer evening on the breastwork in front of Petersburg. You will possibly remember that there was a tacit agreement between the pickets to our left of the Jerusalem plank road to cease firing every afternoon about four o'clock while changing or relieving the pickets; in short, an informal truce which was in direct violation of Confederate orders, but nevertheless faithfully observed, except on one occasion. Perry's brigade, of which the 2d Florida was a part, and which I then commanded, occupied that part of the line known as the 'Tim River's Salient,' and immediately in front of what the United States soldiers called 'Fort Hell.' On this occasion Joe Davis's brigade, from another portion of our lines, had, just before the time for relieving pickets, relieved the brigade on our left, and, of course, received the general orders to fire upon every soldier showing himself. When the pickets were being relieved, the Union pickets, as usual, stood up in their pits to get their blankets, etc., in readiness for marching, whereupon some of Davis's men fired upon them, killing and

six, eight or even ten men under it of the 1st Michigan, 20th Maine, 18th and 22d Massachusetts engaged in some game of chance.

While this understanding was pending, Sergeant Daniel B. Cobb, of "H," occupied one of the picket rifle pits. The men occupying the pit on the right kindled a fire to cook coffee. The fire caught the dry grass, and, as it was spreading rapidly in his direction, Cobb rose to extinguish it, and while stamping it



SERGEANT DANIEL B. COBB.

out a single, well-directed shot from the enemy shattered one of the bones of his right forearm. The wound subsequently required an operation, removing the entire bone from the elbow to the wrist. The man who fired the shot did so of his own motion and was severely censured for his conduct. The next day a man was seen parading the earth-works with a log of

wood across his shoulders. As identifying him as the delinquent and indicative of the condemnation of his actions, his

wounding some. This provoked a return fire upon Davis's front. At that time Lumpkin was walking upon the top of the breastwork, and, being cautioned by some of his friends against thus exposing himself, after the firing was provoked, replied with an oath that the d—d Yankee bullet that was to hit him had not been moulded yet. The words had scarcely left his lips when a bullet crashed through his hip, and he fell heavily into the works. That night his leg was amputated at the hip-joint, and next day he had joined the countless throng gone before.

"Yours respectfully,

"D. LANG, *Adjutant-General.*"

companions loudly extended an invitation to shoot him. No one seemed disposed to accept it. Vengeance slumbered in the satisfaction of the execration visited on the creature by his own associates.

Not so with the 9th Corps's front. Where the picket posts of the 5th Corps stopped and that corps began was a point—the enemy knew it well—for a resumption of hostilities. No terms or conditions would induce their cessation. Whether it was a bitterness towards the division of colored troops—a part of the 9th Corps—or whether the lines were so close that each side feared treachery and a surprise, was never distinctly understood. It was more than likely the danger of a surprise, as when picket firing did cease during the day it was always resumed there at night, preceded, as the night approached, with a warning from each side that they were about to commence firing.

The harmony prevailing in front of the 5th Corps was in striking contrast. On one occasion during the night large fires burst out in many places well to the rear of our lines. They were doubtless caused from the destruction of condemned supplies or stores, so wholly useless as not to be worth removal. These fires attracted the enemy's attention and aroused his suspicions. Just before day the pickets, with no intimation of their purpose, opened with vigorous volleys. Musket balls whistled overhead, struck the works, rattled through the timber, until day had dawned sufficiently to bring objects fully into view. Then the enemy, anxious to resume their friendly attitude, cried out: "Yanks, don't fire! the hull thing's a mistake." The large fires had created the impression that our army was about to withdraw, and with a view to hinder it as much as possible the entire picket line had been ordered to open. Daylight revealed the error into which the Confederates had fallen. Profuse expressions of regrets followed on their part. The enemy were given to understand emphatically that the Union army had come there to stay, and cautioned not to be again led into such a blunder.

There was no other interruption of the amicable picket relations while the division remained in this position, except as more active operations on either side at times required it, and then a word of caution was given.

The great breastworks afforded tolerable protection from the effects of active artillery practice, and the agreement between the pickets had stopped the whirr of the deadly musket ball, when a new but not altogether unknown weapon and missile found a place at the front. The Army of the Potomac had acquired a little practical acquaintance with mortars and mortar shells at rare intervals through the war. At Petersburg this acquaintanceship grew to a close and very undesirable intimacy. Mortar shells move with grave deliberation. They rise slowly, curve gracefully, descend easily, plunge fatally, if any one has the temerity to remain exposed where they fall. Their slow flight, readily traceable by the burning fuse, and not infrequently by the sight of the shell itself, affords ample opportunity to escape the consequences of the explosion, if there be a place to escape to. And the only place of assured safety is the well and securely constructed "bomb-proof." With these in abundance, mortar practice loses much of its terror, and with both besiegers and besieged is sometimes started to while away monotony, amuse soldier visitors, or afford the entertainment attending a fine display of pyrotechnics.

Later on in the siege, when Fort Sedgwick had secured its sobriquet of Fort Hell, and Mahone of Fort Damnation, an officer from the left, where the lines were not so close, accompanied by a few friends, rode over in that direction, through the covered ways, for a more practical insight into siege operations. The lines were closer at these forts than at any other point. A little to the right of Sedgwick was a cohorn battery that answered very well for exhibition purposes when such inquisitive prowlers happened around. It was a dull, murky afternoon; the batteries on both sides were quiet. No one ventured to suggest to the officer in charge of the cohorns that a little practice would be agreeable, but he, observing that the

strangers were in search of what to them he thought was doubtless a novelty, hazarded a shot or two. As the missiles rose and curved towards their destination, his men mounted the parapet to watch with what effective aim their shots had been directed and to give the caution to "cover" if the enemy's reply should come as true as sent. The response came quickly, and all prepared to seek the friendly bomb-proofs, when the watchers on the ramparts stopped the movement with the remark: "Never mind; stay where you are. There it goes, right into hell." It seemed, so it was stated, that such was



usually the case. No matter what batteries in that vicinity opened, the enemy usually punished Sedgwick for the sins of all the others.

The bomb-proofs went up, or rather went down, rapidly, and great subterranean cities took the place of the canvas-covered towns in the trenches.

They required considerable timber. There was not much to be spared from the immediate vicinity, and to drag it by hand from the rear involved time and labor. The 118th were on terms of close friendship with the men of a battery on their

right. Their horses were idle and were kindly proffered to do the hauling. The pine logs were laid transversely across the excavation, chinked with leaves and boughs, and from twenty-four to thirty inches of dirt was thrown on top and closely packed. This roof was impervious to all sorts of missiles. Some of the bomb-proofs were built to accommodate a dozen men or more, and were of dimensions of some fourteen by sixteen feet.

The company cook-houses were constructed in a horseshoe shape, some three feet deep, with dirt thrown up towards the front and on the flanks. A covered way led from the bomb-proofs to the cook-houses, flanked with logs, and deep enough for dodging if artillery disturbed a passage at the hours for meals.

1st Sergeant Mayberry and Sergeant Paul, not satisfied with such crowded accommodations, and convinced that they could improve on the ordinary plan of construction for light and air at least, concluded to build private quarters for themselves. Instead of resting the two ends of the transverse logs directly upon the earth, two logs were laid transversely at either end of the excavation and then two other logs, long enough to include the entire length of the pit, were laid longitudinally on these end pieces. The roof logs were then laid on the long stringers, and an opening of from six to eight inches wide thus secured, extending the whole length of the bomb-proof for the free entrance of light and air. The structure was convenient and cheerful, but its occupancy proved decidedly precarious. Mayberry and Paul, resting on the wane of a summer's afternoon, after a hard tour of duty, had their repose most seriously interrupted. Their bunk was lengthwise of the bomb-proof. There they both lay asleep. A twelve-pound shell with lighted fuse entered one of the openings, rolled underneath the bunk and exploded. Many saw the missile enter and heard the explosion that followed. That Mayberry and Paul should ever appear again except as mangled corpses was never for a moment contemplated. A crowd gathered at the entrance, ready

with assistance when the smoke should clear away, when suddenly they both loomed up, powder-begrimed, but unharmed and sound. Their astonishment for a time hindered their comprehension of the situation. Their senses soon returned, but the mystery of their safe deliverance was never solved. The shot must have been a shrapnel; well nigh a half-bucketful of broken iron and musket balls was gathered, and the cracks and breaks along the edges were safely and securely closed forever after.

George W. Yeager, of "I," known by the familiar designation of "Pud," on one occasion had steak on the spider, coffee in the pot, potatoes in the stewpan. His messmates watched with gleesome hearts the preparation of the toothsome feast.

"'Pud,' sure you salted that steak?"

"Forgot it, by thunder," and "Pud" crawled to his "dug-out" for a supply. It wasn't worth while to come back. A shell had burst in "Pud's" improvised kitchen. Steak, coffee, pot, fire, everything had disappeared. "Pud" lost his supper but saved himself.

Rumors had prevailed, evidently accredited as well founded at the head-quarters of the army, that a brigade on the other side only awaited a favorable opportunity to come in entire. Instructions had been issued the pickets that if a single man approached they were not to fire; and further instructions that they were not to fire if two or three came along; finally there was to be no firing at any body of men provided they were moving by a flank. An approach in line of battle was the only sort of force to be resisted. Not satisfied but that the whole thing might be a ruse intended to cover a surprise, the reserves were brought up at night and lay in rear of the troops occupying the trenches until daylight. Ultimately it was developed that the matter had been well planned but failed at the moment when it was ready for consummation. Two brothers came in, one a little fellow who had been pushed out as a vedette at night beyond the pickets, and the other a big, brawny chap who was of the reserves. It was the night fixed; the big

brother, becoming a little anxious, had moved out to the little one, the vedette, to see that everything was right, and was returning to perfect the movement, but becoming alarmed rushed back to him again and the two came in together. Their coming was followed by loud, continued talking, much moving about and the clanking of officers' swords, all distinctly audible to the picket line. The plot had evidently miscarried; the officer had discovered it. The next day the place of the brigade that had contemplated this desertion was supplied by another.

It was essential that the amnesty proclamation, issued about this time, should in some way reach those invited to accept its immunities. It was ordered that the pickets should find means to deliver it to the enemy. They knew if they made their mission known the enemy would refuse to receive the paper, and they seemed indisposed to resort to a subterfuge to effect its delivery. But it was ordered to be done, and no matter how distasteful, the order must be obeyed. Captain Walters, in command of the detail, feeling that if he intrusted to his men the execution of his instructions they would either be attended to slovenly or avoided entirely, resolved to look after the matter himself. He threw off his uniform and robed himself in the garb of an enlisted man. Then having intimated by some cabalistic sign the soldiers had between themselves that he was desirous of effecting an exchange of newspapers, he loaded himself with an armful of daily journals containing the proclamation and started for the enemy's lines. For all these he received only a single copy of the *Richmond Despatch* in exchange. Walters did not stop to parley, nor complain of the inadequacy of the consideration; he felt convinced that if the character of the matter he had foisted off was detected it was doubtful whether he would be permitted to return at all. Hence without ceremony he hastened away. He had scarcely resumed his proper garb when a volume of bitter denunciation greeted his ears. The reason for his liberality had suddenly appeared.



An Irish soldier learned that his son was in a rebel regiment in front of him, and sent word to have him meet him on the picket-line. While the conference was in progress the rebs yelled over: "Say, Yank! it's a doggoned shame that you and your son should be fighting each other. You'd ought to come over on our side."

"No," said the level-headed Irishman, "he'd ought to be wid me."

That night the son deserted to our lines.

The every-day acquaintance with danger resulted frequently in unnecessary, careless exposure. It was generally pretty active practice that would drive men to the bomb-proofs. Occasional discharges were often regarded as harmless inventions to annoy. Corporal Robert Trenwith, of "B," had risen in a particularly cheerful mood, and as it was the day for an issue of rations, conceived it to be the first of his morning duties to look for the company quartermaster sergeant. He found him a short distance to the rear ready with supplies. No one was ahead and Trenwith seated himself on the bank, opened his haversack and talked gayly and whistled while the quartermaster doled out his allowances. A few mortar shells had been falling about innocently without attracting serious attention, when one appeared directly over the heads of the quartermaster and Trenwith. It was too late to avoid it; one or both must go. The quartermaster escaped. The shell struck Trenwith on the right shoulder, tore off his entire right side and then, exploding, reduced the rest of his body to a shapeless mass beyond the form or appearance of a human being. The fragments were carefully gathered in a gum blanket and decently interred within the entrenchments. Corporal Trenwith was an excellent soldier. By his cheerful disposition and attractive ways he had drawn around him many friends.

With constant practice the artillery on both sides had secured quite accurate range. The embrasures of the fortifications were a favorite mark. Construction parties from the 118th contributed materially to the erection of Fort Sedgwick or

Fort Hell. After the embrasures had been constructed, while the work on the interior was still in progress, a watch was always kept through them to warn the working parties to look for cover at the discharge of every gun aimed in their direction. Sometimes the watchers, disposed to trifle, would purposely communicate a false alarm. Men engaged in such labor are in no mood for twitting. They are anxious to be through with it and get away. Such a joke once or twice repeated would secure the perpetrators a merited rebuke administered in very caustic language. When there was no firing the enemy would stand watching the work with apparently as much interest as if it was their own, looking, as the men styled it, as if they were "bossing the job."

On the morning of the 30th, at twenty minutes of four o'clock, the Burnside mine, the work of a month's incessant toil, was successfully exploded. Conceived by a talented Pennsylvania engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania, carried to successful consummation by his skill and untiring energy, its explosion opened the way to Petersburg. But the way was closed by a delayed and mismanaged assault, for which inadequate preparations had been made, and by the personal cowardice of two general officers, whose faithful soldiers were left to flounder in the jaws of death without direction or guidance. General Walker, in his "History of the Second Army Corps," page 568, thus feelingly and eloquently refers to an instance so exceptional: "Never before or after in the history of the Potomac Army was such an exhibition made of official incapacity and personal cowardice. Speaking generally, our officers of rank were only too ready to expose themselves to danger, and the lists of killed and wounded testify how faithfully they discharged the trust committed to them. But at the mine two division commanders were hiding in bomb-proofs, while their troops wandered aimlessly from lack of direction or halted in front of obstacles which a single manly effort would have overcome."

The explosion opened a crater one hundred and fifty feet

long, sixty wide and twenty-five deep, overwhelmed the battery in Elliott's salient, the whole of the 18th and part of the 23d South Carolina Infantry, and spread such confusion and consternation, that for some distance on each side of it, the enemy's entrenchments were temporarily abandoned. It was half an hour after the mine exploded before the enemy's musketry became at all effective, and although our troops, five minutes after the explosion, had filed into the crater, they had not yet effected such a lodgement as would ensure a permanent holding. There was some sharp and gallant contests, but ultimately a most disastrous failure followed. At half-past twelve o'clock, after a loss of upwards of four thousand men, the assaulting columns were ordered to withdraw from the crater, where they had crowded to excess, to their places in the entrenchments.

The affair was peculiarly the 9th Corps's. With any indication of a permanent advantage, the 5th was designed to play a prominent part. Ayres's division and Cutler's brigade were massed to support Burnside, and Griffin's division, temporarily under the command of Bartlett, General Griffin being absent on sick-leave, held the whole front of the corps's entrenchments. General Bartlett was ordered to keep up a severe and continuous musketry fire, which he did, and was directed to advance at any intimation of break in the enemy's lines. This he did not do, as there was no break to warrant it. All the corps's artillery was heavily engaged and did some serious execution.

Sergeant Nugent says that after the victims in the crater had been mercilessly punished for some hours, the men of the regiment, convinced that the enemy must get it back, but satisfied they would not attempt it until nightfall, being weary from a rise long before day, concluded to go to sleep. Precedent justified this conviction. Assaults were almost invariably made with the break of day or coming of darkness. Such was not the sergeant's belief in this instance, and so expressing himself, he seated himself on the earthworks to await developments while the rest slept. About noon what he believed

would follow was realized. In rear of the crater was the crest, without which the crater was untenable. A long line appeared rising the crest and moving obliquely over it toward the crater. The guns all trained on this point did not open immediately, and the sergeant rushed for the nearest battery. There, too, he found the gunners asleep. He aroused them. There was nothing to do but pull the lanyards. Mighty discharges followed. The shots struck in front; some took effect, but the ranks were either closed up or the men bowed easily and let them pass over. It was of no avail; the line moved on and the crater fell after they were repulsed twice.

The killed from this terrible slaughter lay in full view for several days. The heat was intense, bodies decomposed rapidly and when the wind came from that direction the stench was intolerable.

The colored troops had been paid off just before the mine explosion, and the enemy reaped a goodly harvest of greenbacks from the killed, wounded and prisoners. For some time afterwards, the enemy would stand upon the breastworks at the conclusion of the frequent artillery duels, and derisively cry loud enough to be heard distinctly: "Did that send any more niggers to the devil?" "When will the niggers be paid off again?" "Send them in on another charge when they get their money." Such and other kindred expressions of contempt for the colored troops continued until the mine affair had been absorbed in other momentous occurrences of a later date.

General Hancock had been sent to the north side of the James as a diversion in favor of the operations attending the mine explosion. He succeeded in drawing four of the enemy's divisions after him, but the prompt concentration of those left effected the speedy recovery of the ground lost at the crater.

On the 9th of July the 6th Corps was sent to overcome Early's Washington demonstration. Subsequently it gathered laurels for itself in Sheridan's splendid campaign in the Valley of Virginia, and did not rejoin the Potomac Army until about the Christmas times.



CAPT. & BREV. MAJOR JOSEPH ASHBROOK.

1862-1892.

As the asperities following the mine disaster subsided the picket familiarities were resumed. A small ravine covered with bushes was shielded from the observation of officers and opportunities were stolen for interviews. The troops opposite were from North Carolina and Florida. Some were boastful and confident; others dejected and despondent. The few desponding ones, had they been relieved from the presence of their more confident associates, might have been persuaded to come in. Lumpkins, the Floridian, had, in his previous interview, displayed a roll of some two hundred dollars in greenbacks which he said he had taken from the dead in the Wilderness. He professed to be a property-owner to the extent of seventy-five thousand dollars. This he was determined to defend. He was bitter in his denunciations, and rudely resented the intimation that his possessions would be assured him if he renounced his adherence to rebellion.

A rumor prevailed that the enemy were mining under Fort Sedgwick. A counter-mine was sprung but failed to detect anything. It seemed to be generally accredited that mines had actually been begun, but the attempt was foiled by reason of quicksands.

Robert Parks, of "I," a Scotchman, could imitate the sound of a ball to perfection. He was one of a group standing behind the entrenchments when an officer who had always persistently condemned dodging passed. The temptation was irresistible and Parks plied his imitations so rapidly that apparently the whole line had opened. The effect on the officer was instantaneous; dodging handsomely, he sought cover promptly, much to the amusement of Parks and his companions.

The summer had been oppressively hot and the drought excessive. No rain fell from the 3d of June to the 19th of July, a period of forty-seven days. Nor did any improvement follow the August rains; the high temperature continued, and the atmosphere became damp and humid.

On the nights of the 14th and 15th of August the 5th Corps

was relieved from its entrenchments by the 9th and held ready to move. The purpose this time was to take and hold the Weldon Railroad. The weather was excessively hot and close. An oppressive, warm rain fell and roads and fields were almost impassable with wheels. On the morning of the 18th Griffin's division struck camp near the Cheves House, in the vicinity of Fort Davis, a little before four o'clock, and marched about five miles. General Griffin had resumed command. The division led the corps and reached Dr. Gurley's about seven o'clock. There Dearing's brigade of the enemy's cavalry was encountered, and a line was formed of the 1st and 3d Brigades with a strong skirmish line in front. Dearing's brigade was disposed of by the pickets of the 3d New York Cavalry and several men were captured. The division then pushed on across the railroad at the Yellow or Globe Tavern without opposition, where it arrived about nine o'clock. From the Jerusalem Plank Road to the Tavern is about three miles.

The country in the vicinity of Dr. Gurley's was heavily timbered; from there to the railroad was more or less open. The railroad runs north and south. The march had deflected well to the southward to conceal it from the enemy. To the northward of the line of march dense timber covered almost the entire distance from the Jerusalem Plank Road to the railway. Numerous cartways and paths well known to the enemy crossed it in all directions. The Halifax Road runs parallel with the railroad. Beyond it, to the westward, about a mile, is the Vaughan Road. This road enters the Halifax Road to the north towards Petersburg, about a mile and a half from the Globe Tavern. Between the Vaughan and the Halifax Roads timber and cultivated lands alternate each other. Some of the open spaces towards the Vaughan Road, subsequently occupied by the enemy, were rising ground, well adapted for the location of batteries. The lines held by our forces were equally well suited for artillery, the timber at the same time concealing the guns.

General Griffin's division was disposed of immediately to

cover the position to the south and west. A strong picket line was thrown out some fifteen hundred yards to the front towards

HEAVY PICKET FIRING.



the Vaughan Road, and measures were at once taken by building rifle-pits and slashing to strengthen the position of the main line. During the various movements and heavy contests of

the three following days the division did not change its position materially, except that about five o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th the 1st and 3d Brigades were moved to the right and north to the line occupied by the other divisions of the corps. The 3d Brigade was absent but a short time, when it returned to its position without being engaged. The 187th Pennsylvania Volunteers had a very sharp engagement, the rest of the 1st Brigade remaining, meanwhile, in the second line of works. The whole of the 1st Brigade returned to its position the next morning.

General Ayres, advancing to the north along the railway, had reached within a half mile of the intersection of the Vaughan Road. Dearing had been prompt to communicate the appearance of a heavy force to seize the railroad, and General Heth, with Davis's and Walker's brigades, was pushed to his support. The enemy showing a firm determination to contest Ayres's further advance, General Crawford was sent to his right to prevent his being outflanked. Moving out the Vaughan Road about two o'clock Heth made a sudden attack upon Ayres's left. To prevent being outflanked Ayres drew back, then advancing drove the enemy from the ground. This ended the fighting for the day. General Crawford, all the way through dense woods, continued to move forward his right until dark.

The enemy's artillery reached Griffin's line, enfilading it. An enlisted man of the regiment, beside Captain Wilson, stepped aside to avoid a mud-hole; the captain took the mud; a solid shot struck the soldier and killed him. Wilson was unharmed.

The corps line was bent at something of an angle. Griffin faced west; Ayres and Crawford, with their fronts extending eastward towards the left of the main line of the besieging works at the Jerusalem Plank Road, faced north. There was yet a gap between Crawford's right and the pickets in that vicinity, and on the morning of the 19th General Bragg of Cutler's division was ordered to establish a picket line to con-

nect with the pickets of the 9th Corps. The work was probably defectively performed; "but at best," General Humphreys says, "would have constituted a very imperfect guard against an active enemy acquainted in detail with the woods, which at the distance of twenty paces screened everything from sight."

At half-past four o'clock General Mahone, with Weisiger's, Colquit's, and Clingman's brigades, moving in column of fours left in front, broke through the picket line and facing to the left swept rapidly down Crawford's line. His and the right of General Ayres's line were compelled to fall back, the skirmish line doing so in great confusion, masking the front of the line of battle. At the same time Heth, with Davis's and Walker's brigades, attacked Ayres's left. The repeated attempts to drive it back failed. Two regiments of the Pennsylvania Veteran Reserve out on the skirmish line were nearly all captured. General Hayes, whom the 118th had so well known as Colonel of the 18th Massachusetts, and whose high soldierly character had always elicited their admiration, was taken prisoner. He had received deserved promotion, and at the time commanded the 1st Brigade of Ayres's division.

General Ayres's and Crawford's line were reformed, and, with General Wilcox's division of the 9th Corps, which had in the meantime come up, advanced, drove Mahone back in great confusion to his entrenchments, recovered the ground taken and captured some prisoners. Heth's two brigades remained confronting Ayres's left.

General Griffin's division, under a flank fire from the enemy's artillery, was not engaged, except the 187th Pennsylvania of its 1st Brigade, which, as before mentioned, was sent to the point of attack.

General Warren in his official report of this engagement says: "An instance of brutality occurred on the part of a rebel officer which deserves execration. Finding he was too closely pressed to carry off Captain Newberry, 12th United States Infantry, a prisoner, he deliberately put a pistol to his breast and shot him. This is the testimony of the dying man himself."

But the enemy were still inclined to be persistent. The occupation of the Weldon Railroad, if permitted to continue, would it was felt be soon extended farther and would of itself cause great embarrassment. This was true, for afterwards the enemy's nearest available railway station was Stony Creek, some fifteen miles south of Petersburg. From there a wagon haul was necessary by Dinwiddie Court-House and the Boynton Plank Road of some thirty miles for all the supplies that before had reached Petersburg by this all-rail route. The Confederates could not afford to give it up until blow after blow had been struck for its recovery. Expecting another attack, General Warren drew in his northern and northwestern lines to better adjust them for artillery defence, thus strengthening his infantry reserve.

He did not wait long. The 20th passed in quiet. On the morning of the 21st of August, about ten o'clock, the woods to the north and west showed evidence of life. Lines of gray three and four deep emerged from them, and with flaunting battle-flags bore down on the pickets. Batteries were run out on commanding eminences and thundered away effectively with an oblique fire. The pickets that were not captured fell back slowly, fighting. The attack fell heavily upon the Maryland brigade. Colonel Dushane, its commanding officer, a gallant soldier, was killed. General J. William Hoffman, the distinguished Philadelphian, who bore high battle honors for his city so honorably throughout the war, with his brigade of the 4th Division resisted the severe assault on his front manfully and successfully.

The Confederates came up through the standing corn in four lines of battle. The Maryland brigade laid down so that they could not be seen, and when the Confederates were within fifty yards they rose up and delivered a withering fire. Six times the flag of the first line of Confederates fell, and six times a color corporal picked it up and was killed. After that it laid on the ground until it was captured. The corn-stalks were cut off by the bullets as if with a knife.

These assaults were renewed but without effect. Hagood's brigade of South Carolinians, caught in a position where our

ARTILLERY TO THE FRONT.



troops were in echelon, were almost surrounded, threw down their arms and it was thought surrendered, when the firing ceased. Parties moving out to complete the capture were,

however, fired upon. In the confusion our men could not return the fire and many of Hagood's men escaped. Captain Daly, the provost-marshal of the 4th Division, was shot—General Warren says, by Hagood himself. It was a dastardly piece of work. Daly, as his official duties required, had ridden out to gather in the prisoners, believed to have surrendered, when a general officer, mounted upon a white horse, deliberately shot him. This act was plainly seen from several directions on the line and by our whole regiment. Instantly the men rose, levelled their pieces, fired, and both horse and rider fell. Every musket was discharged with fixed resolve; every aim was cool. General Sanders was the only Confederate general officer reported killed on this occasion. If it was a general officer who killed Daly, it must have been he and not Hagood.* Many battle-flags were taken. Private F. C. Anderson, Company A, of the 18th Massachusetts, captured the colors of the 27th South Carolina, bringing in the color sergeant also.

The prisoners said that their men had been urged to the assault by persuasive appeal, assured that the force holding the railroad was light and that at every cost its possession must be

* "THE NEWS AND COURIER," CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

November 14, 1887.

MR. J. L. SMITH, PHILADELPHIA,

DEAR SIR:—Some little difficulty in obtaining the information you asked for has prevented me from replying to your note at an earlier date. I was not on General Hagood's staff, but have seen him on the subject of your inquiry.

General Hagood says that the fight in question took place at Globetown and no other brigade but General Hagood's took part in the fight. Finnigan's brigade had no part whatever in the fight. General Hagood did not ride a white horse. When he went into action he rode a bay horse, and after the personal encounter with the staff officer, which is mentioned in the letter (and whose name, I think, was Daly), he took the officer's horse and rode that. It was a bay horse which was secured by General Hagood in this way. In a few minutes the horse was killed, General Hagood falling with it. This led to the rumor that General Hagood was killed.

I trust that this information is what you want, and have the pleasure to remain,

Yours very truly,

F. W. DAWSON.

recovered. One of them, a shoemaker, had been hustled away from his work-bench in Petersburg in the morning and by noon was a prisoner of war. He did not seem to worry over the change.

The Flowers House lay between the Vaughan and Halifax Roads, nearest the former (see map). The family consisted of a mother and son, pretty well grown. They were said to have once been Philadelphians and to have had a strong bias towards the Union cause. The boy had been permitted to pass freely to and fro from Petersburg, and had occasionally found his way into and made some acquaintances in our lines. The cellar walls extended two or three feet above the ground; the rest of the building was frame. The fight of the 21st came upon them so suddenly that, too late to escape beyond range, mother and son sought safety in the cellar. A Confederate officer, their guest at the time, instead of hurrying to his command, took advantage of the same refuge. The artillery played mercilessly on the building, one shot passing through the walls that stood above the ground. The mother had borne the rest of the bombardment heroically, but at this shot she fell to weeping. The Confederate officer, in a very unmanly way, chided her tears and taxed her with her weakness. The boy pertinently spoke up and bade the officer remember that if he had been where his duty demanded he would have had no opportunity to observe his mother's tears. The cut silenced the laggard, and the mother, nerved by her son's manly speech, soon recovered. All three passed safely through the fight. The house, though considerably battered, was fit for occupancy, and was afterwards quite a resort.

The following detailed account of the engagement on the 21st is forwarded by that gallant soldier, Major G. C. Hopper, of the 1st Michigan:

"On our first occupancy of the Weldon Railroad I was division officer of the picket, and on Saturday, the 20th of August, I received a summons to report to General Charles Griffin, our division commander.

"He said to me: 'Major, we will probably be attacked early

to-morrow morning, and nothing so discourages an enemy as to find a determined resistance on the picket line. Your position is a long way in front, and if you give them a good fight it will greatly weaken them by the time they reach the breast-works.'

"At three o'clock the next morning I was on the extreme right, and in company of one of the captains of a New York regiment watched the line until about seven o'clock. It was quite foggy and the woods in front of our right were very thick, and I thought that would be the point of attack. At last the fog cleared up and I said to the captain if they were going to attack us it would have been under cover of the fog, but you can keep a sharp look-out, though I think we will not have a fight this morning.

"Our picket line extended diagonally out to the Vaughan Road, which we had barricaded, and at a house on the opposite side of the road we kept a guard. At the barricade was a strong detachment of the 118th Pennsylvania men, and in the woods in rear of the corn-field was a reserve of the 16th Michigan men under Captain Sutter. The men of my own regiment were in the picket pits.

"When I left the New York pickets I rode down the line to the 118th pickets, and was told by the officer commanding that the woman occupying the house was from Philadelphia and wanted to come into our lines and wanted transportation for her things. I went in to see her and advised her to take her children and go inside of our lines at *once*, and send for her things afterwards. While we were talking a soldier came in and said they had discovered the enemy and the captain wanted to see me. I told the woman in case firing commenced to take her children and go into the cellar, and hastened outside. The captain said they were relieving the cavalry pickets with one of infantry and asked if he was to fire. I directed him not to fire unless they left their lines and advanced towards us.

"Just then one of the men said: 'There, they go!' and look-

ing down the Vaughan Road we saw them in their lines of battle, and with heads depressed and backs bent making a rush across the road beyond the rise of ground so as not to be seen. We at once commenced firing, and when we did so their skirmish line rose up out of the meadows and potato fields very near to us, but we stopped them and held them until their lines of battle were very near to us, when I ordered my line to fall back to the woods and form a new line.

“Captain Salter had brought up his men and we made a stiff fight, and did not move from our line until their lines of battle were well developed in our front. At the woods we halted and warmed them again, then passed through the wood, halted, faced about and gave them another dose; and when they were quite near I ordered the men to join their regiments behind the breastworks. Our breastworks were built in echelon, and the enemy expected to strike Baxter's brigade on our right on its left flank and sweep up both sides of it. In rear of our brigade Captain Martin had a battery of four guns looking directly into the swamp.

“I reported to General Griffin that the enemy's flank was towards us and that if Captain Martin half wheeled his battery to the right he would enfilade them after they had passed the point of woods. He directed me to say as much to Captain Martin and to give him the distance. The captain emptied his guns of their shells and loaded with canister, and when the enemy advanced past the point of woods the battery and our brigade poured their fire into them on their flanks, and as Baxter had been firing on them in front, they could not stand the pressure but broke. Some ran into the low ground and held up their hands and the butts of their guns in token of surrender, while some made a rush backward and got away.

“As soon as the trapped rebels offered to surrender Captain Daly, of the provost-guard, went out to secure them, when Colonel Hagood shot him and escaped. I do not know the facts, but it was said that after Hagood had said he would surrender he drew a revolver and shot Captain Daly, seized his

horse and rode away on him. A good deal of talk was had at the time about Hagood's treachery, but I think no one knows the exact truth of the affair.

"I was delighted with the way the pickets behaved. As usually when men in battle are ordered to fall back to a certain point, in the excitement of the fight or because the order is not correctly understood, they go too far; but in this instance the men of Pennsylvania and Michigan obeyed orders to the letter; made the stubborn fight which the general desired and which, as I afterwards learned, he commended very highly to his staff."


General Warren recovered promptly from his temporary reverses. He had managed the Weldon Railroad fight with his usual skill, secured almost incalculable advantage, and rendered his holding unassailable. The enemy never recovered the ground they lost on the 18th of August, and from not long after that until the siege was over they were forced to wagon all the supplies the railroad had transported, for a distance of thirty miles.

General Warren's operations in the vicinity of the Yellow Tavern were followed in a few days by General Hancock's at Reams Station. This, although effecting a considerable destruction of the railway, resulted disastrously. The two divisions of his corps, Miles and Gibbon, were vigorously attacked by a superior force and only managed to save themselves, after a severe loss, with strenuous fighting. Afterwards, however, Stony Creek became the enemy's northern terminus of the Weldon Railroad. In December General Warren discovered, in his movement to Hicks Ford, they had used the rails above that point to repair the road below it.

Though the country between the plank and the railroad was mostly a wooded waste, along the railroad and beyond it there was a goodly sprinkling of well-kept farms. It was the height of the season and the forager, ever mindful of his opportunities, regardless of the imminence or even actual existence of conflict, risked it as before. Smith made his usual venture. The nearest



PEEBLES FARM AND YELLOW HOUSE.

house to the Yellow Tavern, occupied by Mrs. Lewis, had been pretty well stripped; a patch of over ripe watermelons, all that remained, was scarcely worth the taking. Smith secured the good will of the only white inhabitant of the dwelling, a woman, who though she bitterly complained that the Yankees had despoiled her of everything, yet was considerably willing to disclose the contents of her neighbor's larder. "There," said she, pointing to a house a little way off, "you will find a plentiful store of grape jelly, put up by Mrs. Perkins ready for market." Smith, not disposed to lose his opportunity for the want of a vessel to transport it, proposed to borrow a bucket. This was cheerfully conceded and Smith was quickly off upon his new investigation. He found the house wholly deserted—family, negroes, all had gone. The flight had been a recent one; all doors were invitingly open and the table was set for dinner. Others had preceded Smith, and from the second story window bedding, clothing, furniture and an eight-day clock were being inconsiderately tossed. Nor had the grape jelly escaped observation. In a little outbuilding a soldier stood over a vessel ladling it out freely. The large label: " This is poison! Look out!" did not deter a lavish requisition on the toothsome article, and pots, kettles, mugs, pans, everything about the house, and Smith's bucket, were filled to overflowing. And now an Irishman, wild with delight at such a refreshing haul, appeared upon the scene. He first kicked over a bee-hive and was off with a fine comb of honey, but not without resistance. The bees, angered at the intrusion, made a desperate onslaught everywhere. The spoilsmen ceased their spoilation. The avalanche of household goods from the second story window stopped. The loaded vessels were overturned. There was a mad rush to escape the wicked sting of the angry bees. Smith, though, stood fast and with an old shirt, gathered from the wreck of wearing apparel, fought them manfully.

Then the provost-marshal with his guard came along and when they had reached the gate the bees turned their attention to them. He, too, and his men were vanquished. But the

now owner of the bucket of jelly carried it off, not forgetting to reward the lonely female with a liberal portion for her patriotism.

Infantry parapets had sprung up immediately upon the occupancy of the Weldon Railroad position. They were soon made to connect strong redoubts, which with the parapets continued as a permanent line until abandoned upon a further advance to the north and west.

The ranks of the division had been most seriously depleted. On the 5th of September the monthly return for August showed that to fill the regiments to their maximum 6,422 men were required.

On the 7th Captain Walters was detailed as the division provost-marshal to take the place of Captain Eddy.

On the 11th the United States Military Railroad from City Point was completed to Yellow House, which had now become the universally accepted name for the old Globe Tavern. The first train was hauled by the engine "Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant." Its arrival was greeted by shouts and cheers ;

the music of numerous bands increased the enthusiasm.

Horse-racing again found a place among the amusements. A level stretch of the Halifax Road furnished the track, and the first race between General Griffin's gray mare and the commissary of musters' gray stallion resulted in the defeat of the general's animal.

On the 23d the wires flashed news of Sheridan's rout of Early at Fisher's Hill. The intelligence was communicated to the troops in the following circular. Its publication was accompanied with most unusual and demonstrative excitement.



DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

U. S. M. T., CITY POINT.

September 23, 1864.

TO MAJOR-GENERALS MEADE, BUTLER, and all corps commanders:

The following despatch is just received from General Sheridan.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

HEAD QUARTERS MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, six miles from WOODSTOCK,

11.30 P. M., 22, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT:

I have the honor to report that I achieved a most signal victory over the army of General Early at Fisher's Hill to-day. I found the rebel army posted with its right resting on the North Fork of the Shenandoah and extending across the Strausburg Valley to North Mountain, occupying a position which appeared almost impregnable. After a great deal of manœuvring during the day General Crook's command was transferred to the extreme right on North Mountain and furiously attacked the left of the enemy's line, carrying everything before him.

While Crook was driving the enemy in the greatest confusion and sweeping down behind their breastworks, the 6th and 19th Corps attacked the rebel works in front, and the whole rebel army appeared to be broken up. They fled in the utmost confusion; sixteen pieces of artillery were captured, also a great many caissons, artillery horses, etc., etc. I am to-night pushing on down the valley. I cannot say how many prisoners I have captured, nor do I know either my own or the enemy's casualties. Only darkness saved the whole of Early's army from destruction. My attack could not be made until four o'clock in the evening, which left but little daylight to operate in.

The 1st and 3d Cavalry Divisions went down Luray Valley to day, and if they push on vigorously to the main valley the result of the day's engagement will be still more signal.

The victory was very complete, and a more detailed report will be made as soon as I can obtain the necessary details.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General*.

The operations of the 10th and 18th Corps on the north bank of the James it was anticipated would weaken the enemy's right, and on the 29th of September the 5th Corps was directed to move beyond Poplar Grove Church to secure the junction of two roads coming from the southwest—the Poplar Grove Church and Squirrel Level Roads. This junction at Peeble's Farm was defended by a redoubt known as Fort McRae, flanked by infantry parapets protected by *abatis*.

If the conditions should justify it an advance was to be made in a northwest direction toward the Southside Railroad and

Boydton Plank Road. General Warren, with Griffin's and Ayres's divisions, was directed against the junction. General Parke was to follow him with Wilcox's and Potter's divisions, and both were to advance to the Boydton Plank Road.

The movement was delayed until the 30th. On that morning, at seven o'clock, Griffin's division moved out of its entrenchments at the Yellow Tavern, destined before the sun should set to accomplish a good day's work.

Bartlett's brigade, temporarily under the command of Colonel Gwyn, led the division. Colonel Herring and Major O'Neill were both absent on sick leave and the command of the regiment devolved upon Captain James B. Wilson.

The route led first to the left, then to the right, crossed an open space, and beyond it entered a thick growth of woods, mostly scrubby pine. Through this the way

was felt cautiously, and about two and a half miles from the starting-point the command halted. Here, under the personal direction of General Griffin, skirmishers were thrown out. Of the detail was one officer and twenty men from the 118th. They had not gone far when they developed the enemy's pickets behind light works thrown up along the road in front of Poplar Grove Church. After some sharp firing the enemy fell back to his main line. In this skirmish, gallantly pressing



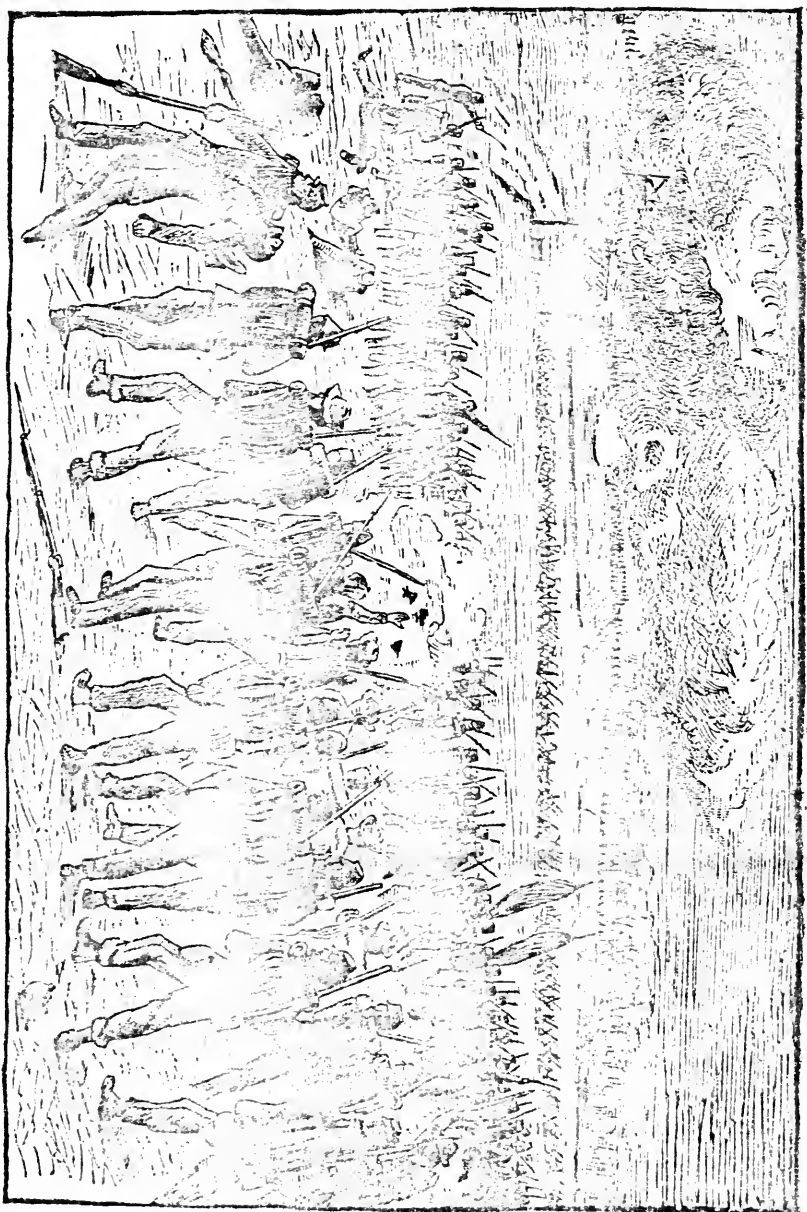
CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR JAMES B.
WILSON.

forward, Lieutenant Conahay was killed. General Griffin was beside him when he fell. The regiment then advanced to the church.

The line, at something of an angle to the enemy's works, was partly protected from the round shot and shell by the crest of a hill. After some little delay the brigade was adjusted for a forward movement, and, with a change of front forward on the right company, the regiment was in full view of a four-gun battery and a long line of infantry parapets. As the troops left cover they were greeted with a heavy fire of grape and canister and a furious discharge of musketry. The 16th Michigan was on the right of the 118th. After passing over six hundred yards of open ground, level and entirely without protection, the two regiments were soon at the *abatis*, built of rails firmly planted and connected by string pieces. A passage was speedily cut, wide enough for eight men. Through it the 118th went by fours by the right flank, and the 16th Michigan by fours by the left flank. Captain Wilson led his regiment; Colonel Welch his. They were within a few feet of each other. Both climbed the face of the parapet together, when a dismounted cavalryman levelled his carbine, fired and Welch fell, killed outright. Dearing's cavalry brigade, dismounted, with infantry held this portion of the enemy's line. As the troops with great enthusiasm crossed the works the enemy fled. Some prisoners fell into our hands.

Fort McRae had fallen, the 20th Maine as usual again having an opportunity to lend its gallant aid to capture it. In this redoubt were the four guns seen when the brigade uncovered itself at the church. Their fire had been directed with special severity against the 16th Michigan and the 118th. As our forces scaled the parapet all four guns were limbered up; three eluded pursuit and escaped, the fourth was captured. The 20th Maine justly claim the honor of the capture, but the 118th so far contributed to it that one of its men, William Kilpatrick of "D," had mounted a wheel-horse while the struggle for the piece was in progress.

The work primarily laid out for Griffin's division had been



CHARGE OF THE 115TH AT PEGRAM'S FARM AND CAPTURE OF FORT MCALE

fully done. The junction of the two roads was secure; the redoubts and entrenchments had fallen.

The heaviest compensation exacted in this encounter was the life of Colonel Welch, of the 16th Michigan. Soldiers of his calibre were rapidly disappearing. The bloody track from the Rapidan was marked by the graves of men of ability and promise.

Colonel Gwyn's horse fell on him as he mounted the works. He was for a time severely disabled; his leg was badly hurt and his old wound broke out afresh. During the rest of the day the brigade was commanded by Major Spear, of the 20th Maine.

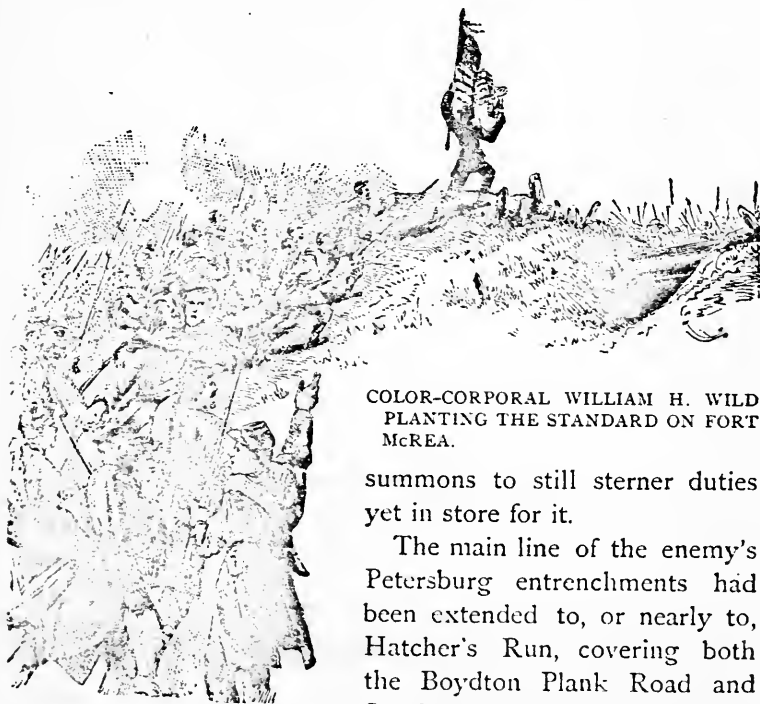
Sergeant-Major Courtney was wounded and his place was at once supplied by the very wise selection of Sergeant Samuel Nugent, of "K."

There were two substitutes of "K" whom Lieutenant Seesholtz strongly suspected would disappear at the first severe shock of battle. He directed Nugent and Stotsenberg to watch them closely and at the first intimation of wavering to run them through with the bayonet, and he would be responsible for the consequences. Both fixed their bayonets, prepared, if necessary, to execute their instructions faithfully. With the first advance came a terrific discharge of grape and canister. For the moment everything was lost in smoke and dust. But it cleared away no quicker than did the doubtful substitutes. They disappeared as it disappeared, quietly and silently. No one saw them go, nor were they ever seen again.

Samuel M. Jones, of "K," was seriously wounded in the face. Blood ran into his mouth, choking him, and he about gave it up. He was literally choking to death. He summoned energy sufficient to pull out the clots and submitted to his companions' efforts to carry him out of danger. Two did so and left him to the care of the surgeons, who treated him so successfully that he ultimately recovered. Among the others who were wounded in the morning were Sergeant Roberts, of "H," who

exhibited marked bravery during the charge, and private March, of "K." Arthur Steele, of "G," was killed. The color-bearer, Corporal William H. Wild,* fell mortally wounded as he planted the standard on the entrenchments.

It was not yet noon. The brigade went into position some two hundred yards beyond the captured works to await the



COLOR-CORPORAL WILLIAM H. WILD
PLANTING THE STANDARD ON FORT
McREA.

summons to still sterner duties yet in store for it.

The main line of the enemy's Petersburg entrenchments had been extended to, or nearly to, Hatcher's Run, covering both the Boydton Plank Road and Southside Railroad.

General Lee threw out Heth and Wilcox's divisions from the entrenchments as far as the Jones House. Potter had reached within eight hundred yards of the main line, advancing to meet these two divisions; and they were at the same time advancing on him. He was vigorously attacked, his right outflanked and his division, as well as one of Wilcox's brigades, was driven

* Corporal William H. Wild, an excellent soldier, very much respected by his companions, was always called "Jonathan Wild."

back in some confusion. But a new line was soon established, which, with Griffin's line on the right, put a stop to the enemy's advance.

In this brief and summary way does general history dispose of the operations of the afternoon of the 30th of September. The affair was as trying and spirited as any in which the brigade had been engaged, and the loss almost as heavy proportionately as any the regiment had hitherto suffered.

Some misgivings of the reliability of the 9th Corps had found bold expression as it was seen to go forward. Lieutenant Seesholtz laid stout wager that Griffin's division would soon be summoned to the fore. He was continuing to better and better his stakes, with no takers, when rattling musketry and much confusion to the left and front and the firm voice of Captain Wilson suddenly sent the regiment forward.

It was about half-past four o'clock when the line advanced. The need for fresh troops was so urgent that all the movements at this juncture, forward and by the flank, were conducted at the double-quick. Troops were met retreating on the run. The forward was soon changed to the left flank, and it had scarcely begun when loud directions faced the column about and moved it by the right flank. The advance that had driven Potter's right was vigorously continued. The seizure of a crest, that faced a wood through which ran a roadway down which the enemy moved with ease, alone averted the fate that had befallen Potter. Here the line was established just in time to hold the enemy to the timber. He was somewhat disorganized from his pursuit, but still in condition to stand and deliver wicked and destructive punishment.

On the left of the 118th was the 20th Maine; on the right the 16th Michigan. The belief that some of the 9th Corps division still lingered on the same ground over which part of it had been driven, the appearance here and there of men dressed partly in blue, created the erroneous impression that our men were still in front. In spite of the fact that the troops

were being fired upon with telling severity, the officers in all directions called loudly and earnestly not to fire. The men knew better, and they also knew that in a moment, with such punishment and no resistance, the line could not be preserved. Despite the command, the fire opened just in time to save a disastrous break.

It seems scarcely credible but from the crest to the wood was barely one hundred feet. Yet for full thirty minutes our force in the open, wholly without cover, the enemy sheltered by the timber, withstood his terrible fire and eventually dislodged him.

A shell burst in the right of the 20th Maine and ten or a dozen men dropped. The crest was so high that the artillery in the rear, to avoid the line holding it, fired at such an elevation that their shot flew as innocently over the enemy as they did over our own people. It was a stiff, hard, stand-up fight. There were no supports in view. Exhausted ammunition was supplied from the dead and wounded. Diminished by casualties the line had shrunk to scarcely more than skirmish proportions. It was becoming alarmingly sensitive. Wavering, hesitancy, doubt was keenly apparent. Officers shouted words of stimulation and encouragement. The color-bearer fell; Seesholtz seized the colors and bore them forward a pace or two when a shot through the wrist disabled him. Captain Wilson, who had been anxiously watching a temerity which was exposing the standard to the peril of capture, picked up the color himself and placed it with Thomas Crealy, of "C," a trustworthy man, bade him hold it where it ought to be and not bear it forward until directed.

And then amid it all General Griffin came along, resolute, heroic, impressive, with assuring words and comforting promises of help. The wavering lines stiffened; strong men were strengthened and the weak made strong. From now on it was his fight, and his presence in inspiring the men was almost equal to the promised support of his batteries.

Mink, the one-armed hero of wide artillery fame, whom the general had instructed to push right up to the front, was ready

to rush in with his battery. "It's as bad as putting artillery on the skirmish line," cried Mink; "but throw back your three or four left companies, sir," addressing the commanding officer of the 118th, "and let me get a section in there and I will clear the woods for you." Back went the companies; out went the guns. The commands: "Double shot with canister and fire by sections," were run together with such rapidity that there was scarce interval for execution. But there was execution, grievous execution, too. At such a range the stoutest soldiers could not stand the punishment, and the promise to clear the woods was soon redeemed. Mink arrived with the close of the day. As the daylight ebbed the fight had subsided and with darkness had ceased entirely.

Captain Wilson felt at the close of the engagement that he must find some way to get forward a skirmish line. At one spot the wood came to a point and then receded again. Here stood a great oak not sixty feet from our front. To this point the captain pushed out. He threw his hand around the tree and felt upon the other side a human form. He pulled it around and there stood a tall, gaunt North Carolinian, so great in statue that he towered giant-like above him. In the rush his troops had made the North Carolinian had gone too far forward, and when the new engagement opened he felt his only safety lay in pinning himself fast to the tree, which he seemed to have done most effectually. Wilson dragged him back to the line the very picture of a well-scared man. He seemed to think the term Yankee was one of reproach and its use would insure him harsh treatment. He addressed his captors as "you Northerners," and was particular to explain that he had never spoken of the Union soldiers by any other name. This was what the captain secured beside a position for his skirmishers.

The 16th Michigan was a regiment of unusual strength for this period of the war. Its ranks had been filled by assignments of men whose terms had not expired, who belonged originally to regiments mustered out at the end of their three years' service. A gun of strange construction had been issued

to a portion of this regiment to be tested in the first engagement. The piece had two triggers. Each trigger exploded a separate cartridge; the one farthest from the breech first, the other afterwards. At least that is what it was intended to do. As a fact, the explosion of the first cartridge always ignited the second and sometimes exploded the barrel. Such was the result of the test at Peeble's Farm, and the men of the 16th Michigan who had been so unfortunate as to be allotted the new guns were seen moving along the dead and wounded replacing them with a weapon they knew all about.

Among the losses other than those previously referred to were Captain Charles M. Young, Company K, mortally wounded; Lieutenants John Scott, Company A, and Henry Conner, Company C, wounded; Sergeant George W. Haines, of Company F, was shot in the head, and privates Jacob Swartz, Benjamin I. Stevens, Alexander McCay and Thomas Hart, of Company F, were killed.

The regiment had moved out in the morning with an aggregate of 161. It returned at eleven o'clock in the evening to the same position it had left with fifty-six less, all of whom had been either killed or wounded. With this severe loss, the conduct of officers and men had been most commendable, and Captain Wilson, for his courageous and skilful management throughout the whole affair, had won a lasting reputation for fitness and capacity as a commanding officer. He was brevetted



CAPTAIN CHARLES M. YOUNG.

to a majority for "gallant service at Peeble's Farm." The fight of the morning became known as Peeble's Farm and that of the afternoon as Pegram's Farm.

On the morning of the 1st of October the division returned to the position which it had sought the day before and began the construction of works laid out for the permanent lines. These works were maintained until the operations about Petersburg were concluded. Near this vicinity the line of the 6th Corps



MORNING BEFORE THE CHARGE AT POPLAR GROVE CHURCH.

was afterwards formed for the final assault. And it was hereabouts that Fort Fisher and the Signal Tower were subsequently constructed. Here the regiment remained, except during the few days the corps was over Hatcher's Run with Hancock on his Boydton Plank Road expedition, until the 6th Corps relieved the 5th in early December.

The work had been in progress some few hours when General Warren appeared with his staff. It had not advanced with the expedition the general conceived it should. He vented his

opinion explicitly. "I never saw," said he, "a lazier set of men in my life; they are good for nothing but fight. I could take my staff and cut down more trees than the whole brigade." Evidently intended as an indirect compliment for the valorous deeds of the day before. The happy reference to fight was an incentive to activity and, for a time at least, the work made more rapid progress.

Captain Joseph Ashbrook received his appointment as ordnance officer of the division while it was under the marching orders which culminated in the engagements of Peeble's and Pegram's Farms. It was a critical period to thrust upon an officer, wholly unfamiliar with the trust, such delicate and important duties. Ashbrook though was a man well equipped for any service and proved himself fully equal to the requirements of his new position.



SERGEANT SAMUEL NUGENT.

An interview between him and General Warren illustrates a pleasant side of the character of that distinguished officer. Ashbrook's predecessor had been the senior ordnance officer of the corps, and as such received orders from corps head-quarters relating to the entire corps. Although Ashbrook was not the ranking officer, similar orders continued to be sent to him. Late on the night of the action at Peeble's Farm he received a very important communication

which indicated that the entire corps must be supplied with ammunition preparatory to an anticipated engagement in the morning. Not fully comprehending the order and doubting his ability to execute it without fuller instructions, he decided, although it was in the middle of the night, to go to corps headquarters and consult the ever-obliging Lieutenant-Colonel Locke, the assistant adjutant-general. The headquarters were in a small house on the Peeble's Farm. Groping his way about



HENRY H. HODGES, COMPANY D.

the house in the dark he blundered into the room occupied by General Warren. To disturb the slumbers of a major-general commanding a corps without warrant, in the middle of the night, after a hard day's fight, was not likely in those times to add to the amenities of the occasion. The general sat bolt up in his cot, doubtless aroused by the intrusion. Ashbrook, much em-

barrassed by his mistake, advanced and apologized, expressing his great regret at having awakened the general, and explaining that he was looking for Colonel Locke. This was met by the kind inquiry: "What is wanted?" When he was told, he entered into an explanation of the order and what was required, and bade his visitor good-night. Ashbrook retired with a very pleasant sense of the general's kindness and courtesy.

On the 5th of October Colonel Herring returned from his sick-leave and the following day relieved Captain Wilson and resumed command of the regiment. On the 8th, 9th and 10th he was detailed as officer of the outposts. With General Ayres's division pickets, the line was advanced almost half a mile; a private house (Davis's) was destroyed, and then in the evening the line was withdrawn to its original position.

The 11th was the Presidential election day. Active balloting went on throughout Pennsylvania regiments, resulting in overwhelming Republican majorities. Most of the States voted in November, the election that year falling on the 8th. The Rev. Theodore Gerrish, of the 20th Maine, in his work, "A Private's Reminiscences of the Civil War," reports the vote of that regiment as 137 for Abraham Lincoln and thirteen for George B. McClellan.

Colonel Gwyn's commission as brevet brigadier-general, to date from September 30th, was received on the 17th of October. He had left for home a few days before on a twenty-days' leave. Colonel Gregory, of the 91st Pennsylvania, was at the same time honored with a like commission.

From the 19th to the 27th of October General Griffin was absent, the command of the division devolving upon General Bartlett and the brigade on Colonel Herring.

The publication of the order on the 20th announcing General Sheridan's overwhelming rout of Early at Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley on the 19th of October was followed by enthusiastic demonstration and great rejoicing.

Horse-racing, a sport that at all favorable opportunities found an active patronage, was about this time forbidden in general orders from army head-quarters.

"GENERAL, where shall I take my regiment in?"

"You will find lovely fighting all along the line."

—Kearney.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HATCHER'S RUN OF OCTOBER, 1864—HICKSFORD AND BELLEFIELD, WELDON RAILROAD, RAID—DABNEY'S MILLS.



UI TE determined to attain what preceding expeditions had failed to accomplish, the Hatcher's Run and Boydton Plank Road expedition of the 27th of October was of greater magnitude and more comprehensive design. It resulted in Hancock gallantly relieving himself from a serious pressure near Burgess's Tavern;

in Crawford's failure in the dense and gloomy timber to reach out to Hancock; in Hancock to feel in to Crawford; in Griffin's development of the enemy's extreme right; and ultimately everybody's return again to their old, familiar places in the line of the siege.

The column—Gregg's cavalry division, the 5th and 9th Corps, and two divisions of the 2d Corps—was from thirty to forty thousand strong. The three corps commanders commanded their respective corps. The entrenchments were thinned out to a skirmish strength. Miles's division held the Petersburg front from the Appomattox to Battery 24, half-way between the Jerusalem Plank Road and the Weldon Railroad. General Park assigned fifteen hundred men to hold his entrenchments, General Warren twenty-five hundred men, under General Baxter, to hold his.

On the 26th General Griffin resumed command of his division, and General Bartlett and Colonel Herring returned to their respective stations.

The language of General Warren's official report of these operations is strikingly suggestive of the loss of trained and experienced soldiers in the casualties of the late campaigns. He says: "The command [5th Corps] started as directed about 4 A. M. on the 27th. It consisted, first, of the 1st Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Griffin, 4,707 strong, of which 1,247 were ignorant of the manual, and 2,803 had never fired off a musket; second, of the 2d Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Ayres, 4,704 strong, of which 104 were ignorant of the manual, and 812 had never fired off a musket; third, of two brigades of the 3d Division, commanded by General Crawford, of which 298 were ignorant of the manual, and 298 had never fired off a musket."

General Griffin's division led the corps; General Gregory's brigade—his regiment, the 91st Pennsylvania, had been transferred from the 1st Brigade—the division.

General Warren had issued instructions to start at 5.30. The hour was not deemed early enough by the commanding general, and was subsequently changed to 4 o'clock. It began to rain slightly at 4.45, and, with a clouded sky, the morning was dark and it was difficult in the woods to preserve the connections. They were soon broken between the brigades, and parts of the column were badly confused and mixed up. Referring to this General Warren says: "I think it quite impracticable, from this and previous experience, to move troops in the dark over any but the broadest and plainest roads, unless they are previously familiar with the route." At five and a half o'clock it was light enough to see and the head of the column, which had passed through an open country beyond Fort Cummings, began to move into the woods beyond our entrenchments. The route indicated was to be by a wood road to the Duncan Road, and thence a road was to be hunted up that led to Hatcher's Run above Armstrong's mill. The movement was

slow, obstructions that lined the roadway were cleared away, but generally the direction trended too far southwesterly. All the roads ran north and south. Hatcher's Run was to the westward, and setting about to cut a road through the woods, in a half mile General Warren brought the head of his corps out on the so-called Duncan Road just south of the Clements House. Here a road ran west, along which the column advanced, striking the enemy's skirmishers at nine o'clock. General Griffin immediately formed his 2d—General Gregory's—Brigade in two lines, in the woods on the left of the road; the 188th New York battalion and 91st Pennsylvania in the front line, the 187th New York battalion and 155th Pennsylvania in the second line. Skirmishers from the 91st Pennsylvania were thrown out in front, and from the 155th Pennsylvania on the left flank. The brigade advanced under quite a lively fire until it arrived within 100 or 200 yards of the enemy's works, where a portion of the line encountered the slashings of woods and were exposed to a sharp fire from the enemy in his works, which were found to be difficult to reach on account of the fallen timber and a strong abatis.* In this operation General Gregory lost about 100 killed and wounded. A line was established and temporary entrenchments thrown up." Later in the day two regiments from Bartlett's brigade were sent to strengthen the left, connecting on the right with Gregory's brigade, and their left resting on a creek. The rest of Bartlett's brigade was formed in line of battle in the rear, on the road crossed by the advance in the morning.*

Upon the other side of the creek was a work of huge proportions; it was, in truth, a frowning battlement. So firm and formidable was it that ignorant of the instructions to "remain confronting them (the works) until the operations on the left drew off the enemy," the men were sullen with the thoughts of other lives for nought and gaping wounds for nothing.

No other task fell to Griffin's lot until the withdrawal, except to thunder away with his musketry as a guide to Crawford,

* General Griffin's Official Report. MSS.

who, with his two brigades and the Maryland brigade of Ayres, was floundering without direction in the pathless woods upon the other side of Hatcher's Run, in his effort to support Hancock and turn the flank of the works Griffin fronted. The forest was so dense that the firing from Hancock's heavy fight near Burgess's Mill, scarce three miles off, was not heard by Crawford's column. General Warren, who was with it while the battle was at its height, reports that he did not hear the sounds of the engagement. A body of the enemy drifted into our lines and had captured a staff-officer bearing a communication, but themselves surrendered when convinced by him where they were. Other officers of the staff lost late in the afternoon remained out all night, awaiting daylight before they could find their way back.

General Hancock came back disappointed, and General Crawford, of no use

where he was, was withdrawn. General Hancock passed the regiment on his return a hatless soldier. His clouded, angry brow and hatless head made his presence on that occasion memorable.

The enemy's cavalry pursued the tired and straggling men who were in the rear of Crawford's and Hancock's retiring column, and drove in across the run the small mounted force which had been left to protect them. General Bartlett's brig-



FIRST LIEUTENANT THOS. F. KELLY.

ade was formed to check this advance. The enemy's line of battle was in plain view, and the duty of checking it was allotted to Colonel Herring, with the 118th and 1st Michigan. He essayed to do the work with a skirmish line, and called to the 1st Michigan for volunteers for skirmish duty. Promptly the whole regiment responded. "I don't want you all," said Herring, and taking what he needed he moved forward, the enemy with their usual yell showing a disposition to advance; some excellent marksmanship by the skirmishers induced a contrary action, and the enemy withdrew. In this affair Antone Huver and Francis Mullen, of "K," were wounded slightly.

As the rear guard of the corps, the brigade retired by the road out through the woods back to its old quarters, and the deeds and doings of the 27th and 28th of October, 1864, were left to history and criticism.

November jogged leisurely along until, admonished by its occasional frosts, the men set about to comfortably house themselves. They were soon reminded of the insecurity of their tenancy, and shortly afterwards peaceably submitted to a quiet eviction.

On one of these November days a dearth of supplies induced a member of "K," company's mess, to volunteer to hunt up a friend in the 99th Pennsylvania, then serving with the 2d Corps, whom by some intuition he felt was better provided and whose generosity he knew would prompt him to share his portion with his more needy fellows. Reaching the confines of the corps to which the 99th was attached, he politely addressed an officer whom he met, inquiring its whereabouts. "Right over there," was the reply, "but have you a pass?" the officer continued. "I have not," responded the soldier. "All right," said the officer, "I will give you one," turning towards his quarters as if to execute his purpose. He had no such intention; his liberal proposition to furnish the pass was to throw the soldier off his guard and prevent the escape which would doubtless have been attempted had what was to follow been known or suspected,

and his turning about was to seize the first non-commissioned officer available, and with him execute his real intent. A sergeant was close at hand, and with a "Here, Sergeant, arrest this man," from the officer, our straggling soldier of the 118th was hustled off to the guard house. It was more than confinement he was to suffer; humiliating punishment awaited him. Two uprights ten feet high, supporting a cross-piece of twice that length, stood in front of the guard quarters. The "bony horse" was the most suggestive appellation by which this contrivance was usually known. Two other delinquents were already astraddle it. To their company our soldier was consigned. Feeling keenly the disgrace he did not deserve, as he sat astride his steed he painfully meditated dire revenge. But his muttered curses and smothered anger had not clouded his wits, and he watched carefully an opportunity to escape. He was unknown, and if he was once off and successful in eluding pursuit he was free forever, at least from punishment for the supposed offence.

Where the soldier had lighted was within the limits of a regimental cavalry encampment, and the wooden horse he strode was attached to the regimental guard house. What regiment it was he did not ascertain, nor care to. The beats of the sentries covered about twenty paces. An officer's horse was picketed but a short distance from the guard house, and a wood a little distance beyond the horse afforded cover, and with half a chance he could reach it. At all events he tried. Slipping quietly from his perch, passing between the two sentries, he made vigorously for the picketed horse. "Halt or I'll fire" had no terrors for him, and with his captors in hot pursuit—they couldn't fire, because he quickly had the horse between them and himself—the soldier was soon within the wood. From there to the breastworks was but a stride or so, and over them like a flash he was soon struggling and plunging among the slashings in their front. So were his pursuers, but he had the best of it. Crawling and crouching into all sorts of crevices, contorting himself into all imaginable shapes, he managed to

successfully baffle a pursuit that was persistently pressed for full two hours. The imprecations of disappointment from his pursuers, as unravelling each new tangle they were still unsuccessful, gradually died out and the soldier ventured to find his way out of the slashings. The burnt bark from the pines had blackened his face and hands so that he was not recognizable. First fording a stream where a corduroy bridgeway over it was cautiously guarded, and then sneaking and dodging through camp after camp, he ultimately reached his own to be repelled by his messmates. He soon secured satisfactory identification, and regaling his companions with a story of his adventure, was fed to repletion from the stores which during his absence had been fully replenished.

The notice to quit the recently constructed quarters, not at all anticipated, came hastily and without premonition. Captain Wilson, returning from a tour of outpost duty, braced and stiffened by the nipping air of a sharp December morning, discovered a couple of officers, strangers, complacently scanning the interior of his comfortably-appointed household, and, catching the remark "that these would suit amazingly," was prompted to inquire the meaning of this apparently rude intrusion. The explanation was quickly forthcoming. The 6th Corps, back from its valley campaign, had been ordered to occupy that portion of the lines in the keeping of the 5th.

The regiment to which these unexpected visitors of the captain belonged was assigned to the locality held by the 118th, and they had taken an early opportunity for house-hunting. They hoped with this explanation the captain would overlook the intrusion and be good enough when he should receive the instructions, which had only happened to reach them a little more expeditiously, to vacate as graciously as he could in favor of those appointed to relieve him.

What had been said had been stated correctly, and the interview had scarce terminated before the orders were at hand which ultimately started the corps off on its famous mission of

railway destruction to Hicksford, on the Meherrin river, forty miles to the southward of Petersburg, well down toward the North Carolina line.

The troops previously withdrawn from the works were located beforehand in the vicinity of the Gurley House that they might make a simultaneous start. The command, consisting beside the 5th Corps of Gregg's cavalry and Mott's infantry division, all under General Warren, moved at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of December. There were also attached to it four batteries of artillery and a canvas pontoon train 250 feet long, in charge of three companies of engineers. The infantry, with Crawford leading, then Griffin, then Ayres and then Mott, took the Jerusalem Plank Road. Each division was accompanied by a battery and half its ambulances. The men carried sixty rounds of ammunition and four days' rations on their persons. Two days' rations and forty rounds more of ammunition were in the wagons.

The bridge over Warwick's Swamp was found to be destroyed. Fifteen minutes sufficed to construct a temporary structure for the infantry, but considerable delay was involved in strengthening it for the trains.

Generals Griffin and Ayres reached the Nottaway between 2 and 4 P. M. and bivouacked on its left bank for the night. A pontoon bridge 140 feet long was thrown across the stream, over which Generals Gregg and Crawford crossed, bivouacking beyond as far as Sussex Court-House. It had rained heavily from eight and a half o'clock until after dark, then cleared, clouding up again after midnight.

On the morning of the 8th, at two o'clock, Generals Griffin and Ayres began to cross and were both over by half-past four, following Crawford, who started from the Court-House at four, to Jarrett's Station on the Weldon Railroad. All the while it rained heavily, ceasing after daylight, having caused no injury to the roads.

The enemy made his appearance at the railroad crossing of the Nottaway, where General Gregg destroyed a trestle bridge

160 feet long, and worked in a regiment between General Gregg and General Crawford's right. He was driven from both positions by the cavalry. By sunset all the trains were up and parked; the troops which had arrived some time before having meanwhile had no opportunity to cook, and secure a needed rest.

The cavalry had partially destroyed the railway from the Nottaway to Jarrett's Station. Crawford's, Ayres's and Griffin's divisions completed its destruction to below the station by moonlight, continuing the work until after midnight.

The work of destruction was resumed on the morning of the 9th by forming line of battle on the railway, each division destroying all in its front and then moving to the left alternately. The entire distance destroyed was some seventeen or eighteen miles. The ties were burned, the rails heated and in most places much bent and twisted. The work was so effectually done that it was not deemed likely the road would be relaid. The rails were much worn and many had been straightened out and brought from roads previously destroyed by burning and bending. These generally cracked when submitted to this final process of destruction.

The cavalry cleared the enemy out of the way to the southward and picketed the roads to the north and east. General Griffin relieved General Mott's division, taking charge of the trains on the morning of the 9th.

A force with artillery was met and driven away from Three Creeks and the fire extinguished from the bridge which the enemy had attempted to destroy. Crossing a dismounted force by 4 P. M., Gregg had possession of Bellfield and had driven the enemy all across the Meherrin. A sixty feet trestle over a branch of Three Creeks and another of 100 feet long over the main stream—both old truss frames shored up from below—were burned and the destruction of the railway completed to Bellfield.

At Hicksford, on the south side of the Meherrin, there were three forts or batteries, connected by rifle pits, manned with a considerable force. It was impracticable to force a crossing,

and not practicable with the limited supplies—much of that



TEARING UP THE WELDON RAILROAD.

carried on the person had been already eaten up—to attempt

to turn the position. Without dislodging the enemy and gaining possession of the opposite bank it was not possible to destroy the bridge over the Meherrin. It was left standing. All the bridges and the railway track from the Nottaway to that point having been destroyed, orders were issued for the return on the following morning.

The regiment worked hard at the rails and ties until midnight passed and the moon was gone. It was nearly morning, though, before the ground designated for the bivouac, in the vicinity of the trains, was reached, and but a few hours were left until daylight for restful sleep. The field selected, overgrown with dead sage brush, after the morning broke, was discovered to be on fire, and the roaring flames, making rapid headway, drove the soldiers hurriedly to a neighboring wood. The heat was greater than could be comfortably borne, and the regiment was moved to a potato patch beyond, and none too soon, for the fire swept wickedly through the timber, speedily destroying all the dead leaves and undergrowth in its path, rendering the woods untenable for man or beast.

The light stuff on the surface soon burnt out, but the flames lingered about a large brush heap which would not yield so readily to destruction. Two women from a neighboring farmhouse stood intently gazing on this burning brush pile. Their countenances bore an anxious watchfulness which to the soldier, eager for an opportunity to plunder, waiting patiently for a chance to satisfy the longings of a ravenous appetite, indicated that within the rapidly disappearing brush was something worthy of investigation.

The eyes of all the regiment were upon the scene. Sergeant Paschall, of "E," was promptly on the spot, and his return for tools and assistance indicated a discovery. Paschall, who returned with two companions and an axe, was closely watched. The sound of blows stoutly administered, as if upon a barrel head, soon followed. This was a sufficient indication that spoil of some sort had been found and, with simultaneous rush, the entire regiment broke for the timber. The rush carried every-

thing before it, even to the brush heap. Paschall meanwhile had succeeded in knocking in the head of a barrel of sorghum molasses which had been concealed by the loose boughs and twigs. The eager and expectant crowd pressed closely upon him, and, heedless of his assurance that he would see it fairly distributed, continued to press so closely as he sat astride the barrel head that finally barrel, Paschall, molasses and all rolled in sweet confusion on the ground.

No such sight as Paschall had ever presented itself. The tarred and feathered abolitionist of the olden time was but a circumstance to him. Covered with the sticky, mucky stuff, he rolled over and over on the sooty ground, and from head to foot, hair, clothing, everything was a mass of sooty blackness. His most trusted friend scarce knew him, and before he could conceal himself the whole brigade indulged in boisterous shouts at his expense. If Paschall had been let alone all would have been well, a bountiful supply of a very desirable diet secured, and Paschall himself would have escaped the very disgusting condition into which his impatient comrades had placed him. But Paschall was not the only victim. Tom Gabe, of "K," dipping his cup into the tempting syrup, was forced into it and came away only a little better off than Paschall. Many others were more or less involved. The molasses raid was long remembered. It served happily to enliven arduous occupations, and even those who suffered individually, when relieved of their discomfiture, were willing to have borne the ills they suffered to have contributed to the amusement of their tired companions.

At Bellefield, before the cavalry entered, an entertainment had been in progress that drew together a goodly company of gay society. The male guests were mostly of the army, and at a warning of the approach of their foes had hurriedly disappeared. In the deserted house of the host the piano still lay invitingly open. An officer, nimble with keys, entertained for some hours a rollicksome crowd, wild with the novelty of the situation. Ultimately a few heartless vandals consigned the instrument to destruction.

The return march began at 7 A. M. on the 10th. General Griffin's division guarding the trains, followed General Irvin Gregg's brigade of cavalry sent ahead to clear the way and watch the side roads. General Mott's division followed Griffin. General Ayres and General Crawford brought up the rear. The column moved by the road leading to Sussex Court-House, and the division halted for the night near that place, having marched a distance of twenty-one miles. A storm of sleet which had lasted through the night before caused men and animals much discomfort. The icicles, before they began to lessen with advancing day, presented a scene of winter grandeur almost unknown to the latitude. But with the moisture from the dripping as they thawed out in the warmth of noonday, the sentiment of this winter picture was absorbed in the annoyance of uncomfortable realities.

The soldier detailed to the charge of Colonel Herring's pack-horse had a sorry time of it. The load it bore was of larger proportions than that borne by such animals generally. The packing was done hurriedly, as the movement was urgent. It was early in the morning, and the frosty night had frozen everything stiff. The tent was rolled so unshapely that the load, packed poorly, was bulky and did not balance. As the day advanced the ground thawed, the mud deepened and the animal plunged, halted and hesitated, until finally he stopped, stuck hard fast, immovable. The man urged, coaxed, beat and swore, but to no avail. Battalion after battalion swept by, until at last all the infantry had gone. Anxiety gave way to fear, appeals for assistance were in vain. Then a battery or two passed on a trot. Some of the artillerymen generously suggested "to get out of this, or you and your old horse are gone, sure." At last there came a really kind, good man, and of the artillery, too. The old horse was of no great value, he had ceased to be useful except as a drudge and another would be readily found to replace him. The value was in the furniture, tackle and apparel. So the batteryman considerably offered to carry them. He cut the straps—there was no time for

anything else—and loaded everything on a limber chest. Our soldier, so gladdened with the thought of saving at least the colonel's traps, wholly forgot to inquire the name of the man or the designation of his battery, and, of course, the man never told him. Still hopeful that, relieved of his burden, the horse might be persuaded along, he lingered to urge him. He stuck to it manfully until an officer about the rear of the whole command ordered him to abandon the animal. Satisfied that such authority was a sufficient immunity, he gladly obeyed, and then, for the first time, the difficulty presented itself as to how the rest of his charge should be accounted for. He suddenly remembered he knew neither the artilleryman nor his battery.

Men in such employment had but little sympathy; the colonel's man was no exception. He was missed and did not rejoin the regiment until the morning afterwards. Entering camp without the animal and its burden, he was hooted, jeered and twitted. But this was nothing to what awaited him. His explanation went for naught. What had gone was really a serious loss, one not to be replaced except by communication with Washington, and that was not always practicable. A few days in the guard-house and a return to the ranks was the punishment. The latter the soldier accepted cheerily, as his detail had been forced upon him and he had obeyed it reluctantly.

The enemy followed up the cavalry to the junction of the Halifax Road and the road the infantry followed to the Court-House. General Gregg kept the Halifax Road to protect the left flank, and the enemy, continuing after the infantry, were held in check by General Chamberlain with the 1st Brigade of our division and afterwards by General Crawford. Their artillery, however, did not cross the Three Creeks where the bridge had been destroyed. General Gregg was unmolested by any force in his rear, but was harassed by cavalry and artillery near Jarrett's Station, which he forced back and came on without loss.

The division moved at 7 A. M. on the 12th, guarding the pontoon train. At Freeman's Ford, on the Nottaway, it laid a pontoon bridge, crossed the river and went into bivouac beside

the Jerusalem Plank Road, two miles from the left bank of the stream. Here a junction was made with General Potter's division, of the 9th Corps, which, relieved temporarily from the Petersburg entrenchments by General Wheaton, of the 6th, had been sent to General Warren's support in consequence of a well-accredited report prevailing that General A. P. Hill had been despatched to attack General Warren.



LEVI TEAL.

Throughout the entire route scarce a man was to be found among the inhabitants. Houses were deserted or at most contained only helpless women and children. There were, though, indications that men had been lurking in the woods.

The dead bodies of soldiers were found along the roadside; in one case, it was said, with the throat cut, and other instances were re-

ported of still more revolting barbarities. The stories of these cruelties aroused a spirit of vengeance, and in retaliation the torch was applied to almost every house along the route. The efforts of the officers to stop this incendiarism were but partially successful.

During the night of the 11th it cleared and the weather set in bitter cold. In the morning the roads were frozen stiff, so that the trains moved easily, but the men, with feet sore and blistered, some even barefooted, suffered severely.

Captain Ashbrook, ordnance officer, with Nugent, his ser-

geant, was riding with the trains. Two ladies with mournful countenance stood in the doorway of a house by the roadside. Ashbrook rode towards them to inquire the cause and to proffer his services if it were within his power to relieve their manifest distress. They pointed to the neighborhood of the barn, where a dozen or more soldiers pursued with felonious purpose a goodly flock of turkeys, all that was left of animal food of the



OFTEN THE CASE.

much-depleted household supplies. No suggestion was needed. The captain's gallantry was aroused and he spurred for the pilfering crowd. His eye fell first upon his own cook, just seizing the finest of the birds. Returning to the ladies he apologized for his failure and regretted his inability to cope singly with so great a force. Shortly afterwards a fine roast turkey graced the captain's mess.

The division moved at 7 A. M. and, having marched a dis-

tance of thirteen miles, at 3 P. M. arrived at its destination near the Jerusalem Plank Road, where, under orders for a lengthy stop, winter quarters were again constructed.

No infantry force was seen during the expedition except that entrenched on the other side of the Meherrin. The citizens, however, reported General A. P. Hill's corps as detached from the main army and likely to attack, but he did not appear.

The design of the expedition was successfully accomplished. The railroad, so destroyed as to be unavailable for present operations, was really made permanently useless, as the enemy must have been quite convinced that its reconstruction would only invite similar demonstrations.

Beside the work performed the distance travelled in the six days was about one hundred miles. General Warren, satisfied as well with results as the conduct of his troops, took occasion to make mention of them and their work in a congratulatory order.*

"It is not believed the enemy picked up any prisoners from straggling, except a few who became drunk to complete pros-

{ * HEAD-QUARTERS 5TH ARMY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

December 13, 1864.

General Orders No. 65.

The command having returned from its late expedition, after accomplishing successfully its mission—the destruction of the Weldon Railroad as far as Hicksford—making forced marches during six days and nights, in the most inclement weather, the Major-General commanding considers it his duty to express to his division commanders—Brevet Major-General Gregg, commanding 2d cavalry division; Brevet Major-Generals Griffin, Ayres and Crawford, of the 5th Corps, and Brevet Major-General Mott, commanding 3d Division, 2d Corps—his high appreciation and commendation of their performance of the instructions issued to them by him. He desires that they will convey this approval to their commands, with such especial praise as they may deem due to individuals in their divisions.

The Major-General expresses his thanks to Brevet Brigadier-General Wainwright, chief of artillery, for his efficient management of the artillery of the command; to Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Thomas, chief quartermaster, for the thorough manner in which he conducted the trains, and to Brevet Major Van Bocklin, 50th New York Engineers, for his efficiency and promptness in the management of the pontoon train.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN,

FRED. T. LOCKE, *Brevet Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General.*

tration, on apple-jack found on the way, which, to our surprise, was in almost every house in appreciable quantities." *

The 1st Michigan were the discoverers of the inspiring beverage known by the names of Apple-jack, Dew of the Orchard, Jersey Lightning, etc. Unaware of its powerful elevating influence and the abundance of the supply, they deemed it a good thing which they ought to keep to themselves. Apple-jack, however, taken with any liberality, proclaims itself, and noisy shouting, singing and laughing soon acquainted the men of the other regiments with the fact that ardent spirits were close at hand. The whole brigade gathered for the attack. Barrel after barrel was captured, their heads were stove in, and the men rejoiced over their success. Alas! Dew of the Orchard captured the men in turn. The provost guard, hurrying to the scene, upturned the barrels and returned to Old Mother Earth her gift of fruit in another shape. The elevation extended further than the brigade. One regiment of cavalry, sent to suppress disorder in another, helped things along in such a way that it, too, had to be looked after. General Chamberlain, who had the infantry rear guard at this time, was obliged to make of half his brigade a provost guard to keep our men from running out of the column and being lost or left along the road. The expedition was known for some time as the "Apple-jack Raid."

On the Jerusalem Plank Road, well to the rear of the operations of the investment, the regiment soon settled for a season of quiet. It was some two months before it was again called upon to bestir itself.

The winter of 64-65 is even yet remembered for its severity. Far-off southern Virginia rivalled northern latitudes in its ability to drive the mercury below the Farenheit limit for snow and ice. At times the Potomac was closed to navigation, and communication with Washington and the North was had by way of Annapolis. Neither the weather, the temperature nor the proximity to the enemy in any way interfered with the

* General Warren's official report of the operations of his command on the Weldon Railroad, December 8 to 13, 1864. MS.

means and measures heretofore resorted to for comforts, conveniences and entertainment during lengthened seasons of inactivity. Experience had bettered them, nor in the 5th Corps were they interrupted by the frequent affairs on the picket lines, which sometimes became serious, and in the aggregate entailed a loss in killed and wounded by no means trifling.

Leaves of absence and furloughs were again introduced under the conditions that had before prevailed. Because of the greater distance from home, they were lengthened to the more appreciable period of fifteen days. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions still continued a generous activity, and despite the heavy tolls exacted as their welcome supplies passed through the numerous intermediate channels, they yet reached the ranks—their ultimate destination—in fairly liberal quantities.

The brevet commissions of Lieutenant-Colonel Herring as Colonel, Major O'Neill as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captains Wilson, Walters and Ashbrook as Majors, were received during the month of December. Sergeant Robert Paschall was mustered as 1st Lieutenant of Company E, and assigned to the command of Company G.

There were several executions of enlisted men, in the 2d Division, on the gallows. It was the first administration of the death penalty, by hanging, in the corps.

The news of the splendid achievements of Sherman's army in its march to the sea was received with joyous demonstrations.

The quartette club of the regiment, led by Sergeant Haman, had secured a considerable reputation. On New Year's day of '65, by invitation, it quite acceptably entertained a large gathering of officers at General Bartlett's head-quarters. On that occasion the officers of the brigade resolved to present General Griffin with a handsome Maltese cross.

An odd-looking specimen of humanity—a light mulatto boy—presented himself at the surgeon's quarters one morning about this time, while the regiment was encamped in front of Petersburg—whether in reserve or in the trenches, all locations hereabouts were styled “in front of Petersburg”—and inquired

very politely, with cap in hand, if the officer needed a servant. He was barefooted, dirty and ragged, and his hair long and uncombed, and he was maimed by the loss of a thumb. Surgeon Thomas directed him to take soap and water, thoroughly wash himself and return. When a deep crust of Virginia soil had been removed from his body, his appearance was immensely improved. He was accepted. When his long locks were shorn off and a new suit of clothes from top to toe was prepared for him, he felt as proud as a young prince. He was very intelligent, and stated that he was the son of Robert Ruffin, a white man residing on James River, engaged in mercantile business and a prominent politician in the neighborhood. The mother of the lad was a slave owned by Mr. Ruffin. The boy stated also that he was called Robert Ruffin, and usually received kind treatment from his master, especially when no strangers were present, frequently receiving from him candy and small presents. His thumb had been lost accidentally by a pistol shot fired by his master. He proved a faithful and industrious servant.

When the army was preparing for muster out and return home, the surgeon proposed to send him back to City Point, but when he piteously implored not to be sent South, and with tears streaming down his cheeks asked to go home with the officers, the surgeon agreed that he might go.

The boy appeared to be infused with new life and scarcely knew how to contain himself. On arriving in Philadelphia, after the regiment was mustered out, he mounted one of the surgeon's horses and accompanied him to his home at Applebachville, Bucks county, about forty miles from Philadelphia. The doctor then proposed to send him to public school. On making inquiry of one of the directors whether he could be admitted, the doctor was informed that the sentiment of the community was strongly against negroes, and he was fearful that the patrons of the school would raise a storm if he were sent. Nevertheless the director concluded that he might go, and if the opposition was too strong he could then leave.

On his first day's entrance to school, the boys and girls gave him a wide berth and looked upon him as a wild and dangerous animal in the school-room. The mothers in a short time became very loud in denunciation of the "der schwarze," as they styled him, going to their school. It did not, however, take many days for the poor colored boy to make friends with the school-boys, and soon they were all anxious to sit with him. He related to them his military experience—how they built forts in the army, formed line of battle, and fought. He became quite a hero with them and had crowds of boys, big and little, around him listening to his army stories. His progress in study was rapid, and in a brief time this poor, friendless boy who at first did not know his alphabet was at the head of every class in the school. A few years after, he was sent to Philadelphia to learn a trade. He went to Sunday-school there, and in consequence of his quickness and aptitude to learn, his teachers gave him private lessons in the evenings, and the church furnished him with means to go to Lincoln University, in Washington, D. C., where he was graduated in the course of time at the head of his class, and is now in the South preaching and teaching.

The brigade was now composed of veteran regiments only, and consisted of the 1st Michigan, 91st Pennsylvania, 83d Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania, 32d Massachusetts, 20th Maine, and 16th Michigan. The men called it "the best brigade in the army." General Bartlett still remained its honored chief. With a commander eminent as a fighting man among all the host of brave, distinguished leaders, and with the splendid personnel of the seasoned soldiery that filled the ranks, there was justification in the high rating the household chose to give itself. This good opinion held by the brigade of itself was not without warrant. General Warren himself, in his official report of the Dabney's Mills affair, styles the 3d the "largest and best" brigade* of the division. The pardonable pride

*"I then directed General Griffin to reinforce General Winthrop by a brigade and to take command of operations on the Vaughan Road, reserving to myself

of never forgetting one's own merits had not in this instance, at least, taken so very extravagant a shape.

As the Weldon Railroad north of Hicksford and Bellefield was never rebuilt, the opinion that its destruction in December was effectual, was a well-founded conjecture. The one or the other of these points was the nearest available railway terminal to the southward from Petersburg, and from there up the Meherrin through Dinwiddie Court-House by the Boydton Plank Road supplies were wagoned to their destination. It was concluded that it was time to stop this operation, or so interrupt this route of supply as to render its continuance dangerous.

Consequently, on the morning of the 5th of February, at three o'clock, General Gregg's cavalry division was despatched by the way of Ream's Station across Rowanty Creek to Dinwiddie Court-House. From thence it was to secure the Boydton Plank Road, intercepting and capturing supply trains said to be on it, nor was it to lose opportunity of inflicting any other injury.

Again much of the army was involved in the enterprise, the enemy developing a like activity. Again there was discomfiture, inglorious contacts, no results. Gregg found the plank road but little used and no opportunity to do injury, save in the capture of some prisoners and a few wagons. General Warren was not satisfied and was anxious to try it over again; and Lee, to stiffen the waning enthusiasm of a stricken people, heralded a pretentious victory.

General Warren, charged with the direct support of the cavalry, on the same morning, at seven o'clock, moved down the Halifax Road to Rowanty Post-Office, thence by a road direct to the crossing of Rowanty Creek at W. Perkins's, about a mile above Malone's Bridge, and from thence to a point half-way between the creek and Dinwiddie Court-House, where he was in easy communication with General Gregg.

General Griffin's 3d Brigade (*his largest and best*), which was on the right, to send to General Ayres in place of General Winthrop's if it was needed there." (The italics are the author's.) General Warren's official report of the operations of his command on the 5th, 6th, and 17th January, 1865. MS.

General Ayres's division led, General Griffin's followed, General Crawford brought up the rear. With the column following Griffin and in front of Crawford were twelve field-pieces, with eight horses to each piece and each caisson. The trains, consisting of half the corps' ambulances, fifty wagons of infantry ammunition and fifty-six wagons heavily loaded with forage and ammunition for the cavalry, followed the troops. The men took four days' rations. The column was preceded by three squadrons of the 6th Ohio cavalry, commanded by Captain Sexton.

Hatcher's Run loses its name at its confluence with Gravelly Run, and from thence still trending southward is known as Rowanty Creek. From the camps to the creek the country was fairly open for the region. What timber there was mostly skirted but one side of the road at a time. Across the creek to where the column halted, in the open ground about Hargreaves's plantation, the road passes through a heavy forest. At the point where the halt was made the Vaughan Road comes in from the north-east and continues on to Dinwiddie Court-House. Arthur's Swamp borders the run to the north of its confluence with Gravelly Run.

The crossing at W. Perkins's, which the head of the column reached at 10 A. M., was found to be smartly defended by about 100 infantry. A squadron of cavalry being unable to keep down the fire, General Gwyn's brigade was ordered up, and the fire was soon silenced and a crossing effected by swimming and wading, a few passing over on the ice. General Gwyn, by virtue of his brevet rank, had been assigned to the command of a brigade in General Ayres's division, and so remained until the end of the war. The loss on our side was slight. Some twenty-five prisoners were captured.

The stream, sixty feet wide, could not be forded by men or horses. Trees were soon felled for the men to scramble over upon; the horses were shortly able to cross by a bridge made for them, which, by one o'clock, was made practicable for artillery and trains.

At 3.45 P. M. the crossing of all was completed. As fast as the column crossed it was moved out to the Vaughan Road, the position assigned to it, and of which it took possession without opposition. At 4.30 it was learned that General Gregg, having been to Dinwiddie Court-House and his mission completed, was on his way back to Malone's crossing of the Rowanty, where he would bivouac for the night.

Two of General Humphreys's divisions—General Humphreys had succeeded General Hancock in command of the 2d Corps—had moved out from the extreme left, where his corps held the works on the morning of the 5th, and Smyth's division had handsomely repulsed an attack made upon it late in the afternoon. To prepare for any concentration which this attack apparently indicated the enemy might make in the morning, at 9 P. M. General Warren was ordered to move up and join General Humphreys at the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run. The cavalry division was ordered to join General Warren.

General Griffin's division was first ordered in motion, but the relieving of pickets so delayed the movement that it was nearly midnight before it was fairly on the road. The trains followed General Griffin, then General Ayres's division and the artillery. General Crawford's division followed Ayres's. General Gregg joined Warren at 4 A. M. on the 6th, bringing up the rear, skirmishing with the enemy and punishing him severely when he came close enough. The troops had little rest and no sleep. The night was very cold and no fires allowed to be made, and the roads were frozen hard before morning.

The troops crossed the run at the Vaughan Road crossing at 6.30 on the morning of the 6th. At 12.15 o'clock General Warren received orders to make a reconnoissance to the south and west of Hatcher's Run and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. The Vaughan Road runs southerly, and the road to Dabney's Mills branching from that road a short distance below the crossing runs westerly.

General Crawford moved out the Vaughan Road to where it turns off to Dabney's Mills, and then out that road to the west-

ward, instructed to drive the enemy back and ascertain the position of his entrenched lines. General Ayres followed General Crawford with his division.

General Gregg was directed to send a force of cavalry down the Vaughan Road to the crossing of Gravelly Run. General Griffin's division was held in reserve, posted where the roads diverge, to support either columns as his services might be needed.

It is a mile and three-quarters from the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run by that road to Gravelly Run crossing, a mile to where the Dabney's Mills Road turns off, and a mile across country to the mills. From the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run directly west, towards Dabney's Mills, the country is open, with an occasional bog; the other half mile is heavily timbered. Just to the southward of this direct line the timber pushes out to the eastward and comes within a quarter of a mile of the run.

Lee was not content that these operations about his right flank should continue without resistance, and part of Pegram's division, of Gordon's corps, was sent out to look after matters on the Vaughan Road, while the other part, with Evans's and Mahone's divisions, were vigilant in the neighborhood of the mills. General Gregg ran into the one, General Crawford into the other.

Meanwhile General Wheaton's division, of the 6th Corps, 4500 strong, and General De Trobriand's brigade, 2500 strong, were at the Cummings House, just east of the run, ready for effective service should their presence be required.

General Crawford had not proceeded far before he encountered the enemy's entrenched picket line, which was handsomely carried by General Bragg's brigade.

General Gregg was now being sorely pressed on the Vaughan Road. General Winthrop's brigade, the only infantry force he had, it was intended should rejoin its division, but, severely attacked, it maintained itself most creditably until reinforced by a brigade of General Griffin's division. General Griffin, as in-

structed, accompanied the brigade and assumed command of the column operating in that direction. The 3d Brigade—"his largest and best"—was reserved to supply the place of Winthrop's detached from Ayres's; the other brigade of the division continued to be held as a support.

General Crawford drove the enemy to and beyond the mills. Rallying there, they forced back his left somewhat and General Ayres, with his two brigades, was sent to his support on that flank. The enemy was again driven out to some distance beyond Dabney's Mills. The firing continuing to be constant and severe, Griffin's 3d Brigade, now in close support, was all put in with General Ayres to hold our left.

The brigade, commanded by General A. L. Pearson, of the 155th Pennsylvania, in the absence of General Bartlett, had crossed Hatcher's Run as early as 6.30 in the morning. It had not reached the eastern bank after its midnight start from the vicinity of Dinwiddie until three o'clock. Moving forward a short distance, a line of breastworks was thrown up, and here there was a stop until late in the afternoon. The timber from each side of the stream was felled across it and quite a substantial bridge constructed with its trunk and branches. The permanent bridge over which the column advanced was some distance to the right of this structure.

The brigade was formed in rear of a brigade of the 3d Division and extended along to the rear of a brigade of the 2d Division, from right to left, in the following order: 32d Massachusetts, Colonel Edmunds; 155th Pennsylvania, Captain J. S. Bell; 16th Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Partridge; 118th Pennsylvania, Brevet Colonel Herring; 20th Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Gilmore; 83d Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers; 91st Pennsylvania, Captain Donnell; and 1st Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Lockley. The line had scarce formed when the enemy's shells shrieked through, lopping off the limbs and boughs from the thick timber. The ground was of a marshy nature, the underbrush close, and progress was made with difficulty.

At 4.30 P. M. the brigade advanced in line to its position of close support, and the firing continuing to be constant and severe, it was shortly moved to the heat of the action. The line halted in an open field in which was here and there a tree, and at once fell under a fierce fire of artillery.

Colonel Herring rode Quartermaster Gardiner's horse, an animal he had recently purchased, and which he desired to test under fire. First restive, then impatient, under the screech and



CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BAYNE.

roar of the bursting shells, the animal finally became unmanageable. Circling and rearing in every direction, it at last plunged into a hole made from the uprooting of a fallen tree. Colonel Herring was unable to disengage himself in time, and the horse fell heavily upon his foot, so severely injuring it that he was unable to walk. He at once dismounted

Lieutenant Paschal

who, in the absence of Peck, was acting adjutant, and mounting Paschal's horse continued to direct the movements of the regiment.

Beyond the point where the command had halted the ground was marshy and heavy.

Pursuant to instructions from General Warren, to whom the brigade detached from the division reported directly, General Pearson took two regiments, the 32d Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania, on the double-quick and went to the support of

General Ayres's left. The heavy firing from the direction in which they moved told conclusively that they had at once become engaged. Attention was still intent upon this and the heavy shelling, when General Pearson, returning hurriedly, rode up and directed Colonel Herring to put in his regiment, as the Michigan skirmishers had been severely handled, and many of them captured. The Michigan skirmishers, with the 32d Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania, were the first of the brigade to come in contact with the enemy, when the whole was ordered in by General Warren to secure General Ayres's left.

Moving gallantly forward, the line swept on until the boggy ground was reached, where, from the difficulty in crossing it, some confusion ensued. This was speedily overcome, the line readjusted itself of its own volition, charged up to and over a line of the enemy's rifle-pits, and under a galling fire proceeded to face them the other way.

At this point Captain John Scott, of Company A, was mortally wounded. Captain Scott, entering the service as a sergeant, had risen through the grade of second and first lieutenant to the command of a company. He was of sterling stuff, eminently courageous and thoroughly a soldier. The attempt to carry him to the rear was a failure. In the heavy pressure following the falling back, he was abandoned at his own solicitation and fell into the hands of the enemy. The next day it was learned through the enemy's pickets that he had died in their field hospital. Wm. L. Gabe, whose devotion to Captain Ricketts at Shepherdstown will be remembered, nobly stayed with Captain Scott until the latter insisted that he should leave him and save himself. Captain Bayne, while trying to assist Scott, was shot through the cheek. Happily the wound, though painful, was not mortal. Bayne was a noble officer. He was a warm friend of Scott, and like him had risen from the ranks, earning promotion by soldierly conduct.

As Captain Scott fell Colonel Herring rode up to give directions for his removal, when a ball struck his right leg just below

the knee. Sensible for a time only of the blow, and not that he had been severely wounded, he congratulated himself that the stout cavalry boot of the Philadelphia City Troop pattern, a pair of which he wore, was strong enough to turn a ball. He continued, unconscious of his hurt, to direct the fighting until



CAPTAIN JOHN SCOTT.

an officer of the 20th Maine, observing the hole in his boot and the stream of blood that flowed from it, called his attention to the apparently serious nature of his wound. Realizing for the first time the full extent of his injury, and gradually becoming faint from loss of blood, Colonel Herring formally turned over the command to Colonel O'Neill, and proceeded to work his way to the nearest point for surgical attention.

The firing at the moment was tremendous, and the under-

taking was coupled with dangers equal to those of the front. The Colonel did not dismount, but weak and sinking from exhaustion, he feared to trust himself alone to manage his horse, and a faithful soldier led it until he too was wounded, and fell. At the breastworks built in the morning, the horse fell dead. The ball which passed through Colonel Herring's leg had entered its body, penetrating a vital organ. The noble animal had borne its wounded rider from the field, as if determined to be faithful to the very last.

An ambulance bore the colonel to the Cummings House. The last sounds that came to him from the field were the yells and cheers from the desperate onslaught that broke the lines which he had struggled so manfully to maintain.

The 1st Michigan and 118th Pennsylvania were thrown together. Officers and men displayed great gallantry in resisting the advance of the enemy. Darkness coming on, the lines were reformed, and the troops laid in line of battle on their arms on open ground. During the night it rained, and as the water fell it froze on the men's overcoats and on the blankets in which some of them had wrapped themselves. A few small chip and twig fires were all that the men had to warm them. Huddled together upon the ground, they shivered with the cold through the long night. The heavy log fires which the Confederates had built within two hundred yards of the line did not increase their comfort. When morning dawned, the Pennsylvania Reserves moved out as skirmishers; the enemy's pickets fell back before them, and our line was again well advanced. The regiment covered the rear on the return to quarters.

The wound Colonel Herring had received ended his career with the regiment. All efforts to save his leg proved fruitless, and within a few weeks it was amputated. His system had become very much prostrated, and for a long time after the amputation his life was despaired of, but a vigorous constitution triumphed and he is yet among us, a noble type of the manhood that saved the nation.

With all its changes of leadership, the 118th had ever been cohesive, self-sustaining and reliable. It met with no more serious blow than the loss of Colonel Herring. Brave, conscientious, dignified and soldierly in appearance, he was a leader to inspire respect and confidence. With the culture of a gentleman and the bearing of the trained and skilful soldier, he secured that willing obedience always cheerfully yielded to intelligent control.

His devotion to his command was remarkable. Offered promotion which would have severed his connection with the regiment, he declined, declaring his unalterable purpose never to leave it. A strict disciplinarian, he had the full confidence of the men in times of danger. Every man in the ranks felt that if it were possible to save them from disaster in the field, Colonel Herring's quick observation and cool, determined courage would accomplish it.

The story of the rest of that part of the affair at Dabney's Mills in which Bartlett's brigade participated can be best told in General Warren's own language. He thus speaks of it in his official report of the operations of his corps at that time. The narrative it will be remembered was interrupted after the brigade had been for a time engaged at the rifle-pits, which under the enemy's fire it had faced the other way, and General Warren's report is taken up after he has spoken of putting in the whole of Bartlett's brigade to hold Ayres's left.

"I sent then also at once for at least a brigade of General Wheaton's division, intending to order the whole division up if affairs on the Vaughan Road would permit. Unfortunately, however, the enemy got up reinforcements faster than I could, and when a brigade of General Wheaton's division was nearing the scene of action, a charge was made by the enemy in force (according to the Petersburg *Express* consisting of three divisions), against which I had but six brigades opposed.

"Our line, despite all the exertions of the prominent officers and much good conduct among those in the ranks, gave way and fell back rapidly, but with little loss after the movement

began. Portions of the line continued to fire as it retired, and General Wheaton got his brigade in line and with it a portion of the others reformed, so that the enemy was checked before our old lines were reached by us.

" . . . I must say, if our troops had all stood as firm at Dabney's Mills as the best [the reader will bear in mind that General Warren, in this same paper, had already noted the 3d Brigade, Bartlett's, as the *best* and largest of Griffin's division] of them did, that I had enough there to have held the enemy till any amount of reinforcements could have arrived. On the whole it was not a bad fight and in no way discouraged me in my willingness to try the same thing again with the same men. Nearly all the operations of the column toward Dabney's Mills I was an eye-witness to and can speak of the good conduct of all those officers on whom I have heretofore relied.

" . . . I take this occasion to deny the newspaper correspondents' statement that this brigade (the brigade of Wheaton's division) fired into any of our troops. It was under my eye the whole time and did not fire except upon the enemy. I would also state that there was no ammunition wagon abandoned on the 6th. I wish further to state that our falling back from Dabney's Mills under the fire of the enemy was, in my opinion, unnecessary and was against my orders. I had force to have held on longer; the enemy did not flank us, but came square in front, and I believe we can do better next time."*

General Warren's conspicuous prominence at the extreme front through all this action was again a theme for laudation among the soldiery. Scarce any one who saw him seated upon his splendid white horse, amid the shower of bullets, ever expected his escape.

Lieutenant James J. Donnelly, of Company E, won for himself enviable distinction. After the line broke, in command of the skirmishers, he checked the enemy so noticeably that Lieutenant-Colonel Gideon Clark, who commanded the 119th Penn-

*General Warren's report of the operations of his command on the 5th, 6th and 7th of February, 1865. MS.

sylvania, one of the supporting regiments of the brigade of General Wheaton's division, made special mention to Donnelly of his excellent fighting, and General Warren also personally complimented him.

It rarely fell to the lot of the clerical force of the army to be thrown into the heat of an engagement, but it so happened to Levi Teal, of Company C, chief clerk at the head-quarters of General Griffin, at the Dabney Mills fight. A skirmish line, in the midst of the confusion resulting from the retreat, had been overlooked. To recall it, some half a mile distant, it was necessary to ride through the retreating troops of the 2d Division and under the fire of the enemy pressing them. No staff officer was at hand, and Teal was despatched on the mission. He successfully accomplished his errand, bringing the skirmish line in safely. Teal was one of those serviceable aids to the business of a head-quarters on whom, in the absence of the general and all his staff in the active operations of the field, great responsibilities rested. On this occasion he proved himself as available for the field as he was invaluable at the desk.

A regiment such as the 118th was looked to supply more than its proportionate share of that very essential need to the conduct of army affairs—a skilled clerical force. Among the most efficient selected for such duty was Albert Haverstick, of "H." After the battle of Shepherdstown his merits were first discovered by his company commander. Papers of the very excellent character, which he prepared, in travelling through the different head-quarters, necessarily attracted attention. As was invariably the case, the company commander soon lost the services of his very efficient clerk and some superior secured them. Haverstick rose to the chief clerkship at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, was retained by General Meade after the regiment was mustered out, and after that was for a time on duty with the general at Philadelphia, while in command of the military division of the Atlantic.

The brigade remained in position on the west bank of the

run during the 7th, and that night, the weather becoming bitter, stinging cold, all troops operating on the west bank withdrew to the east of Hatcher's Run.

During the winter in front of Petersburg the 5th Corps more than any other experienced the inconvenience of frequent moving, and now, relegated to the extreme left of the army, for the third time housed itself in permanent quarters.

About the middle of March Generals Grant and Meade reviewed the corps. It was quite a gala day; the ladies of the families of the distinguished officers and others graced the occasion with their presence. The 118th happened in a prominent position, the right of the brigade, and spruced itself accordingly. With but three divisions, aggregating ninety-three men, it was not very noticeable for strength, but made up in appearance what it lacked in numbers.

The provost-marshal was authorized to pay a fixed price for all muskets brought in by deserters from the enemy. On one occasion on the picket line in our immediate front a deserting teamster drove in a six-mule team, for which the provost-marshal was said to have allowed him \$1100.

But there was to be no more house-building; reviews, parades and ceremonies were over. March was rapidly disappearing in good and cheering weather, and everything was apparently in readiness for the final plunge.



A CANTEEN WASH.

CHAPTER XX.

WHITE OAK RIDGE—GRAVELLY RUN—FIVE FORKS—APPOMATTOX.



AS the army had hoped against hope so long, it naturally doubted whether the spring campaign would end in final success. But when, as March was waning, in the spring of '65, two great army corps, with all the cavalry, swung over Hatcher's Run, there was something in the air itself that gave assurance that the end had come. The anxiety that grows as the goal is nearing gave way to a determination to see it out, with all its risks and chances. Veterans who had gone through all without an ailment or a wound drowned their anxious hopefulness in fixed resolve. There was no hesitancy. Men who a year since would have halted before the dread advance were up and at them ere the bugle sounded forward. After a sharp repulse there was a quick rebound. The enemy's staggering blows of desperation ended in his hopeless rout. His mad races were fruitless. Outstripped at every turn, blocked on every highway, famished and weary, he yielded and the patriot army's work was done.

General Griffin's division at the opening of the campaign numbered 6,547 men. Its three brigades were commanded respectively, the 1st by General J. L. Chamberlain; the 2d by General Gregory, and the 3d by General J. J. Bartlett. Ours,

the 3d Brigade, was the same in organization as mentioned in the preceding chapter.

The 5th Corps moved from its camp in the vicinity of the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run at three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of March, General Ayres's division leading, General Griffin's following, General Crawford bringing up the rear. The movement did not reach Griffin's division until a time much later than the starting hour, and it was six



FIRE! FIRE! TOTAL LOSS—NO INSURANCE.

o'clock before its camps were broken. The route east of the run lay through Arthur's Swamp to the crossing of Rowanty Creek at W. Perkins's, where the corps had crossed in February. This point is better known as Monk's Neck Bridge. Thence the movement continued by the old Stage and Vaughan roads until the Chapple was reached, about two miles from Dinwiddie Court-House, a position which the order of march designated as its termination. At 4.45 A.M. the head of the column had reached

Rowanty Creek, where a few shots were fired by the enemy's lookouts, and by eight was at the point of destination.

The country through which this movement had been made and the operations about to follow were to be conducted "was of the forest kind common to Virginia, being well watered by swampy streams. The surface is level and the soil clayey and sandy, and, where these mix together, like quicksand. The soil after the frosts of winter first leave it is very light and soft, and hoofs and wheels find but little support." *

The pleasant weather prevailing for a time disappeared. During the late afternoon rain set in hard and the little support afforded hoofs and wheels seemed lost altogether. This unfortunate change in the weather materially affected the movements of the next few days.

The few clearings were so infrequent as scarce to leave impression that the marching and fighting of the day had been other than through the same dense, interminable forests which were everywhere. The point at the Chapple had been secured without opposition, and at noon General Griffin was directed to return by the Vaughan Road to the junction of the Quaker Road, move down it towards the Boydton Plank Road and connect with the left of the 2d Corps.

General Chamberlain's 1st Brigade led the column. Immediately after crossing Gravelly Run he met the enemy's skirmishers, drove them steadily to the Lewis House, where, after a spirited engagement, lasting some two hours, he managed, with that surpassing skill and resistless energy which General Chamberlain had always at command, to drive the forces he had met—portions of Johnson's and Anderson's divisions supported by Wise and Wallace's brigades—completely from the field. At one time when Chamberlain was sorest pressed the 16th and 1st Michigan and the 155th Pennsylvania, of the 3d Brigade, were sent to his assistance and rendered most efficient aid.

General Chamberlain thus speaks of them: "The line was falling back in front of the Lewis House when Lieutenant-

* General Warren's Report. MS.

Colonel Doolittle, of the 188th New York, came up, gallantly leading his regiment, as also Colonel Partridge with him, 16th Michigan. The 155th Pennsylvania and 1st Michigan came on in the most handsome manner, passing to my front, Brevet Brigadier-General Pearson grasping his colors and dashing straight against the enemy's line."

It was a very sharp fight. The loss in Chamberlain's brigade was heavy, but that of the enemy was far greater. The general himself had warm work in the whirl and fury of the struggle. His horse was shot under him, his left arm disabled, and a minie ball, striking him fair in the breast, glanced just over his heart, and left a painful wound and a disreputable-looking coat. He did not relinquish his command or leave the field.

Promptly, as General Chamberlain's success was assured, the whole skirmish line of the division was advanced, closely followed by the line of battle. General Warren, as usual, was prominently conspicuous with the skirmishers. The line did not stop its advance until it drew the enemy's artillery fire from his main line of works, covering, it was supposed, the White Oak Road, about a half mile north of the junction of the Quaker Road with the Boydton Plank Road. The last position at which there was any determined stand was at this junction, and from this position, where "the two roads join," says General Warren in his Official Report, "the 118th Pennsylvania drove the last of the enemy."

There was a house at this point in the middle of a large clearing, called, by General Warren, J. Stroud's farm, from which a body of sharpshooters were picking off the men with considerable accuracy. Captain Moore and Lieutenant Godwin were ordered forward with a line of skirmishers. Godwin reached the house among the first and entered as the enemy left. Some of the men rushed for the windows and fired from them. The enemy brought up a piece of artillery, and although our shots seemed to be well directed, no attention was paid them particularly by a Confederate officer who stood on the

works directing its movement. The first shot went over the house, the second struck it, and the third exploded in the chimney, taking off the right arm of Corporal Charles S. Calhoun, of "K," and the left of David Stockel, of "A." Two days after Stockel died at City Point. Brick and plaster flew about thick, enveloping the new occupants of the structure in dust and rubbish. The men were then ordered away from the house and deployed to its right and left as skirmishers.

Upon the farther side of a large open field, which the advance had reached, was a strong, well-manned line of the enemy's breastworks. Here, night nearly on, we advanced, the line halted, and, in obedience to orders, threw up a line of works which were not completed until after midnight. The sky was black and at times the rain poured in torrents. It had been a day of hard work, some danger and much anxiety; a wet, cheerless and comfortless night followed. It was a sudden and not a very refreshing change in a single twenty-four hours, from good weather and quiet camps to the risk of battle by day and the comfortless exposure to a heavy storm of rain by night.

Under cover of darkness we advanced and built a line of breastworks close to the rebel line. It rained hard next morning; the rebels stood upon their works looking over at us. Not a shot was fired. Some of our men stuck loaves of bread on bayonets and held them up, saying: "Hey, Johnny! Come over and get some fresh bread and coffee." They did not come. Shortly after an officer on a white horse dashed along their line and they retreated and we advanced out.

The tempest continued during the day and the roads became impassable, so that all operations for the 30th, except those so far advanced that their continuance was essential, were suspended. But, so far at least as its skirmish line was concerned, the 118th was billeted for pretty active work.

The division still retained the position it had taken up the night before. As early as six o'clock in the morning, General Warren sent the following instructions to General Griffin:

"Have General Bartlett's skirmish line feel the enemy in his

front and ascertain if they are in the same position as last night, if he has not already determined it, and send me a report in writing."

General Bartlett was quick in his response; in fact, he had doubtless anticipated his instructions, for at 7.30 A. M. General Griffin sent the following to General Warren:

Since the fog has lifted a little, I find the right of my skirmish line within one hundred and fifty yards of a complete line of rifle-pits, now held in, as far as developed, the usual force for such a line. I have made a demonstration with my skirmish line, which is in the open field, and am satisfied the position will be hotly contested. I send a diagram of my line and the lines of the enemy with the supposed line of advance of the 2d Corps. No connection has yet been made with me on my right or left either by lines of battle or skirmish line.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOS. J. BARTLETT, *Bvt Maj.-Gen. Com'g Brigade.*

Since the above was written it has been reported the 2d Corps connects.

CHARLES GRIFFIN, *Brevet Major-General.*

About noon the skirmish line was advanced, that of the enemy having fallen back. This act on their part was due to the advance of General Humphrey's skirmish line with some of the right of the 5th Corps line, which made the enemy's skirmish line untenable. Under General Warren's supervision, he finding that the line of battle could be advanced to a good position, it was now moved forward some half mile across the open field to the point where the road from Dabney's enters the Plank Road. During this movement the enemy opened with artillery from breastworks near the Burgess Mills. A subsequent reconnoissance showed the battery, which at first was supposed to be on the south side of Hatcher's Run, to have been at the junction of the White Oak Road with the Plank Road.

This was the same locality where General Hancock had attempted to secure a permanent lodgment in the previous October, and from which he eventually rescued himself from most perilous surroundings. The White Oak Road was the shortest route of the enemy's to Five Forks, a point which once secured

must ultimately force the enemy's abandonment of his Petersburg entrenchments. On the White Oak Road his permanent works terminated, just to the westward of Burgess Mills, and to hold it there and beyond against the threatening attitude of the 5th Corps and the cavalry, he was bending all his energies. Hatcher's Run to the north of Armstrong's Mill changes direction and courses westerly.

The pickets advanced some distance beyond the line of battle.



From the picket line it was discovered, General Warren personally making the observation, that the enemy's breastworks were well located and constructed and defended by infantry and artillery. Trees prevented their being seen at all points. The timber had been well slashed to give effect to the fire, and where the fallen trees did not obstruct the ground *abatis* had been laid. During

GEO. W. WILLIAMS, FIRST LIEUTENANT CO. I. these operations it rained hard.

Sergeant Stotensburg, as usual, pressing ahead saw an opportunity to pick up a few prisoners, and dashing out in front of the advancing pickets brought in four men, who evidently had not expected to be so actively pursued.

General Ayres, while General Griffin was operating in front of Burgess Mills, had moved out to the northwestward, to a position where he could see the White Oak Road, and General Warren was quite anxious Humphrey's should take care

of Griffin's front, that he might use Griffin to co-operate with Ayres and Crawford.

About four o'clock Wilcox's division made a demonstration against Griffin's front but was easily driven back. A few prisoners fell into our hands, mostly broken down men who had but a short while before been forced into the service.

The enemy were utilizing the White Oak Road actively. During the day Pickett's division had been seen to pass along it. His whereabouts were developed during the night, and what he accomplished by his short route and rapid march was quite apparent in his operations the following day.

Near midnight General Griffin reported that he was unable to form any definite opinion as to the practicability of an assault on the enemy's works. His skirmish line encountering a skirmish line of the enemy in superior numbers was unable to press forward. He hoped that things might be changed in the morning, but before that time came General Humphrey had been ordered to send a division to relieve him and he was ordered to move down the Boynton Plank Road to General Ayres's old position.

Within the time after daylight on the 31st that it took to accomplish the movement, General Miles's division of the 2d Corps had relieved General Griffin's, and Griffin was massed a short distance east of a branch of Gravelly Run, across a wood road running from near Mrs. Butler's to W. Dabney's on the White Oak Road.

General Ayres was still at W. Dabney's, within sight of the White Oak Road, with the enemy's pickets on our side of it, and General Crawford was between him and General Griffin. The divisions were so assembled, with their lines refused, that they could fight in any direction, and attention was being devoted to getting the road through the woods in order.

While the enemy's communication was continuous along the White Oak Road with his pickets still south of it, there was some anxiety for the safety of the position of the entire corps, more particularly as the pause arising from the suspension of

operations which was directed to continue through the 31st would give the enemy time to gain knowledge of our force and position. It was essential also that a greater distance should be secured between our pickets and the line of battle, "to give the latter time to fully get under arms so soon as any pressure of the advancing enemy showed itself at the advance posts." Consequently at 9.40 A. M. word was sent out to General Ayres to try and drive off the enemy's pickets and develop with what force the White Oak Road was held. "To prevent any relaxation of vigilance until the position of the corps should be made secure, General Warren gave no notice to his command of the order suspending movements."

When Griffin's division had reached its position across the wood road arms were stacked, knapsacks unslung, and the men set about the preparation of the morning meal. The sun, shining warm and bright, broke through the scattering clouds; blankets were spread out to dry, and everywhere was that feeling of soldier buoyancy always so distinctively dominant during the short rifts in seasons of continual contacts. The buoyancy was born to short duration. A thunder of cannonading and rattle of small arms burst out most unexpectedly, and for the moment Griffin's division looked as if it might be absorbed in the confusion and demoralization of the divisions in advance of it, suddenly rolling back upon it in rude disorder. But Griffin, awake to better thoughts, reserved his men for substantial work.

This is the way it came about. General Winthrop, with his brigade of General Ayres's division, was advancing about 10.30 A. M., when simultaneously an attack, which had been in preparation by the enemy against Ayres's division, fell upon Winthrop in heavy force both from the north and west. General McGowan had not completed his movement across Ayres's left flank when firing across his front began, and he at once ordered a charge. The assault in front had been precipitated by the conduct of a lieutenant of General Hunton's brigade—subsequently promoted for his gallantry—who rushed out in

front of his company, waved his sword and cried: "Follow me, boys!" With that the three brigades of McGowan, Gracies and Hunton threw themselves headlong into the charge, the full formation for which had not yet been consummated.

Seeing he had a much superior force to encounter, General Winthrop faced his brigade about and marched back across the field in good order. Not so with the rest of the division. Repeated attempts were made to check the advance of the enemy and to hold the troops, but to no avail. The retreat of Ayres communicated itself to Crawford, and both divisions disappeared in disorder, only rallying at last in rear of Griffin's division, which still held itself firm along Gravelly Run.

At the sound of the firing heard in his front General Griffin at once put the right of his division in motion towards it. He had scarcely reached the bank of Gravelly Run when he was met "by the 3d Division running to the rear in a most demoralized condition, soon after followed by the 2d Division."*

The command, "Fall in! fall in!" ringing out simultaneously with the crash that came from the front, was obeyed with alacrity. Muskets were quickly taken and the line moved forward with vigor to a rise of ground overlooking the run. As the torrent of fleeing soldiers drove through it, General Griffin's voice could be heard plainly as it rang: "For God's sake, let them through, or they will break our line." The enemy could be seen descending a hill, moving over the swale that separated the rise which they had left from that which the division had secured. They evidently intended to cross the run. Mink, who served his guns so handsomely at Pegram's Farm, was in battery on the right. His guns thundered, musketry crashed, severe fighting followed. The hillside, dotted with the enemy's dead and wounded, told of effective work.

The skirmishers detailed from the regiment were hard at it most of the day; some of them expended eighty rounds of ammunition. At one time, when the ammunition was about exhausted, Colonel O'Neill asked for a volunteer to carry it to

* General Griffin's report. MS.

the line. It was a perilous undertaking. Sergeant Stotensburg responded. He ran along from man to man, dropping a quantity in rear of each one, was shot at vigorously, but discharged his dangerous mission successfully and returned unharmed.

At this juncture General Griffin and General Warren rode down to Chamberlain, who, with his brigade and the artillery, was holding our extreme left, where we expected an attack, and, stating the imminent danger, asked him if, suffering as he was from his wounds, he felt able to try to stem the torrent of this repulse. Their language in this exigency was very strong. Chamberlain felt the critical situation and instantly threw his brigade across the branch and, pressing the advantage already gained by our skirmishers, pushed the way steadily over the ground lost by Crawford and Ayres, when, reaching the open field in front of the enemy's works, he formed a solid line of battle, and, putting General Gregory's brigade, which had been sent to him in the woods, on his right, to make a wheeling attack, taking the enemy in flank, he charged straight at them across the open field. He swept everything before him, snatching the enemy's battle-flags out of their hands in the works, capturing them and securing the White Oak Road. Thus McGowan's, Gracies' and Hunton's short-lived triumph was turned to disaster.

The opportunities for achievements with a flying corps are measurably greater than those of troops forced to sit down solidly in front of formidable entrenchments. The chances that came to General Chamberlain during this campaign came to one of conceded high soldierly abilities, whose unswerving sense of honor and justice impelled him to the exercise of those abilities fully and fairly, no matter what the duty, what the danger, what the fatigue. If any one in the 5th Army Corps maintained a spotless name and won enduring fame during the operations of that corps from the 29th of March to the 9th of April, 1865, more than commensurate with the range of the command he held, that one was Joshua L. Chamberlain. General Warren fixed the seal of official commendation on all of

Chamberlain's deeds, his brother officers gave them the approval of their high appreciation, and his soldiers honored him as he deserved.

General Sheridan, who, on the 29th, had crossed the Rowanty below Warren, was, on the 31st, while part of the force was moving towards Five Forks and the rest remaining in position in the vicinity of Dinwiddie Court-House, most seriously attacked by Pickett's infantry and all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Against these severe odds, detached and alone, he most gallantly maintained himself.

As the sounds of the firing from Sheridan's battle gradually receded, it was a source of much consideration at the headquarters of the 5th Corps, and at five o'clock General Warren, of his own motion, ordered General Griffin to send General Bartlett directly across country to attack the enemy on his flank.

Strangely the sound of the firing created a contrary impression at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac. There it was believed to be growing nearer, and later on, when General Warren was directed to send a force down the White Oak Road to open it for General Sheridan, he was instructed to caution it to take care not to fire into Sheridan's advance, and to advise it that, as the firing was so near, it would not likely have far to go.

The artillery of the corps had all been left on the Boydton Plank Road on account of the mud, and three regiments of the brigade, under General Pearson, had been detached to support it.

It was nearing dark when the brigade passed through the picket line, moving in the direction of the distant battle sounds, yet distinct, though the day was disappearing. Pertinent inquiries from the pickets as to the intended destination were unanswered. The moving column was as ignorant—save that the direction trended battleward—of its place of stoppage as were the inquirers. The route was part way by a narrow roadway, lined on either side by a growth of young pines. The move-

ment was conducted cautiously, and the men, realizing that they were detached from the army, knowing they were in dense woods in the midst of approaching darkness, pressing toward a battle-field, manifested the anxiety naturally attendant in such conditions.

The movement of General Bartlett is best described in the language of Major Cope, a staff officer of General Warren, who accompanied Bartlett's column.

"About 5 P. M. you directed me to lead General Bartlett's brigade by a direct route, if possible, toward the sound of firing in the direction of Dinwiddie Court-House and attack the enemy in the rear. I immediately reported to General Bartlett, who had his column put in motion. The left of the corps rested in open ground. We came out from the left and crossed this ground for half a mile; then we came to a small branch of Gravelly Run in the edge of the timber. Here we found a wood road that ran in the right direction. We followed it one mile through this wood, over rolling ground, crossing three branches of Gravelly Run. At the south edge of this timber, and in open ground on a hill, stands Dr. ——'s house, and here our skirmishers became engaged with the enemy's pickets. The ground slopes from here to Gravelly Run and is open in front all the way down. The enemy, after considerable skirmishing, were driven down the slope and across the run three-quarters of a mile from the house. The house is near a main road leading north from Dinwiddie Court-House to the White Oak Road. General Bartlett established a line of pickets along Gravelly Run crossing this road. He also kept vedettes out on his right, watching this road and other approaches in the rear. It was much after dark when he had made the proper dispositions of his troops, and then we began to turn our attention to the number and extent of the enemy's camp-fires. They seemed to stretch for miles on the south side of the run, and we could distinctly hear them chopping, moving wagons and talking."

General Bartlett's position close up against the Gravelly Run

Church Road, nearly down to its crossing of Gravelly Run, directly on the enemy's flank, prevented him from communicating by that road during the night, and would compel him, if he desired to reinforce his troops at Dinwiddie, to make a considerable detour to do so.

With Bartlett in this controlling position, with his three regiments and the corps artillery holding the plank road tow-



BIVOUAC NEAR A HAYSTACK.

ards Dinwiddie, it may well be understood how exceedingly Warren regretted, as in his official report he says he did, the step shadowed in the confidential despatch received from headquarters of the Army of the Potomac at 8.40 in the evening, intimating the probability of contracting the entire lines during the night of the 31st. In a previous despatch General Warren had already foreshadowed, what actually did occur, that with Bartlett where he was, if Sheridan kept on fighting, the

enemy could not remain between him and Dinwiddie, but must fall back to Five Forks. As to the confidential communication shadowing a withdrawal, he remained of the same belief, pointing out in his reply how Humphreys, with the 5th Corps artillery already there, could hold the plank road, asserting that unless Sheridan had been too badly handled, there was yet a chance for an open field fight, and urged that he be allowed to move down and attack the enemy at Dinwiddie Court-House on one side while Sheridan did so on the other.

There was insistence upon the contracting movement, except that a division should reinforce Sheridan, indicated from General Meade's head-quarters, as Griffin's orders from army and corps head-quarters had both been published providing for it. But at 10.15 P. M. the advance was again ordered to be resumed, in a communication virtually accepting Warren's suggestion, to be permitted to press down on one side of Dinwiddie while Sheridan should close up on the other. The ground secured by the two days' hard fighting was not to be abandoned.

The night was dark and stormy, and the difficulty of communicating in the dense woods was so great that although the order withdrawing the division by the plank road had gone to the troops from corps head-quarters an hour and a half before the order directing a resumption of the advance was issued, yet the latter order reached them first. The troops had been sorely tried and needed rest. The proximity to the enemy forbade the use of drums or bugles to rouse the men, and every order had necessarily to be communicated personally from the commanding officers to their subordinates until it eventually reached the non-commissioned officers. Fatigued to the limit of endurance, the sleep of the soldiers was deep and heavy, and the task of the non-commissioned officers to arouse each one individually was not light. The moon set after midnight, on a dark, starless night in the gloomy forests; the search first for commanding officers and then for the soldiers was no easy one.

MAP OF DABNEY MILLS AND WHITE OAK ROAD.



In March of 1864 the 1st Corps was transferred to the 5th and Gen. Warren was assigned to the command. The 1st and 2d Divisions of the 5th Corps were consolidated, forming the 1st Division under Gen. Griffin. The 3d Division (Crawford's) remained unchanged. The 1st Corps now became the 2d and 4th Divisions of the 5th Corps under command of Generals Robinson and Wadsworth.

In this reorganization the 5th Corps contained 67 regiments of infantry and 9 batteries of light artillery, numbering in all 25,695 men and officers present for duty equipped.

The losses of the 5th Corps at the Wilderness, May 5th and 6th, were 487 killed, 2817 wounded and 1828 missing. Total 5,132.

From the 5th to the 20th of May a bloody and almost constant battle had been waged by both armies. The chance for rest was small, and the hardships and nerve strain put upon the troops engaged were terrible. The loss on both sides was in keeping with the desperate nature of the fighting.

The number of killed, wounded and missing since the campaign opened at the Wilderness is estimated by General Humphreys to have been 33,110. Of these the killed and wounded are estimated at 28,207.

Total losses at Spottsylvania, 17,723. Enemy's loss not known.

The losses of the Army of the Potomac had now reached the terrible figures of 60,000 men since starting out on this great adventure across the Rapidan. The losses of the Confederate army, it is said, did not foot up to 20,000.

After this statement may I not inquire without criticism if the advantages gained justified these disproportionate losses? If not, was not General Grant balked and outgeneraled up to this time? It may at least be safely asserted that it is not often that a commander is so situated as to afford such terrible and unequal losses and not feel them. The overland route and the system of attacking in brute masses marked out for General Grant by the wise ones at Washington proved a failure, and, considered as a whole, were fruitless.

At 9.35 P. M. General Bartlett's brigade was withdrawn to rejoin the division. Whilst awaiting his return the orders for concentration were changed, and Ayres's division was sent instead of Griffin's, by the plank road route to report to Sheridan, Griffin and Crawford being directed to move across country over the same route Bartlett had travelled, to strike the enemy's flank at daylight. Their route was much shorter than Ayres's, and though Griffin did not move until five on the morning of the 1st of April, his advance, led by General Chamberlain, came up to Sheridan at Crimps at 7 A. M., where, at that hour, General Sheridan stopped the corps until one in the afternoon.

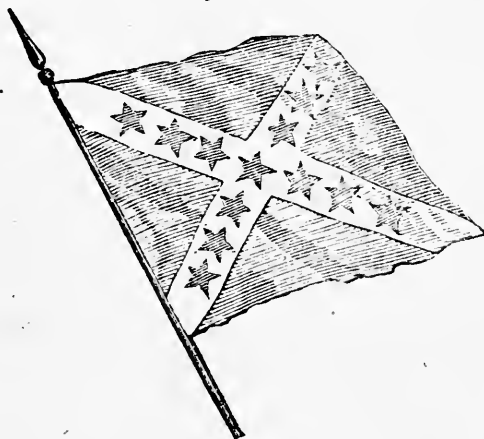
Sheridan had planned for great achievements, if the conditions had remained as he had hoped. "Do not fear my leaving here," said he to Warren. "If the enemy remains I shall fight him at daylight." But as Warren had intimated, "if Sheridan keeps fighting him" and I remain on his flank, he cannot maintain himself and must fall back. Such was what the daylight showed. In the darkness of that starless night, Pickett stole away to meet, behind his Five Forks' entrenchments, the end laid out for him in the open fields about Dinwiddie.

The corps had halted; Crawford at J. Boiseau's, near where the Gravelly Run Church Road joins the road to Dinwiddie, and Griffin across the road a half mile to the southward of Crawford. Ayres was still about three-quarters of a mile south of Griffin at J. M. Brooks's, at the junction of the road which leads from the Boydton Plank Road to the main road from the Court House to Five Forks. It was on this road a staff officer of General Sheridan had turned him off during the night while pursuing his route directly along the plank road to the Court-House. From Crawford's position to Five Forks was about four miles.

That eventful April morn broke clear and frosty. The bodies of dead horses and men indicated considerable severe fighting even this distance from the Court-House. As the command halted, General Sheridan and his staff emerged from a neigh-

boring wood. His appearance had not become familiar to the soldiers of the 5th Corps, nor had they yet been impressed with that personal magnetism which roused all fighting men with whom he came in contact. His famous deeds, however, assured him enthusiastic demonstration.

The enemy's works at Five Forks covered the White Oak Road, their variations from a straight line following the bends of the road, and terminating to the eastward with a return angle about eight hundred yards west of the junction of the Gravelly Run Church Road and the White Oak Road. Their western end rested on the junction of a road which diagonally



REBEL BATTLE-FLAG.

connects the White Oak Road with the Ford Depot Road above C. Young's field, and their entire front, including their irregularities, covered a distance of a mile and three-quarters. The return extending northward to a depth of about three hundred yards was known to exist, but its exact location was supposed to be at, or nearly at, the Gravelly Run Church Road junction. It was against this mistaken location that the main infantry attack was directed.

About two o'clock the column was put in motion, and moving the entire route through timber, came out within a mile of Five Forks, in the open country about Moody's. Be-

tween this small space of open ground and what has passed into history for the purpose of designation as the open ground about Gravelly Run Church, there is still a belt of woods. Covered by this timber, the corps was formed in line of battle, Crawford's division on the right, Ayres's, the smallest, on the left, and Griffin's in Crawford's rear, with his right brigade in echelon to the others.

The order for the advance was given at four o'clock. The ground was rough and cut up with numerous ravines. Ayres struck the angle far west of its supposed position, instead of Crawford, as was designed, and after some gallant fighting captured the return work, securing a large number of prisoners of Ransom's brigade of Johnson's division and taking many battle flags. This work was the key of the position.

Immediately after crossing the White Oak Road Griffin's division changed direction to the left, as did the whole corps, to strike the enemy in flank and rear. After advancing about a mile and finding nothing in his front save a few cavalry vedettes, the heavy volleys of musketry from Ayres's fight attracting General Griffin's attention, the division was halted. His personal examination showed that the discomfited battalion that had garrisoned the return works and the main line to the right of it, outflanked by their retreat, were moving up the White Oak Road. Meantime Chamberlain, who was on the right, had moved his brigade by the flank towards the sound of the heavy firing on his left. The division was then immediately faced to the left, and moving some three or four hundred yards in the new direction, south and west, its direction was again changed to bring it perpendicular to the line of battle. Griffin and Crawford were now completely in the enemy's rear, but Crawford, nearly half a mile to the north, still continued to press westward towards and through the open fields of Young's farm.

At the point where the direction had been changed to the perpendicular to the line of battle, the enemy had thrown up slight entrenchments upon the crest of a hill, connected them

with their main line and manned them with Ransom's and Wallace's troops to oppose the sweep that Griffin was making down their rear. General Bartlett with three regiments of his brigade, and General Chamberlain with his whole brigade, moved up rapidly under the crest of the hill, charged the works, struck them obliquely in flank and reverse, the right of Chamberlain's line passing down the rear of the works, and his left in front of them. General Bartlett struck further up, met a very heavy flank fire on the right, which somewhat broke up both commands. The extreme right fell back, and the remainder of the line showed a strong disposition to swing to the left into the works upon the crest, from which the enemy had just been driven. To have permitted this would have rendered the whole line powerless against the heavy flank attack, which the firing on Bartlett's right indicated as just then commencing. Bartlett's right, the 20th Maine and 1st Michigan, was in imminent peril. Two of Chamberlain's regiments swept down their rear, and Gregory's brigade—which had been ordered to report to General Chamberlain for the rest of the campaign—also moved forward in the same direction to break this attack and relieve Bartlett's right. "In the attempt to do this the regiments of the several brigades became somewhat mixed, but a new direction was given the line and the enemy completely put to rout." * Some of this confusion resulted from the troops exchanging shots with the cavalry who were coming up in front of the enemy's works. This affair lasted about half an hour; the resistance was stubborn and the enemy's fire quick, sharp and decisive. Some fifteen hundred prisoners and several battle flags were captured. The position from which Griffin had dislodged this force was in the southwest corner of the Sydnor field. He was yet half a mile from the junction of the Ford Road with the White Oak Road, where the Five Forks battery was located.

Following Crawford's path, indicated by his dead and

* General Chamberlain's report of the operations of his command from the 29th of March to the 9th of April. MS.

wounded, General Warren found him on the Young farm in good order, facing westward. He at once changed his direction to the southward, and moving down the line of the Ford Road met at the edge of the wood on the south side of the farm a sharp fire from a force that had formed line across the Ford Road. This was a force—Terry's brigade, Colonel Mayo commanding—turned back by Pickett to make head against these rear attacks, and also some of Ransom's troops just dislodged by Griffin from the Sydnor field, and four guns of McGregor's battery which had eluded capture at the return. Part of Bartlett's brigade here joined Crawford. The other troops of Griffin and Ayres had not yet reached the point. The resistance was brief, and McGregor's four guns were captured.

After a few minutes' delay, Griffin's lines were restored and a direction was given them perpendicular to the line of the enemy's entrenchments. Generals Chamberlain and Bartlett personally collected a large number of men who had sought the edge of the woods for shelter. In this connection General Chamberlain makes special mention of Captain Robert M. Brinton, then an aide on the staff of General Griffin. "The confusion of the battle at this time was great. Different commands were completely mingled, but our own line was still good."* General Chamberlain, who had been authorized by General Sheridan in the midst of the fight to take command of any of the troops which had lost their place in the confusion, put General Gwyn's brigade of Ayres's division in at a critical moment when the issue trembled in the balance, and it did effective work. The division was then pushed forward along the main line of entrenchments, capturing prisoners and driving the enemy, who took advantage of every rise of ground, until the three brigades had advanced to Five Forks, where the cavalry (Colonel Fitzhugh's brigade of Devier's division) and infantry met, capturing five guns—the Five Forks battery—and several caissons. Bartlett's brigade of itself, on the Ford Road, took an entire train of wagons with supplies, etc., and ambulances belonging to Pickett's division.

* General Chamberlain's report. MS.

The pursuit was kept up until after dark, when, the cavalry having pushed to the front out of sight and hearing of the infantry, a halt was ordered. The division was then withdrawn some three miles, and at eleven o'clock at night went into bivouac near Gravelly Run Church.

A report prevailed that the prisoners, to whom but little attention had been paid, had again armed themselves and were prepared for further resistance. The 118th was ordered to look after them, which it did. Upon investigation the report proved to be without foundation. The Confederates who still retained their arms threw them down the moment the demand was made to do so. Captured arms were so plentiful that next day they were used to corduroy the road, that the wagons and artillery might pass over the mud upon them.

As the evening shades were gathering, Pickett threw a force across the west side of the Silliam field, a wide expanse of open in front of the centre of his works, to attract attention whilst it should give a little God-speed to his scattered hosts, pouring in disorder to the northward. Crawford was formed upon the west side of this field, his right resting in the woods north of the entrenchments. Some little hesitancy to advance quickened Warren's impetuous zeal, and seizing the corps flag he led the division across the open, closed up tight on the entrenchments under a severe fire, and sent the only remnant of all of Pickett's brave battalions from its last abiding place. And with this culmination to so many deeds of conspicuous personal gallantry Warren's career as a distinguished soldier in war closed forever on the battle-field, with a sad intimation that his capacities did not equal the occasion. The flush of victory was still bright on his brow, his eye yet flashed the vigor of his brilliant impetuosity, when the harsh direction that severed his connection with the 5th Army Corps reached him, and sent him for the few days yet left of the Rebellion into what was an undeniable, if not an apparently dishonorable, seclusion.

After many years the wrong was righted. Worn and weary with the anxieties of delay, enfeebled with patient waiting, a

stout heart and manly frame yielded readily to disease, and General Warren lived but a short while to survive an honorable vindication.

As Warren gave forth his last official utterance of the doings of that eventful day that made the victor worse than vanquished, he closed in choice and modest phrase, in sentiment of deepest earnestness pleading for the common justice afterwards so long



CLOSE QUARTERS.

denied him. "I trust, therefore," said he, "that I may yet receive some unequivocal acknowledgment of my faithful services at the battle of Five Forks that will forever free me from opprobrium, even among the superficial."

But historic parallels are not wanting of the sacrifice of great and good soldiers in all times. Kleber was left to die in Egypt; Kellerman was forgotten for Marengo; Moreau was punished for Hohenlinden.

Among the killed of the regiment was Corporal B. E. Fletcher, of Company E. He had just reached his majority; had participated in every engagement from Shepherdstown to Five Forks. He was noted for his courage, and though wounded at Chancellorsville he had refused to leave the field. As an obedient, dutiful soldier he was relied on by his officers and had the esteem of his associates.

Twenty-seven commissioned officers and 2,574 enlisted men were captured by General Griffin's division; 8 commissioned



FIVE FORKS, SHOWING 118TH GOING IN.

officers and 849 enlisted men of whom were credited to General Bartlett's brigade, and about 1,200 to Chamberlain's brigade.

General Griffin's elevation to the command of the corps in place of General Warren relieved, advanced General Bartlett to the command of the division and General Pearson to the brigade. Adjutant Peck was detailed for duty on the staff of General Pearson, and Lieutenant Godwin was selected as the acting adjutant of the regiment.

During the night great guns boomed ominously away off to

the right; their flashes in the dim distance, so close together, pierced the heavens like the bursts of an aurora.

On the morning of the 2d at the Five Forks between three and four thousand stand of arms and several caissons and wagons were destroyed, there being no means available for their transportation.

Early on the same morning General Chamberlain led a reconnoissance up the Church Road, whilst most of the corps moved down the White Oak Road to the vicinity of W. Dabney's, where it remained until eleven o'clock, when it returned to the vicinity of Five Forks. General Pearson's brigade, however, did not leave its night bivouac until the afternoon, when, with the rest of the corps, it moved across Hatcher's Run on the Ford Road, then across the Southside Railroad to the Coxe Road, camping for the night at Williamson's house, at the intersection of the Namozine Road with the River Road. General Chamberlain, in advance, captured a train of cars at the crossing of the Southside Railroad, in which were a number of Confederate officers and men, and also drove a body of about 1,500 dismounted cavalry off the Coxe Road.

About four o'clock Robert M. Brinton, a staff officer, dashed along the column waving his hat and shouting: "Boys, Petersburg and Richmond have fallen, and Lee is in full retreat towards Lynchburg."

We shouted in reply: "Tell it to the marines!" "Put him in a canteen!" "Give him a hardtack!" and various other derisive yells. This was the first news that reached us of the evacuation of Richmond. We had great difficulty in plodding along on account of the mud.

The news was received incredulously. What was almost the truth went begging. It was rather believed that urgency demanded an exhausting march, and this incentive was thrown out as a stimulant to exertion. The officer had in fact anticipated events. Petersburg was not abandoned until three o'clock on the morning of the 3d and the surrender of Richmond followed a few hours later. But enough had transpired

to warrant a reasonable exaggeration at even this little distance from the actual conflict.

The 2d, 24th, 6th and 9th Corps had all gallantly stormed the massive entrenchments in their several fronts; had closely pressed the enemy from all his interior works, and the fate of the long beleaguered city hung upon what might be done while yet the daylight lasted.

And now began the famous race. Our eminent chieftain, not satisfied with pursuing alone, had planned a more effective measure. His soldiers must out-march his fleeing adversary, cross his path, cut him off from succor and supplies and force him to submission. Lee's weary, straggling, hungry battalions were struggling for Amelia Court-House for concentration, but Grant, away beyond it, before Lee's famished legions reached there, had blocked the route to Danville.

The 5th Corps, closely following the cavalry, moved out early on the morning of the 3d of April along the River Road to the Namozine Creek, bivouacking for the night in the vicinity of Deep Creek. The roads, difficult for the column, were almost impassable for the trains, and the infantry for this and the two following days worked at putting them in some passable order.

On the 4th the march was resumed at five o'clock in the morning and continued until after dark, when at Jetersville a line of battle was formed, the left of the corps extending across the Danville Railroad. Jetersville is a station on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, some miles southwest from Amelia Court-House and a little greater distance northeast from Burksville Junction, where that railway is crossed by the Petersburg and Lynchburg. Lee's ultimate destination was Danville. A line of Union infantry crossed his way, and he must await darkness and the opportunity to step off in a new direction.

Preparations were made to attack the enemy's trains in this vicinity. Indications of his presence in force were apparent; earthworks were thrown up and the troops remained on the alert during the night.

On the 5th, under arms all day, preparations were active to receive or make an attack. About one o'clock a portion of the corps moved out towards Amelia Court-House to support the cavalry who, bringing up a large number of prisoners, were severely attacked on the road. The detachment returned to camp and the entire corps remained all the night of the 5th in the position it had taken the previous evening.

On the evening of the 5th, at 7.40 o'clock, General Griffin—



LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

his corps having been serving directly under General Sheridan from the time General Warren reported it to him on the morning of the 1st—in obedience to instructions from General Sheridan, reported back to General Meade for orders, and at six o'clock A. M. on the 6th, in compliance with directions from head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, marched from Jetersville along the Danville Road in the direction of Amelia Court-House to attack the enemy. After moving a distance of about three miles to a place called Smith's Shop, undoubted!

evidence was received that the enemy had left and gone westward. The 5th Corps then moved to the northward on the Paineville Road, and from thence held the right of the army, General Bartlett's division leading the corps, and General Chamberlain's brigade the division. The route was continued via Paineville to Ligontown Ferry and Sailor's Creek.

Near the vicinity of the latter, after crossing a distance of thirty-two miles, darkness having set in, the command went into bivouac. The march was very rapid and tiresome; no opposing forces were met save small detachments of cavalry. About three hundred prisoners and many wagons were captured, and a large number of gun-carriages, caissons and army wagons that had been captured by our cavalry or abandoned by the enemy were still burning as we passed.

The sounds of distant firing late in the afternoon indicated what afterwards proved to be the brilliant affair of Wheaton's and Seymour's division of the 6th Corps and Merritt's and Crook's cavalry division with Ewell's and Anderson's troops at Little Sailor's Creek, resulting in a loss to the enemy of 6,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, and the capture of Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Custer Lee, Dubose, Hunton and Corse. The total loss to the enemy on the 6th in his actions with the 2d and 6th Corps was not less than 8,000.

Throughout the march the evidences that the army of Lee was breaking up were so apparent that much excitement prevailed and the troops forgot their fatigues in their enthusiasm. Tales of the exploits of the cavalry reached the infantry column, and the stories of the perilous doings of Sheridan's scouts were amazing.

On the morning of the 7th, at five o'clock, the corps moved up the road by Sailor's Creek for Farmville, crossing the Lynchburg Railroad at Rice's Station, arriving near High Bridge, then destroyed, at 9.30 A. M., and halting there. Orders were received to pass in rear of the 2d and 6th Corps and move with all possible despatch to Prince Edward Court-House, which point, after a march of twenty miles, was reached at 7.30

in the evening. Thence the 5th and 24th Corps were to follow on the flank of the enemy and get in front of him, while the 2d and 6th Corps were to press his rear.

The country through which the army was moving had seen nothing of the war. It was a fertile, productive region, and the well-stocked larders of what were yet thrifty plantations paid handsome tribute to the exorbitant exactions of the hungry soldiers.

On the morning of the 8th, pursuant to instructions from the lieutenant-general, the 5th Corps was ordered to follow the 24th up the Lynchburg Road, starting at six o'clock. The column struck the Lynchburg Pike at Prospect Station at noon and thence followed the 24th Corps towards Appomattox Court-House, bivouacking along the road at two o'clock on the morning of the 9th within two miles of that place. The distance covered was twenty-nine miles, and was a hard, tiresome march, and many men fell out exhausted along the road. From Prospect Station the march was very slow and tedious, the roads being obstructed by the repeated and long halts of the 24th Corps.

After dark the roadway narrowed, entering a deep forest. Troops of all arms of service crowded the crooked path, presenting a scene of apparently inextricable confusion. Each insisted on the right of way. Unoffending artillery horses were belabored by angry infantrymen, their masters resenting the assaults with violent profanity and defending their steeds with sharp whip cracks. The luckless generals leading the column came in for the usual share of threatening invective accompanied by interrogating appeals, big with oaths, to stop the march. There was no disposition to prepare a meal, and without food the tired soldiers quickly sought a rest.

But the rest was of short duration. A despatch had been received from General Sheridan, and great things were to be expected and done that day. At four o'clock the bugles sounded the "general." Non-commissioned officers pulled at and aroused the worn-out men, and by six o'clock the head of the

column had reached General Sheridan at Appomattox, where very soon after the cavalry were reported heavily engaged and hard pressed.

A staff officer rode along the column with the word that, if the infantry would "rush up," Lee's capture or capitulation was assured. He also bore the cheering information that two trains of cars, loaded with subsistence for the almost starving Confederates, had been captured at Appomattox Station.

Thus stimulated, the fatigues of the long night's march were forgotten and the troops pressed along with great rapidity. Daylight had broken bright and beautiful, with all the invigorating freshness of early morning in the April spring time. An issue of rations was promised at nine, but its fulfilment was lost in events so momentous that hunger, appetite and exhaustion were of secondary consideration.

General Ayres, moving on a line parallel with the 24th Corps, towards the firing, occasioned by the pressing back of the cavalry, faced his division into line of battle and immediately pushed forward on the double-quick, deploying the 190th and 191st Pennsylvania, armed with Spencer rifles, as skirmishers. General Bartlett's division, that had halted in the field with the men cooking coffee, was ordered to "fall in" quickly, minus their coffee, tired, disgusted and hungry, and came up rapidly in Ayres's right in two lines of battle, with the 155th Pennsylvania and a portion of the 198th Pennsylvania and the 185th as a skirmish line.

General Chamberlain, who had been detached from the column by a message from General Sheridan to push forward to his relief at once, had already reached the front line and had relieved our cavalry then sustaining the attack of the "Stone-wall Jackson" corps, and was now on the right of our line, with Gregory's brigade next and the 3d Brigade connecting on the left. The 118th was in the front line. The cavalry line of battle and the cavalry pickets, now all relieved, moved off by the flank at a trot, with sabre glistening in the sunlight, flanked by a herd of pack animals, and formed on the right of the corps.



Emerging from a small strip of woods into a clearing, the troops had a full view of what apparently awaited them. The enemy's skirmish line was in plain view, his battalions were in battle array on the hill-tops and several pieces of artillery were in position facing our right. Preparation and indication pointed to a heavy engagement. An occasional shell boomed out from the menacing guns. One killed an officer in General Chamberlain's brigade, the last soldier who fell in the division. All the recollections of hairbreadth escapes, dangers braved, hardships breasted, crowded memory in weighty volume as these brave men for the last time faced a soldier's death.

All the division now moved forward and attacked the enemy, pushing him back and driving both his artillery and infantry from the hills westward through Appomattox Court-House, taking a number of prisoners, several wagons and caissons. On our left a portion of the skirmish line had entered the town, its right being at the house of Mrs. Wright. The line of battle, rapidly moving up and closing in, was strongly supporting it, "when a message was received from General Sheridan that hostilities would be suspended, as General Lee was about to surrender," says General Griffin. "When a flag of truce came in with an aide of the commanding officer of the opposing forces, who was referred to the major-general commanding," says General Chamberlain. But the men had caught sight of the emblem and heard the welcome words to stay the fight a goodly while before their orders bade them do so.

At maddening gait a single horseman dashed up the lane towards the Union lines and struck them immediately in front of the 118th. As he rode he swung violently above his head an article white in color, longer than it was wide. As he drew nearer a red border was plainly seen around the edges of his flag. It was, in fact, a towel improvised into a flag for the occasion, and the two great armies that for four years had so fiercely contended for the mastery were at last, in this quiet Virginia vale, brought to terms by this most innocent and essential of all domestic articles. The horseman approached the

left of the regiment, who stood across the lane and quickly asked: "Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan?" We pointed to our right, saying, "Over there," and the truce-bearer was seen dashing away in that direction at breakneck speed.*

*(Copy.)

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 22, 1886.

MR. J. L. SMITH:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of May 1st, enquiring as to detail of carrying the flag of truce at Appomattox, has remained unanswered longer than I intended from pressure of business, sickness in my family and general reluctance to write on this subject and disinclination to write at all on any matter or subject.

The flag was a new and clean white crash towel, one of a lot for which I had paid \$20 or \$40 apiece in Richmond a few days before we left there. I rode alone up a lane (I believe there was only a fence on my right intact), passing by the pickets or sharpshooters of Gary's (Confederate) Cavalry Brigade stationed along the fence, enclosing the lane on my right as I passed. A wood was in front of me occupied by Federals, unmounted cavalry, I think. I did not exhibit the flag until near your line, consequently was fired upon until I got to or very near your people. I went at a full gallop. I met a party of soldiers, and near them, two or three officers. One was Lieutenant-Colonel Whitaker, now in Washington, and the other a major. I said to them: "Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan? I have a message for him." They replied: "He is not near here, but General Custer is, and you had better see him." "Can you take me to him?" "Yes." They mounted and we rode up the road that I came but a short distance, when we struck Custer's division of cavalry, passing at full gallop along a road crossing our road and going to my left. We galloped down this road to the head of the column, where we met General Custer. He asked: "Who are you, and what do you wish?" I replied: "I am of General Longstreet's staff, but am the bearer of a message from General Gordon to General Sheridan, asking for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee can be heard from, who has gone down the road to meet General Grant to have a conference." General Custer replied: "We will listen to no terms but that of unconditional surrender. We are behind your army now and it is at our mercy." I replied: "You will allow me to carry this message back?" He said: "Yes." "Do you wish to send an officer with me?" Hesitating a little, he said: "Yes," and directed the two officers who came with me, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitaker and the major, whose name I don't know, to go with me. We rode back to Gordon in almost a straight line. Somewhere on the route a Major Brown, of General Gordon's (Con.) staff, joined me, I think after I had left Custer.

On our way back to Gordon two incidents occurred. Colonel Whitaker asked me if I would give him the towel to preserve that I had used as a flag. I re-

There was at first a disposition not to be convinced that the situation was what it purported to be. Men cautioned each

plied: "I will see you in hell first; it is sufficiently humiliating to have had to carry it and exhibit it, and I shall not let you preserve it as a monument of our defeat." I was naturally irritated and provoked at our prospective defeat, and Colonel Whitaker at once apologized, saying he appreciated my feelings and did not intend to offend. Passing some artillery crossing a small stream, he asked me to stop this artillery, saying: "If we are to have a suspension of hostilities, everything should remain in *statu quo*." I replied: "In the first place, I have no authority to stop this artillery; and, secondly, if I had, I should not do so, because General Custer distinctly stated that we were to have no suspension of hostilities until an unconditional surrender was asked for. I presume this means continuing the fight. I am sure General Longstreet will construe it so."

When I reached General Gordon he asked me to go in another direction, almost opposite to the one I had been, and take the flag to stop the firing. I replied that I could not so go, as I must go to General Longstreet; besides some of his (Gordon's) staff were now with him. He directed Major Brown to go. Major Brown came to me and asked me to loan him the towel. I took him off to a private place and told him I would let him have the towel on condition that he would not let the Federal officer get possession of it and that I would call in the afternoon for it. He took the towel, and in going into our lines (so he reported to me that afternoon) Colonel Whitaker asked for the towel to display to keep his own people from firing on him, and, as soon as he got into the lines, he mixed up with the others and disappeared with the towel!

I learned a few years ago that Mrs. General Custer has the towel. When I reached General Longstreet, after leaving General Gordon, I found General Custer and he talking together at a short distance from the position occupied by the staff. Custer said he would proceed to attack at once and Longstreet replied: "As soon as you please," but he did not attack. Just after I left Custer he came in sight of our lines. He halted his troops and, taking a handkerchief from his orderly, displayed it as a flag and rode into our lines. He was surrounded by some of our people and was being handled a little roughly when an old classmate of his recognized him and rescued him.

Upon frequent applications from General Gordon to General Longstreet for reinforcements, he (Longstreet) sent me to say to General Gordon that General Lee had rode down the road to meet General Grant and that if he thought proper he could send a message to General Sheridan, who was in command in his front, asking him for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee could be heard from. I found General Gordon without a staff officer near him, and he begged me to take the flag, which I did. Major Brown, of his staff, joined me somewhere on the route, I think as I was returning from General Custer.

Pardon the hurried manner in which this is written. Let me hear from you again. What part were you in this surrender?

(Signed)

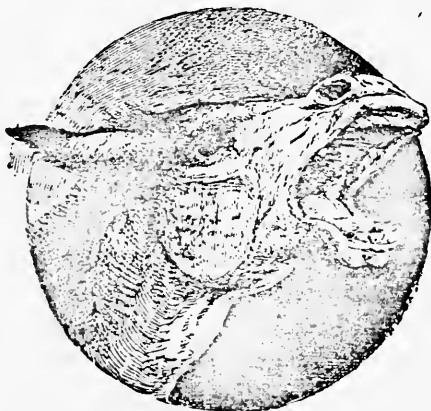
R. M. SIMS, late Captain C. S. A.

other to accept what they saw with allowance, to remember that like deception had before been successfully practiced, and that while the authorities were dallying with a flag of truce Lee's broken columns might be quietly disappearing towards Lynchburg. Besides the transition was too sudden for realization. It could not be said it was unexpected, but that the supreme moment was actually at hand required some time for comprehension. But all doubts vanished, all hesitancy was stayed, as, moving to the hill-top and stacking arms, the soldiers saw spread out before them the worn, weary and broken battalions of the hard-fought Army of Northern Virginia. But, by-and-by, the sound of distant cannonading dissipated for the moment even these convincing proofs. It was the guns fired for rejoicing, but Grant, determining there should be no outward demonstration over the fallen foe, soon ordered it stopped. But he could not stop and did not attempt to check the heartfelt thankfulness with which the soldiery gladdened in their convictions that fight, battle and bloodshed were of the past.

The line was now thrown into column of divisions and they were speedily covered with a heavy cordon of sentinels. No one was permitted to pass beyond them, and the men, so long delayed from opportunity to feed themselves, set about with what little subsistence yet remained to prepare a much-needed meal. In the desperate march the troops had far outstripped the trains and the supplies were miles and miles behind. It was wise, therefore, to carefully husband the little rations still in the haversacks. The order forbidding men to pass beyond the lines did not include a prohibition to come within them, and soon the bivouac swarmed with the rebels, disposed on friendly converse and suppliants for a stay of the famishing hunger that for days had been gnawing at their very vitals.

The nibbling, mincing diet of the past few days had pinched the Union soldiers too. But a soldier kinship is a fellowship, liberal, self-denying, stintless in generosity, boundless in sympathy. Impressed with the same spirit of liberality as was their great commander, when he ordered the issue of 25,000

rations to Lee's enhungered troops, the soldiers of Bartlett's division shared their provender with their whilom foemen until every haversack was empty. The sweet aroma of real coffee staggered the Confederates, condensed milk and sugar appalled them, and they stood aghast at just a little butter which one soldier, more provident than his fellows, happened to have preserved. A Johnny looked at the bit of butter a moment, as if trying to remember where and when he had been acquainted with its like before, and then asked in astonishment: "Do they give you rations like that?" Gracious for such, to them, bountiful entertainment, the visitors lingered about for hours, comparing incidents of fight and march and bivouac and exchanging trinkets and scrips to be retained as mementos of the occasion. There was no further familiarity permitted; all intercourse was afterwards confined to the strict formalities attending the details of the surrender.



SONG OF THE MULE AT FEED TIME:

"Oats we eat (O, it's sweet) to be remembered."

There was nothing but the country to look to for food. An extensive slaughter of old cows yielded such garlicky meat that even hungry stomachs rebelled.

On the night of the 11th the division was marched out, it was said, to complete the details of the surrender. It was understood that Lee had requested, to avoid mortification, that these be perfected in the darkness. Whatever was the fact, the matter was delayed until the following day and the troops moved back to camp again.

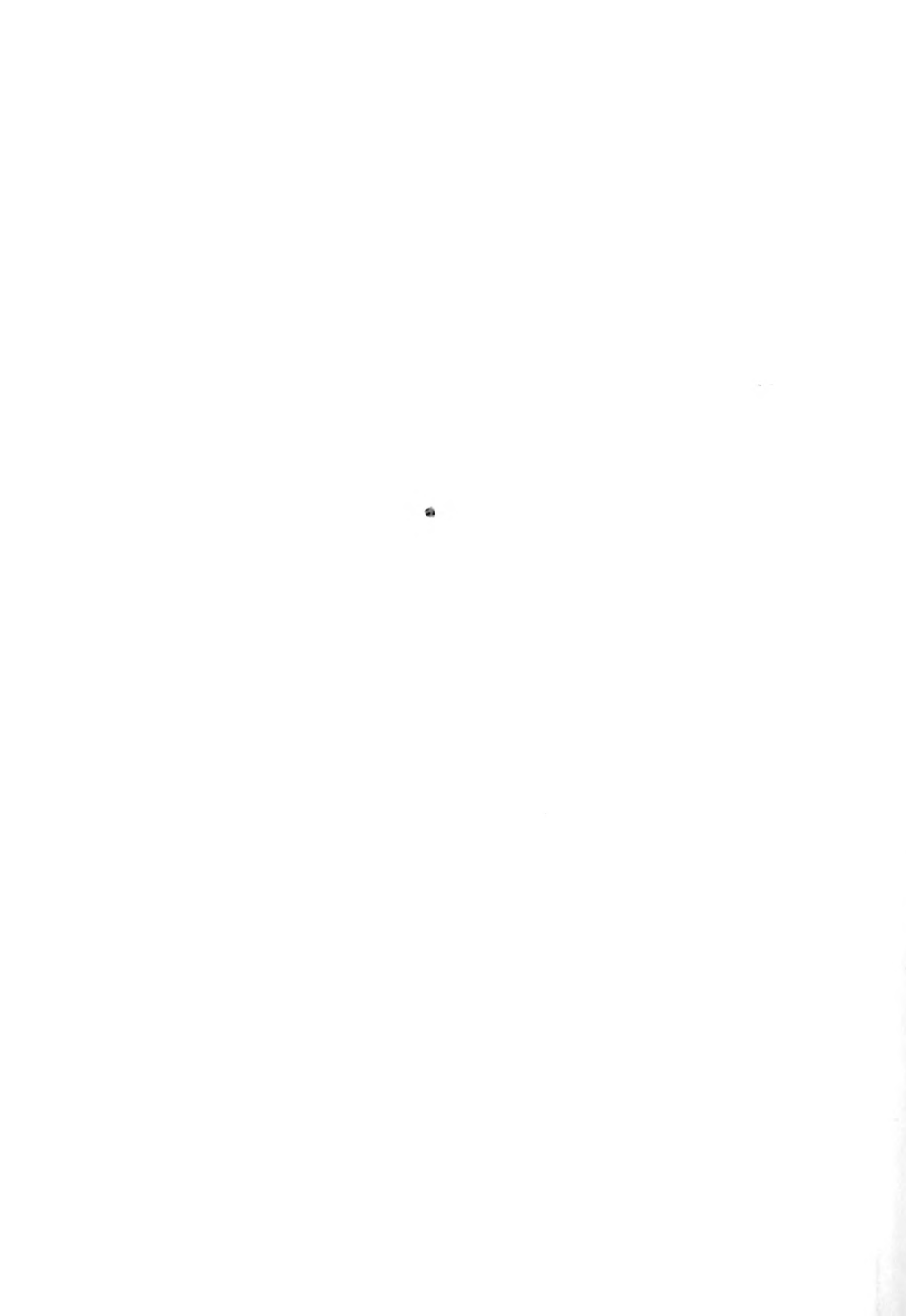
On the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun of the war wickedly belched its rebellious venom on Sumter's fated walls, and, as

if in human retribution, the last gun of the war was laid down in submission on its anniversary day, just four years afterwards.

There had been bustle and activity from early morn, and about nine the division was drawn up in line (for to Bartlett's division solely was delegated the honor of receiving the surrender), with its left resting near the fence which enclosed the grounds surrounding the now celebrated McLean House. The 118th was on the left of the brigade close to the fence. In the McLean House the paroles were being prepared and signed. Here the soldiers expectantly awaited the appearance of the surrendering army. The troops had spruced up to appear to their best advantage, and arms, accoutrements and clothing showed but little of the rough usage they had been subjected to in this hard campaign. Soon a column of gray was seen wending through the valley, away off to the right, and the line was brought to "attention." A thrill of excitement ran along it and every man exerted himself to his uttermost to appear a soldier. General Evans's brigade, of Gordon's corps, led the Confederate column. As its head reached our extreme right it was wheeled into company line.

General Griffin and General Gibbon had sent for General Chamberlain on the night of the 11th and informed him that he was to command the parade on the occasion of the surrender of Lee's army. The general then asked for his old command, with which he had been constantly identified until he was detached to command the 1st Brigade at Petersburg, where he was so severely wounded. General Griffin at once assigned him to the 3d Brigade, and these were the troops which he found in line of battle on the morning of the 12th to take the last view of Lee's army. General Bartlett, commanding the division, sent the 1st Brigade and also General Gregory's 2d Brigade, which had served under General Chamberlain during the entire campaign, to take their places in the parade. These were found not in the same line, but close by.

Our bugle sounded and our solemn and eager lines were



brought to the manual of the "shoulder"—now called the "carry"—as a mark of respect. Acknowledging the courtesy by similar movement, the column wheeled to front us. Then each regiment stacked arms, unslung cartridge boxes and hung them on the stacks, and finally laid down their colors. And then, disarmed and colorless, they again broke into column and marched off again and disappeared forever as soldiers of the discomfited Confederacy.

The rebs showed discipline and marched well. Their arms were of all patterns and designs, many of them of English make. Their colors were all faded by the weather, some torn to shreds and many of them mounted on richly ornamented standards, while others were fastened to rude poles. Many a brave Confederate soldier turned from the old colors they loved so well and for which they had endured so much with tears in their eyes. No conversation was allowed between the two armies while the surrender was being made, but occasionally a pleasant word would be exchanged. One of a regiment which stacked its arms in front of us asked: "What regiment are youuns?" "The 118th Pennsylvania," was the reply. "Didn't we give it to you at Shepherdstown?" came back. "It took a whole rebel division to do it," we replied. We received them with every courtesy that could be possibly extended by a victorious army, with a single exception. A brigadier-general riding along at the head of his brigade attracted the attention of our regiment. He was a small, thin man, with a red face and a shrill, sharp voice. His uniform was all of the Confederate color, with the exception of his coat, which was blue and covered with gold braid. He rode a large horse and looked like a grim, sour man. We saw that he was not admired by his men. His brigade had halted in front of the 118th and their commander gave the necessary orders to have them placed in position to receive our salute. Their line not being dressed up in time, he abused the men for being so tardy. They must have had the same abuse before, but now that his authority was broken they would not stand it. Turning an-

grily towards him, they tauntingly replied: "Look at him! he is brave enough now, but he never was so near the Yankees before in his life." Without giving a reply he rode to the right of his command. "Who is he? Who is he?" came from a number of our boys. "Oh, he's General Henry A. Wise!" was the reply. For a moment we could hardly comprehend this. We thought of brave old John Brown and of the imperious Governor of Virginia who had ordered his execution, and here he was as a rebel general surrendering his command to the despised Yankees. Our men couldn't let the opportunity pass without firing a few hot shot at him and greeted him with such expressions as: "Who hung John Brown?" "Where did you steal your coat?" "Hang him to a sour apple-tree!" "Shoot him!" If there was a disgusted-looking man that rode from Appomattox that day it was ex-Governor Wise.

After the rebels had stacked their arms they marched to head-quarters and signed their paroles and rapidly departed for their homes, so that on the following day scarcely a rebel could be found on that historic field.

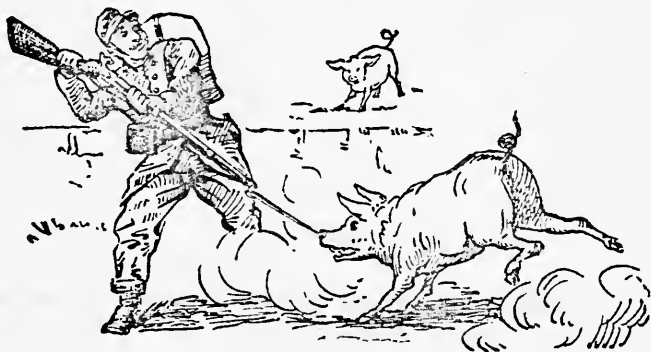
Much work was left for us to do after the rebs had left, in gathering up the stores and munitions of war. In the woods where the rebel army had encamped, muskets were scattered upon the ground in every direction. We found where whole battalions had stacked their arms and left for home, taking no part in the surrender, not even signing their parole. There is no doubt that many thousands went away in this manner, which, if added to those who marched in and stacked their arms, would have swelled Lee's army to over fifty thousand men, who surrendered on the 9th of April. It was a thankless and wearisome job for us to gather up those munitions of war. Major Jos. Ashbrook, who was division ordnance officer, destroyed immense quantities of them.

The railroad bridges had been destroyed, so that trains could not reach us, while the condition of the roads made it impossible for wagon trains to move. Our rations were exhausted.

We were without food for two days. Foraging expeditions were sent out with poor results; a little beef was secured, but it was poor and tough, and so tainted with garlic that it was almost unfit to eat. Even this was soon exhausted. Some of the men were fortunate enough to find where corn had been fed to horses and mules; this grain was gathered up, parched, and eaten with great relish.

There were many relics carried from the field. Among these was the historic apple-tree, which was all appropriated, even the ground being dug up to secure its roots.

On April 14 the rain poured down in torrents. Many of



'A FRIEND IN NEED.'

the men had no tents, we had no rations, it was cold, muddy, and the picket line of our camp was maintained. Captain Seesholtz, of "K," posted the last picket line previous to our departure. On the 15th, about noon, we began our return march to Richmond. We had all heard of "conquering armies" and "flying banners," and their majestic appearance, but it was not so with our division on that day. We had often marched from fields of defeat with more martial display; it was raining hard, the mud was ankle-deep in the roads, our uniforms were ragged, and the men were hungry and sour. No attempt was made to keep in the ranks, but at a rapid pace we straggled along the muddy roads, each man taking his own way as best he could.

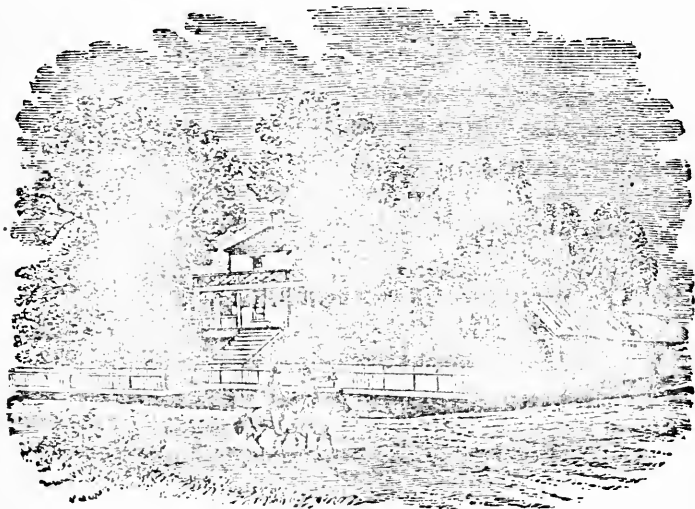
We were to draw rations that night, the officers said, and with that thought to inspire us we pushed bravely on. Darkness came that afternoon at an early hour, but no halt was ordered until after dark. We then received the cheering intelligence that "some one had blundered," and that we had marched the last two miles on the wrong road (old story). With many expressions of anger we retraced our weary steps until we reached the turnpike which, by mistake, we had left. Here we received the somewhat sarcastic order to break ranks and make ourselves comfortable for the night. The ground was so thoroughly soaked with water it stood around our feet as we walked about. We had no means with which to build fires. We could only spread our blankets on the soggy ground and endeavor to sleep. The rain poured down upon us all night.

The next day was cold and raw; the mud had reached consistency to give the roads the appearance of mortar-beds. Still no rations in sight. It was reported we would get them at Farnville. Many of the men straggled up the railroad track. At noon we crossed the Appomattox River on a temporary bridge, and soon reached the village of Farnville. The rebels here had had great hospitals.

The rain had ceased falling and the clouds had cleared away; the scene spread out before us was beautiful, and, what was better, we saw our wagon-train and knew that we soon would have our rations. We stacked arms and laid around, and for the first time realized that the war was over.

About 4 P. M. a despatch had been received announcing the intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated. At first we could not believe it, but when the news was authenticated, the men were deeply moved by it, and a gloom cast over the whole army. The people of Farnville were also much affected by it. It is impossible to describe the feeling that existed; we had all loved Lincoln so much; the color bearers of the various regiments, to drape their flags in mourning, resorted to the device of dyeing white handkerchiefs or other fabrics at command, from ink secured from the men, proving the old adage, "necessity is the mother of invention."

On Monday morning we broke camp and marched to Burksville, and then proceeded along the line of the Danville Railroad. On the following morning we found that "some one had again blundered" and we had to return to Burksville, and near that place we encamped, remaining there all the following day. From this point we proceeded slowly in the direction of Petersburg, and on Sunday, April 23, we stacked arms at Southerland Station. A ludicrous incident occurred here. A



MAJOR McLEAN'S HOUSE.

Major McLean lived at Manassas at the time of the battle of Bull Run. His house was used as headquarters of Gen. Beauregard during the battle. He then moved here to this quiet nook. It was his fortune to have his house used at the beginning and the ending of the conflict.

halt was ordered, and we supposed it was for a rest. In front of us was a colored cavalry regiment from Massachusetts which had reached the field just as the war was closed. The officers of this regiment were all white, the men all black. A number of our men went up to the tent of their regimental sutler and found he had a large stock of goods such as army sutlers usually sell. The colored soldiers were proud of their new uniforms and put on many airs. Our boys were ragged and rough



and had no money—were ready for any kind of a skirmish. They crowded around the sutler's tent. Three negro soldiers on guard ordered them to fall back, but the men didn't feel so, disposed and kept increasing in numbers. The corporal of the guard, a big black fellow, wishing to magnify his office, came up and undertook to arrest our men for disobeying orders. The result was that Sergeant Brightmeyer landed the corporal on his back; in a moment all was excitement. The ropes of the sutler's tent were quickly cut, and the men rushed in and carried off boxes of canned peaches, canned tomatoes, sardines, tobacco, cheese, cookies—everything disappeared in a moment. The 20th Maine, 1st Michigan and our boys all had a hand in this plunder. The officers of the colored regiment rushed down with drawn swords to arrest the offenders, but by the time they arrived on the ground there were entirely other men there seeking plunder and participating in the fight with the negro guards (they having now been called out). The officers' swords went flying in the air, and their new hats with cords and tassels were being kicked about like footballs by the men. If the cavalry officers had acted wisely they would have let the matter drop, but, to our surprise, we heard their bugles calling "boots and saddle," and saw the colonel with two or three squadrons of his men come dashing down on the regiments. That officer, in a loud voice, asked for the commander of the regiment. He stepped forward and asked what was wanted. The colonel of the cavalry demanded that these men be arrested and punished, and if they were not he would arrest them himself; and suiting the action to the word, he pressed his line forward till their horses stood between our stacks of guns. The boys of the 1st Michigan and 20th Maine had received orders to take arms and fix bayonets. The result was the cavalry was handsomely repulsed with the loss of a number of horses. The colonel's had been bayoneted six or eight times and had to be shot, along with others. The brigade commander advised the cavalry colonel to move his regiment away or some of them might get killed.

We then went into camp and remained there until May 20.

On the following day we marched through the city of Petersburg. This was a very interesting day's march to us. For several miles before we reached the city our line of march was inside the rebel defenses, and there we saw the lines of forts and breastworks which had so long defied our advance. In the distance we could see long lines of fortifications behind which we had so long laid, and also the signal tower our engineers had erected near Hatcher's Run. As we were passing through Petersburg we had the pleasure of seeing our beloved commander, General G. K. Warren, standing in the crowd who were reviewing us. The men of the 5th Corps were wild and rushed out of the ranks and seized him by the hand.

The corps had not been satisfied with his removal, considering it both cruel and unjust. There were a great many rebel officers in uniform standing in the crowd.

We were soon upon the turnpike that connects Petersburg with Richmond. It was a broad pike and in good condition. At night we halted within ten miles of Manchester, a small city situated on the banks of the James River opposite Richmond. Next day we marched to Manchester and encamped just at its edge, where we had a fine view of the city of Richmond. Here occurred another sutlery downfall.

An enterprising sutler had worked his way to the vicinity of the night's bivouac. His energies assured him better treatment. He evidently belonged to another regiment; among



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

strangers and anticipating a "raid" he had applied to Colonel Edmunds for protection. Lieutenant George W. Williams was sent with a detail, in compliance with the request, but, tardy of movement, by the time he reached his destination there was nought to look after save two kegs of nails. The "soldiers" had cut the tent ropes and rolled up clerks and proprietor in the canvas. It was a well-stocked store, and from the supplies of canned goods, cakes and other dainties scattered through the regiment it was quite apparent the 118th had not suffered by the operation.

The following leaves from the diary of H. H. Hodges give an interesting account of the homeward march of the regiment.

" May 6.—Moved at 7 A. M., crossing the James River; from the bridge we had a good view of Belle Island and Libby Prison. Marched through the principal streets of Richmond and past Libby Prison and Castle Thunder in company front, reviewed by Generals Meade and Halleck, every man on his mettle, doing his best. The streets and windows of houses were filled with spectators, whose sullen looks plainly told their feelings towards us. The frequent halts and delays of column consumed much time, and it was long after noon before we were clear of the city. Soon it became evident that the time lost in Richmond was to be made up from the rapid manner in which we were pushed along; it looked as if the desire of our corps commander was to reach Washington, if possible, by daybreak. The report that a wager between the 2d Corps staff officers and our own as to which corps would reach its destination first was the cause, whether true or not; gladly we heard the well-known voice of General Meade, as he rode by, exclaim, 'Why, any one would suppose the war in full blast, with the rebels at your heels! Turn in the first field!' Quickly we obeyed; it was a beautiful, moonlight night; we went into bivouac at 10 P. M., near Hanover Court-House, on a portion of the old battle-field, fully convinced that General Griffin would hold the right of road.

" May 7.—Moved at 9 A. M. Passed through Hanover Court-House; crossed the Pamunkey River on pontoons, and bivouacked at 7 P. M.

" May 8.—Moved at 7 A. M. Crossed the Mattaponi River and bivouacked near Bowling Green at 5 P. M.

" May 9.—Moved at 7 A. M. Passed through Bowling Green, and crossed the Rappahannock River near (below) Fredericksburg; went into bivouac at 4 P. M.

" May 10.—Moved at 8 A. M. Passing near our old camp of the winter of '62, the temptation was too strong, and breaking from column many sought their old quarters for a last look. How changed! the tall weeds, rank grass and undergrowth overran everything. Here and there the ruins of a chimney, or one still standing, around which we had listened to the merry jest and cheering words of many a comrade, who at times looked forward with fond expectations that they too would be permitted to return with us, but, alas! have fallen on every battle-field from Fredericksburg to Appomattox; freely they gave their lives for their country, causing us to close up ranks, press forward, until every foe should swear allegiance to the old flag, without one star or stripe being missed from its folds. As we looked below, to the left of our old camp, the burying ground was in view, containing the remains of our comrades whom we laid away during our first winter's service. Memories of the past crowded fast upon us; faces and forms were readily recalled of those 'who were, and are not.' With heavy hearts we left the scene, rejoined the column, and bivouacked near Dumfries at 6 P. M.

" May 11.—Moved at 8 A. M. This proved to be the severest we had yet performed on our homeward march. The column moved rapidly until reaching the Icaquan, about 4 P. M.; here one of the heaviest thunder storms experienced during our term of service broke upon us. The stream quickly assumed the proportions of a mighty river; pontoons were thrown across to facilitate crossing, the approaches to which were nearly knee-deep in mud; crossing and climbing the steep hill on the north

side, the sacred soil appeared to have become smooth as ice, for with all his care and caution the big-footed fellow above would slip, and in downward course bring three or four with him; with curses loud and deep, as they arose from mud and water, they would cry, 'Shove that lazy, big-footed devil to the rear!' Bivouacked at 8 P. M. near Fairfax Station; it proved to be about the worst night during our term of service. Rain, mud and cold combined, causing repeated efforts in the morning to drive the stiffness from our limbs.

"May 12.—Moved at 8 A. M. Beautiful, clear morning, with a cold northwest wind against us. Moved off at a rapid pace; soon passed Fairfax Station and Court-House; convinced that our tedious march was rapidly drawing to a close, eagerly we looked from every hill for the dome of the capitol at Washington; at length our attention was called to cheering from head of column; gaining the point from which the cheers had come, there, in full view, it stood, its white dome reflecting the rays from the sun, backed by the blue sky in the distance, presenting a beautiful sight to our view; with hearts full of gratitude, we thanked God for the privilege of again beholding with our eyes what our arms had helped to preserve for coming ages, 'A free and united country.' Passed Falls Station, on Alexandria Railroad, and went into bivouac about a mile from the station at 4 P. M. Here, for the last time, camp was laid out, company streets made, shelter tents pitched, etc., and rest enjoyed. Our weary marches, dangers, toils and privations were of the past; but one more, 'Home.' Our stay at this place was pleasant, mails regular, full rations, passes readily obtained to visit the other corps. Here for the first time we saw the great army of General Sherman, which had arrived and encamped on the heights above Alexandria. A spirit of rivalry sprang up between the two armies; each vied to outdo the other. The illuminations of camps after dark presented a picturesque appearance, the hillsides dotted with white, lit up with rays from thousands of candles, the loud cheering, shrill notes from bugle and soul-stirring fife and drum left impressions that

time cannot obliterate. The government decided that before the two great armies lying within sight of Washington were disbanded, a grand review should be held in the capital of the nation; preparations of the most elaborate kind were made for that event, on the morning of May 24. The grand old Army of the Potomac, which for four long years had bared its breast to rebel foes, crossed Long Bridge and received a royal welcome from those it had safely defended. What a sight we saw!

Everywhere our national emblem was displayed. The artillery sent forth its thundering notes. The stirring music of the bands; loud and long continued cheering of the people, who thronged every available space; even innocent childhood was there to greet us with flowers, and our guardian angels, loyal and true womanhood, received us with their kindly smiles and words of welcome.



CHAPLAIN W. J. O'NEILL.

With steady tread we marched over the broad avenue, receiving one continued ovation. Recrossed the Potomac River, and arrived at camp early in the evening. From this time rumors of being mustered out were freely circulated. Soon the rolls were being prepared. Officers on staff duty and detailed men rejoined their companies. June 1 was our jubilee; what we had long looked for was at hand. Brevet-Major T. D. Chamberlain, mustering-out officer, arrived in camp; the com-

panies assembled in their streets; anxiously each waited for, and eagerly answered to his name as called, and in a short time we were mustered out, our drafted men and substitutes being transferred to the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers. On the following day, June 2, we answered 'Fall in,' for the last time on the so-called sacred soil and started for home. As we approached Long Bridge, we found the 1st Michigan drawn up side of the road to give us their parting salute. The old cheer of the Wolverines broke out loud and long, as we filed past; their enthusiasm was unbounded; it touched our hearts. 'Twas the God-speed of true and loyal men for those who had stood shoulder to shoulder through three long years of strife and conflict. Never separated, always brigaded together, we soon learned their worth; equal to any emergency; bravest of the brave; loyal to the core; proved by their three terms of enlistment, and justly the peer of any regiment that ever marched or fought in defence of our country's flag; with hearty cheers we returned the compliment; a lingering look, and we parted. Crossed Long Bridge; shook the dust of Virginia forever from our feet, and soon reach the cars; here, while waiting, several regiments of Sherman's army bound west in cars, commenced to chaff us almost continually from their encampment near Alexandria; they were bragging of what they had done, and firing sarcastic remarks at the Army of the Potomac. As this was their last chance, they could not let it pass by; they hailed us: 'Hello, what regiment's that?' 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers. 'Where you going?' To paradise, home. 'Bringing us from the west to wind this thing up.' Oh, that's it, is it? You bummers have lived on the fat of the land. 'You fellows ought to have had Sherman with you, he'd settled it.' What! why it took Grant and Sheridan a year to do it. No fourth-rate general about Bobby Lee,—fortunately the cars moved, at this point, in opposite directions. Left Washington about one o'clock, and reached Baltimore at 5 P. M., somewhat surprised to find, on leaving cars, the citizens awaiting our coming with ice-water and sandwiches. Passed through Balti-

more in twos to depot, and embarked for last ride in comfortable cars, forming quite a contrast to the cattle cars from Washington. Arrived at Broad and Washington Street Depot about 2 P. M. on the morning of the 3d. Marched down to the Cooper Refreshment Saloon, stacked arms, and partook of a hearty breakfast, the first square meal enjoyed for years. Resumed line of march for Camp Cadwallader, passing the residence of Lieutenant-Colonel Herring on Vine street, who was still suffering from loss of leg at Hatcher's Run, but on appearing at window received the hearty cheers of those who so often had followed his command. Reached our destination about noon, turned in arms and accoutrements, were speedily dismissed with orders to report for pay on Monday morning, June 5. Promptly we appeared and fell in for pay, and by two o'clock the regiment was paid off, as we thought to meet no more; but those who had raised the regiment and so generously contributed in every possible way for our comfort at the front, The Corn Exchange Association, willed otherwise. A grand and elegant banquet was prepared on the evening of June 9, at Sansom Street Hall, in honor of our return, at which many distinguished citizens were present. Major-Generals Meade and Patterson spoke in the highest terms of praise of our services in upholding the honor of our country in its darkest hour. Next day, June 10, we participated in the review and reception of returned Philadelphia veterans, thence to the Cooper Refreshment Saloon, where the regiment was finally disbanded."

Thus ends the history of the Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia.

Since its pages were begun, the fearless soldier and courteous gentleman, Colonel Charles M. Prevost, its first commander, has passed away. For a quarter of a century he suffered from a disabling wound received at Shepherdstown, while advancing in front of the regiment with the colors in his hand.

Could the remnant of the regiment stand upon parade in the field at Indian Queen Lane, each in his place as he stood when

mustered into the service of the United States, how many and wide would be the gaps! Many, many more than those who survive have been mustered by Death into the ranks of the numberless, silent army.

When the regiment was passing through Washington in 1862, moving towards the front, one bystander, looking upon them, said to another, "These are MEN!"

From Antietam to Appomattox, whether facing the withering fire and outnumbering ranks of the enemy at Shepherdstown, or bravely plodding through the mud with Burnside; whether moving over the plain beyond Fredericksburg, swept by the fires of hell, or breaking their way, pelted by musketry and solid shot and shell, through the dense undergrowth of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville or Gettysburg; whether scaling the heights of Manassas, or crouching, shivering in the pitiless cold in the woods, facing the fortifications at Mine Run; whether holding the thin line firmly against the fierce attacks of more than double their number, or building breastworks and bomb-proofs around Petersburg—during three years of peril and cold and hunger and weariness—there was not a moment when the words could not have been repeated with emphatic truthfulness, "These are MEN!"

Soldiers, comrades and others: The curtain is rung down, and the footlights are put out; the audience has all left and gone home; the gaudy tinsel that appears before the footlights is exchanged for the dress of the citizen. Coming generations and historians will be the critics as to how we have acted our parts.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOUTHERN PRISONS.

SERGEANT THOMAS J. HYATT, who was captured in the first day's fight in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, furnishes the following account of prison-life in the South. After detailing the circumstances of his capture, and his adventures on the way to Danville, he says:

"We were marched through the town, that its inhabitants might glory in the valor and success of the Confederate soldiers. Men, women and children crowded around to gaze upon us. Among the rest was a gray-haired man who, by a badge upon his well-worn and tattered hat, informed us that he belonged to the Confederate Sanitary Commission. Judging from his appearance the commission was a dilapidated affair. Whatever of comfort or help he may have bestowed upon the sick and wounded of his own side, curses and denunciations were all he gave to us. He finally became so foul-mouthed in his bitterness that an officer ordered him away. He went.

"Soon a gloomy tobacco warehouse was pointed out to us as our quarters. We entered. Two hundred and fifty men were crowded into the third floor of the building, and an equal number upon the second. A ration of corn-bread was served out, and eaten with great eagerness, most of us having been without food for two days.

"Upon making our sleeping arrangements we found that after the two hundred and fifty men had lain down as close together as possible there was left a passage about a foot wide around the room. The window sashes were nailed down, and wooden bars nailed across the outside of the windows. One of the prisoners, shortly after our arrival, went close to one of

the windows and looked down. A guard saw him, raised his musket, and fired; the ball struck one of the outside bars and, lodging in the top of the window frame, remained there as an evidence of good intentions and bad marksmanship.

"The place allowed us for exercise was a yard about twenty feet wide by ten deep, in the rear of the warehouse. Twenty out of the five hundred confined in the building were allowed in it at one time during the day. Our drinking and washing water was brought from the river Dan, a muddy creek which ran through the town.

"During our sojourn at Danville our rations were a half loaf, or about a pound and a quarter, of corn-bread, a piece of bacon about two inches square, and a half pint of thin bean-soup for a day.

"Although confined but a week in this place, the want of ventilation and the crowded condition of the rooms told sadly upon the health of the men.

"One evening we were ordered to be ready to move at six o'clock the next morning. A Confederate major

came into the prison, and said that we would all certainly be exchanged in less than two weeks. The gloom that had settled upon us was dispersed in an instant; some laughed, some exchanged congratulations, and all were glad and merry.

"The next morning we were furnished with two days' rations of corn-bread and bacon, and then marched to the cars. On the way we passed a high pole from which flaunted the stars and bars. It made us feel our condition as captives most keenly.



SERGEANT THOMAS J. HYATT.

"The cars were ordinary freight or box cars, and from sixty-five to seventy-five were forced into each car. There was not room for all to sit down, even when crowded together so closely that the knees and chins of those who were sitting nearly touched each other. Those who were standing when the cars first started got the chance of resting themselves when others rose to ease their joints, which had become numb and painful by remaining in the uncomfortable sitting posture. We soon found that we were going in a southerly direction, which made our situation still more unbearable, for it destroyed all hope of exchange for the time being.

"We stopped at a station. There was a Confederate hospital at the side of the railroad. The guards upon the car we were in had jumped off, stepped over to the hospital, and were talking to some of the patients who were standing near the door. I was sitting on the floor of the car in the doorway, my legs dangling down outside, when a boy, seventeen or eighteen years of age, in Confederate uniform, with his right arm in a sling, came up to the car and said to me,

"'What State are you from?'

"'Pennsylvania.'

"'God bless you! I wish I had got this, fighting on the other side.'

"'What State are you from?' I asked.

"'North Carolina. I did not want to come, but they made me. I have not heard from father or mother since I left home. I am afraid it has killed my mother.'

"His eyes filled with tears; he turned abruptly and went away.

"A few miles farther on the cars stopped at a station for water. Venders of pies and corn-cakes gathered around, and the prisoners looked with interest and affection upon the edibles; but as the pockets of most of them were empty they were compelled to be content with gazing. One, however, of a contemplative turn of mind, with more shrewdness than honesty, produced a brass imitation of a gold dollar, received two sweet-

potato pies, a corn-cake and five dollars in Confederate money in exchange. He satisfied his appetite with the pies and corn-cake, and his conscience with the motto that 'all is fair in war.' Perhaps so. The Hebrews while they were yet in captivity spoiled the Egyptians, and by excellent authority.

"We at first supposed that our destination was Salisbury, North Carolina, then the best, but afterwards the worst prison in the Confederacy. Salisbury was reached and passed, and then the conviction came to us that we were destined for Georgia.

"We questioned the guards, and they said that we were to go to Andersonville.

"After four or five days of close confinement in the cars we arrived at our journey's end. From the railroad we obtained a view of the stockade and its inmates. The ground was thickly studded with shelters of all descriptions and materials.

"We arrived at Andersonville on the 22d of May, 1864, a day that the few survivors of the eleven hundred men that entered the stockade on that day will never forget. After leaving the cars we marched by a circuitous route to the cleared land just outside the stockade. Here we were halted and kept in line for over two hours, under a blazing sun, while Captain Wirz was cursing us and counting us off. The men were divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy, the detachments into messes of ninety men each. Ours was the 52d detachment, showing that there were, at that time, about fourteen thousand men in the stockade. After being counted off, we were taken inside and assigned the only vacant part for our quarters.

"The hospital had recently been removed to the outside of the stockade, and its former location was the spot given to us. Sinks had been covered up with earth, and it was over these filth-holes that we put up our shelters—shelters which did not shelter. Three of us had the two halves of an army blanket stretched over stakes for our tent. At night we laid upon the bare ground without covering, except the clothes we wore.

Although the days were hot the nights were cool, and in the morning we were chilled through.

"In damp and rainy weather—and during the month of June it rained nearly every day—the ground would be covered with maggots emerging from the filth beneath the surface, and at all times the most loathsome vermin could be seen crawling in every direction. It required incessant care to keep even moderately free from them.

"Our rations at first were corn-bread and bacon; six loaves of corn-bread a day for every ten men, and a piece of bacon to each man about two inches square. The bacon, though often sweet and good, was frequently alive and strong. The bread was made of unsifted corn-meal and water, with occasionally a little salt. The outside of the loaves would be baked brown, while the middle was uncooked.

"The stockade was built of unhewn pine logs from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter and about eighteen feet in length, the lower ends firmly embedded in the ground. There was an inner fence around the enclosure, at a distance of about twelve feet from the outer wall, made of narrow boards nailed upon the tops of posts. This was the dead line, and the guards' orders were to shoot any one who crossed it.

"There was a gradual descent from each end to the centre of the stockade, where the swamp was situated. The creek from which drinking or washing water was obtained ran through this swamp, and for some time after our arrival we were obliged to wade through mud almost up to our knees to get to the water. In July a causeway was built to the creek, of logs taken from the upper end of the stockade, when it was enlarged.

"The cook-house was built just outside of the stockade upon the edge of the creek where it ran in. When the boilers were washed the greasy refuse was thrown into the creek, floating upon its surface in scales, and making the water so nauseous that the prisoners would abstain from drinking it till intense thirst compelled them.

"The swamp covered about one-sixth of the enclosure, and was as filthy a place as can possibly be imagined. At the time of our entering the prison no sinks had been dug, and the whole surface of the swamp was covered with human excrements. The exhalations that arose from it were of the most sickening and poisonous character, the stench being at times almost stifling. If a prisoner had the slightest scratch upon his feet or ankles, sores, which eventually gangrened, and often caused death, were the almost certain result of passing to and fro through this mass of corruption, which it was necessary to do, before the causeway was laid, to obtain water. Some of those whose limbs were thus poisoned would become unable to walk, and could not, for some reason, obtain admission to the hospital. It was not an uncommon sight to see one of these sufferers lying in the swamp, on the border of the creek, waiting for death to release him from torture, the worms eating his festering flesh before life was extinct.

"There were a number of the Belle Isle prisoners at Andersonville, who had been transferred there before our arrival. It seemed hardly possible that men could be as fleshless as some of them were, and yet live. The skin seemed to be drawn tightly over their bones, their eyes were sunken, their cheeks hollowed, their ribs prominent, and the muscles of their arms and legs wasted and shrivelled by starvation. We were hopeful and listened with credulity to the oft-told tales of parole and exchange, but hope had died in them, and they looked forward to death as the only escape from captivity.

"Shooting prisoners for crossing the dead line was not an unfrequent occurrence. It happened, generally, at the place where the creek ran into the stockade. At this point the fence forming the dead line had been carried off in the night, probably to assist in making a shelter. The filth from the swamp oozed into the creek just inside where the fence had been. To get purer water the prisoners would reach a little beyond where the dead line had stood. Some of the Confederate sentries, more humane than their superiors, pretended not to see them,

but most of them seemed to take delight in shooting a Yankee. Under the circumstances the shooting in these cases was simply murder.

"Cleanliness, among men situated as we were, was an impossibility. A few of the prisoners, who had managed to secrete their money before entering the stockade so effectually that the Confederate officers did not find it, could afford to purchase soap. The others could only wash themselves and their garments in the greasy water of the creek. During the ten months of my imprisonment rations of soap were issued three times, the whole amount to each prisoner not exceeding a quarter of a pound.

"Twenty-five cents in Federal money would buy a piece of soap about an inch and a half square and half an inch thick. A ration of corn-bread and bacon would procure the same quantity. It was home-made, and a very inferior article. In digging some of the wells a greasy clay was found and used as a substitute. Corn-meal siftings were also used, and with good effect.

"The tents or shelters of the prisoners were made of almost every material. Those who were fortunate enough to have blankets stretched them upon stakes after the manner of tents. Some ripped up their overcoats and all other clothing that could be spared, and then stitched the pieces together, that they might have something to protect them from the intense heat of the sun by day, though still exposed to the chilling air of the nights. Some, by saving daily a part of their rations, and selling it, procured pine slabs about four or five feet in length and eight inches wide from the colored prisoners. These were taken out to work every day, and brought the slabs in with them when they returned at night. The slabs were used in the construction of huts, or shebangs as they were called in the dialect of the stockade. A hole the surface size of the intended hut, and from one to three feet deep, was dug, crotched sticks were driven into the ground at the centre of both ends of the excavation, and a cross-pole placed in the crotches. The lower

ends of the slabs were buried in the ground, the upper resting upon the cross-pole. The slabs were covered with a layer of earth three or four inches deep, and a front and rear wall of mud built up, with an opening in the front wall for a doorway.

"During the early part of our imprisonment at Andersonville there were few without shelter of some kind, but the number of prisoners increased so rapidly during the month of June, that even were they supplied with the means, there was not room enough in the dry part of the stockade to put up tents for all. Numbers, driven by the heat of the sun to seek shelter, dug up the grounds in the high portion of the swamp, and built huts of the mud, living there in the midst of the filth and stench.

"Thousands were without protection from the sun by day, and the heavy dews and chilling air by night. From the 1st until the 22d of June it rained every day—sometimes only a shower, and again a continuous rain for ten or twelve hours—and the shivering forms of those who were without shelter might be seen at any time during the night pacing the passages between the tents, or crouching over a fire made of a few splinters of pine wood, for which they had exchanged half of their ration of the previous day.

"About half way up the hills, on both sides of the swamp, there was a passage wide enough to admit a wagon, extending from each of the two gates to the opposite side of the stockade. These streets were called 'Broadway.' With the exception of Water street, which ran along the side of the stockade next to the gates, from the Broadways to the creek, these were the only thoroughfares in the stockade.

"The two Broadways were the business streets of this city of enforced population. On pieces of boards in front of the shelters the stocks of the dealers were displayed.

"Many of the articles offered for sale had 'run the blockade;' that is, had been smuggled into the stockade by the Confederate sentries for a consideration. The sergeants who came in to superintend the roll-calls, and thus prevent the drawing of

rations in dead men's names, were most of them inoculated with the trading fever with which every Yankee is infected. A trader wanted a bag of Ghooka peas, onions, or some other commodity. The sergeant told him at what post and at what hour of the night the bargain could be completed. To that post and at that hour the trader went, the money for the purchase fastened in a long white rag tied to a stick, so that the parcel could be easily seen in the darkness. After attracting the attention of the sentinel he would throw the stick over the stockade. The sergeant, in waiting, picked it up, and, if the amount of money was found to be correct, mounted the sentinel's tower, and threw the article or articles purchased and the stick and rag back into the stockade.

"One of these dealers, or 'sutlers,' as they were called, had half a dozen onions, about the size of a walnut, which he offered at the rate of three for a dollar (greenback). Onions were scarce, and their value was greatly enhanced by their usefulness in scurvy, a disease with which more than one-half of those in the stockade were afflicted. Another had a bag of Ghooka peas, a few plugs of tobacco, and a quarter of a bar of soap cut up into small pieces. Some had buckets of corn-beer, made of soured corn-meal and water, which they retailed at five cents a cup. Here and there was a shirtless, shoeless, hatless, cadaverous Belle Islander, holding a ration of bacon on a pine splint, endeavoring to sell it, that he might purchase an onion or potato to counteract the effects of the scurvy.

"In front of some of the tents were men with boards, known among those conversant with gambling as 'sweat-boards.' As it is not to be supposed that the reader is at all acquainted with such things, I will describe the game. Figures from one to six are marked along the lower edge of the board. The player places the money he wishes to bet upon one of these figures. The banker, or owner of the board, throws three dice from the box upon the board. If the uppermost side of any one of the dice has the number of spots upon it represented by the figure upon which the player has placed his money, he wins, and the

banker pays him a sum equal to that which he has staked. If two of the dice have the number uppermost, the banker pays him double the amount of money he has ventured.

"At these boards there were many illustrations of the terrible fascination of gambling. Prisoners sold their rations and clothes to obtain money for stakes. Several times, in the course of a few days, I noticed a thin, delicate young fellow playing at one of the boards. His soul seemed to be in the game. Going to the creek one day for water, I saw him lying on the edge of the swamp, dying. Doubtless he had starved himself to obtain the means of playing.

"Most of the bankers kept the dice upon the board with the box over them while waiting for customers. One of the prisoners, who had doubtless been accustomed to sharp practice at home, bit the biters in the following manner: Holding a five-dollar bill between his thumb and forefinger over the box, hiding the box from the banker, he would ask the banker if he could change the bill, at the same time tipping the box up with his little finger, so that he could see what numbers were uppermost. If the banker answered in the affirmative he would bet two or three dollars upon the number he had seen, receive his money and walk off to play the trick upon some one else.

"Besides the regular shops, or sutlers, on the Broadways, itinerant venders were scattered through the streets. One had half a dozen needlefuls of thread, another a penknife, a pocket-book, a spoon, or a tincup for sale; some had bean-soup, others rations of corn-bread or bacon; others offered various articles of clothing—the property of a dead comrade, or the proceeds of a robbery committed the night before.

"Theft was a common occurrence, and constant vigilance had to be exercised to prevent the loss of clothing and blankets by those who were fortunate enough to possess them. The thieves, of whom there was an organized band, emboldened by long success and immunity, became more and more daring in their operations. The corner of a tent would be lifted up and blankets pulled off of the sleeping inmates. A man who

had a watch or other valuable article would wake in the night and find a person leaning over him and holding a razor at his throat, threatening to kill him if he made the least outcry or resistance, while the companions of the thief would take his money and whatever else suited them. At different times the dead bodies of men who had been robbed and murdered were discovered.

"This band of thieves, or raiders, as they were called, had their quarters near the southern gate of the stockade. One day some lately captured prisoners came in. Among them was a sergeant who had a watch. The raiders attacked and beat him and robbed him of his watch. The sergeant went to the gate and asked to see Captain Wirz. The captain came; the sergeant stated his case, and asked if redress could not be obtained. Wirz sent half a dozen guards with him, and said that if he could point out the men they should be arrested and tried. When the prisoners heard this, those of them who had been robbed pointed out different members of the gang and aided the guard in taking them. Over one hundred were arrested; the ground under their tents was dug up and a large quantity of stolen property recovered. In digging under the tent of the leader of the gang the bodies of two men who had been murdered were found.

"A jury was impanelled from the sergeants of the detachments, and after a fair trial six of the raiders were sentenced to be hung. A scaffold was erected inside the stockade, near their former quarters, and the sentence was carried into effect. This salutary punishment checked, to a great extent, the depredations of the remainder of the gang.

"When one of these fellows was caught in the act of pilfering the cry of 'raider' was raised, the offender secured and put under guard until morning. He was then taken to one of the barber shops and the hair and beard, if he had any, cut and shaved from one-half of his head. This gave him a very singular appearance and marked him unmistakably as a thief. After this operation he was mounted on a rail, or any fitting

substitute if it had a sharp edge, and carried through the streets and passages, the prisoners pelting him with mud or anything that was handy. If the raider was foolhardy enough to have the other half of his head and face shaved to avoid the shame, he was forthwith paddled. A shingle, bored with holes about an inch apart, was vigorously applied to his person, in such a manner that it was not pleasant for some time afterwards for him to rest himself by sitting down. It was a painful punishment, as every blow raised a number of blisters.

"Before the hanging of the ringleaders there were many fights between the raiders and the rest of the prisoners, in which the raiders, from being organized, were generally the victors.

"Frequent attempts were made by individuals and parties to escape. In some few instances they were successful. Every day twelve or eighteen men from each detachment went out, under guard, to bring in the wood allowed to the prisoners. Some of these squads disarmed the guards sent with them and made their escape; but the alarm was soon given, the bloodhounds put upon their track, and their equally brutal masters, aided by these ferocious beasts, were generally successful in recapturing them. One of the prisoners who had escaped in this manner and was retaken was punished by being put in the stocks for twenty-four hours and then sent into the stockade. He told me that he and a companion in his flight had stopped at a house, to which they were tracked by the hounds. There was a balcony to the house, and as their pursuers entered at the door they ran out upon the balcony, intending to jump to the ground; but the hounds were in front of the house and they saw that escape was impossible. Their captors ascended to the balcony and forced his comrade to leap down among the dogs. One of them seized him by the leg, tearing the flesh and muscle from the bone. His brutal captors laughed at his sufferings and taunted him by remarking that he would not be likely to run away again.

"Many of the men who were paroled to work outside of the

stockade, in the cook-house and to cut wood for the use of the prisoners, ran away, and a few, after secreting themselves for weeks in the daytime and travelling at night, subsisting upon berries and roots, and occasionally getting food from the colored people, who aided them as far as lay in their power, succeeded in reaching our lines in safety.

“Several times there were tunnels dug under the stockade, and some escaped in this manner.

“Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; Judas betrayed the Saviour of the world for thirty pieces of silver. When a tunnel was nearly finished some traitorous scoundrel would sell his brethren to the Confederates for a plug of tobacco, a piece of bacon, or a parole of *honor* to work outside.

“The way of tunnelling was as follows: The occupants of a tent near the dead line would be sounded as to their willingness to make an attempt at escape. If they were favorable to the project, a number joined together and gave one or more rations of bacon apiece, to be fried out and used for lighting the excavators while at work. The grease from the bacon was put into a tincup, with a wick of cotton material placed in the centre; this formed the lamp. A meal bag was procured, if possible, and if that could not be obtained, a bucket, pieces of cloth sewed together, or anything that would hold the earth was used. Commencing in the centre of the tent, the tunnel was dug perpendicularly, or with a slight inclination, until it reached the depth necessary to pass under the stockade. It was then dug horizontally to a distance of thirty or forty feet beyond the stockade, and then up again to the surface. Each man who had an interest in the tunnel worked two hours every night, one filling the receptacles with earth and others carrying them to another part of the stockade to mislead the Confederates in case they suspected the existence of the tunnel.

“Another method was to dig a well. After getting to the depth of thirty feet or more, a tunnel was dug in the side, the earth from which was thrown into the well at night and taken

out the next day. The Confederates were informed of them before they were completed, and, consequently, a search was made for shovels and the digging of wells was prohibited.

"At one time there was a combination of over a thousand prisoners, bound by a solemn oath not to reveal the project to any one until everything was ready for its consummation, who had formed a plan for the release of all the prisoners in the stockade. A tunnel was to be dug large enough for three men to pass out abreast. A hundred of the strongest and bravest were to creep out first, capture the artillery and turn it on the Confederate camp. Then the prisoners were to make a general attack upon the guards. After overcoming them and getting possession of the camp and arms, a forced march was to be made to Smithfield, to take possession of the rebel arsenal and stores there, and then make for some point on the coast of Florida where a United States squadron was stationed. The leaders, it was said, had communicated with the fleet through prisoners outside the stockade who were upon parole, and had received from the commander assurance of all the assistance it was in his power to give.

"The tunnel was started; men worked in it night and day. It was nearly completed, when a Confederate lieutenant and several men marched into the stockade and went straight to the spot where the tunnel commenced. Some one had violated his oath and betrayed his comrades. Had the tunnel been finished and the first hundred men got out the plot would, probably, have been successful.

"During the whole time of our imprisonment at Andersonville wood was scarce. At first cooked rations were issued to all the prisoners, and the want of wood was not felt so severely as afterwards, when raw meal instead of corn-bread was served out to us. A piece of pine wood eighteen or twenty inches in length and three or four inches broad was worth twenty-five cents. A large stick of pine cord-wood was a day's ration for ninety men. Imagine a stick of cord-wood cut up into ninety pieces, and one of those pieces made to cook a day's ration of

meal. It required economy of the closest character, and we were often compelled to eat the mush or the cakes that we made hardly warmed through.

"Sometimes an extra quantity of wood was obtained by trading a ration of bacon or some article of clothing for it, and the possessor would indulge in the luxury of dumplings and coffee. The dumplings were made by mixing the corn-meal with warm water, moulding them into little lumps, and then dropping them into boiling water; as soon as they floated they were done. For coffee the corn-meal was browned on a tin-plate and then boiled.

"For upwards of two months our rations were corn-bread, bacon, a little boiled rice, and a very little salt. This diet, the exposure to the weather, and the vermin which infested our clothing tended to weaken us and produce disease. One after another sickened and died. Scurvy, which had hitherto been confined mostly to the Belle Islanders and those transported to Andersonville from other prisons, became prevalent among the men who had entered the stockade with us. About one-half the prisoners had diarrhœa. The minds of many gave way under the suffering to which they were subjected; they made no effort to keep their persons clean or to free themselves from the vermin which increased upon them with fearful rapidity; they sank into a state of listless apathy, and, knowing that Death was striding towards them, welcomed him as a friend, instead of shrinking from him as from an enemy.

"No medicines could be obtained for the sick unless they were taken outside of the stockade into a pen built for the purpose and were prescribed for by the doctor. After the morning roll-call the sergeant of each mess collected the sick together and took them to the south gate of the stockade. Those who were able walked and those who were not able were carried—some in blankets, some on boards, and some on the backs of their stronger comrades. There were sometimes several hundred of these poor sufferers waiting for hours in the broiling sun for the gate to open that they might be admitted

to the pen. Some fifteen or twenty of the weakest would be admitted to the hospital; the rest, after being prescribed for, returned to their tents. Almost every day some of those carried to the gate died before reaching their shelters again. In the afternoon the sergeants went to the pen to receive the medicine. About half the time they were told there was none. When they did receive it, it was in such small quantities or of such inferior quality as to do but little good. Vinegar, acids, and a tea made of sumach berries were the remedies for scurvy; white-oak bark tea and opium pills for diarrhoea.

"The prisoners carried their dead comrades out of the stockade to the dead-house, a small brush structure which could be seen from the northern hill of the prison. There the corpses which were collected during the day were left till next morning, when they were taken away in open army wagons. The bodies were stripped of every article of clothing that was of any value; they were then thrown into the wagon, one above the other, until it was full—heads, legs and arms often hanging over the side and scraping against the wheels as they revolved.

"The burial ground was a large field. Trenches seven feet wide and six feet deep stretched across it. The bodies were laid side by side in the trench and the earth thrown over them. Those who are buried there were the victims of a systematized cruelty that would have disgraced the dark ages, perpetrated in a Christian country and by civilized men. Libby, Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury and Florence, have made crimson stains upon the fair name of the South that can never be erased. It is but just to say that the sufferings and deaths of the prisoners in these places lie at the doors of the civil authorities of the Confederacy, of whom Jefferson Davis was the chief, and that the brave men who were fighting her battles at the front were not in the least degree responsible for them.

"Those who carried the bodies of their comrades to the dead-house were allowed, as they returned, to pick up pieces of wood and carry them in. Wood was so scarce that when it became evident some poor fellow was about to expire a crowd

would gather around, disputing, before life was extinct, as to who should have the privilege of assisting in carrying him out. To those who have never felt the terrible gripings of hunger or shivered over the blaze of a few splinters, this may seem inhuman and repulsive, but I have seen sensitive and refined men so hardened by the sufferings they had undergone and the misery they had witnessed as to strip the dead bodies of their clothing and sell it to procure food.

"From the 23d of May to the middle of June the prisoners increased in numbers from fourteen to upwards of thirty thousand. Every place upon which it was possible to put up a tent or shelter was covered, and thousands were compelled to sleep in the passage-ways between the tents, on the two roadways, or on the edge of the swamp near the creek. Those who were driven to occupy the latter sleeping-ground were obliged to strip themselves in the morning and shake the maggots from their clothes, that locality being alive with them.

"An addition to the stockade was built at the northern end, and on the 1st of July an opening was made through the upper end of the old stockade into it, and a number of detachments, among them the one to which I belonged, were assigned quarters there. There had been a number of large pine trees standing in the new part when it was enclosed; these had been cut down and laid upon the ground, and as soon as we were admitted there was a general rush for the wood. For a time we had a good supply, and carried on our cooking operations proportionately. During the night of the 1st the sound of chopping did not cease. In the morning there was nothing to be seen of the old northern end of the stockade.

"There was an attempt made to have the tents in the new stockade put up in regular rows, with streets running north and south between each mess, and wide avenues running east and west between each detachment. It was a failure, and the prisoners located themselves where they pleased to, without regard to the detachments or messes to which they belonged.

"Almost as soon as the new stockade was opened some of

the detachments began to dig wells. Several of them were completed, but the rest were stopped by order of the Confederates, tunnels having been found leading from some of them. There was a kind of red clay taken from these wells which was used for building ovens. The occupants of the tent, or shebang, next to us commenced putting up one of these ovens, but a report spread that the Confederates would begin to parole us on the 5th of July and continue until we were all paroled. Our neighbors discontinued work until that time. The oven was never finished.

"After a while the supply of wood again became short. The trees were all burned up. Squads of men dug up and split up the stumps that had been left in the ground, following the roots and unearthing them until they were not half an inch in diameter. Every morning before sunrise men went around the camp picking up chips that were not more than half an inch square nor thicker than a twenty-five cent piece.

"The prisoners now began to die off so rapidly that the authorities changed our diet somewhat. Rations of fresh beef, that sometimes looked very much like mule flesh, molasses, and occasionally corn-vinegar, were issued. A quarter of a pound of fresh beef, or a gill of molasses, a day was allowed to each man. Rations of boiled beans were also issued. They were not screened or picked, but were emptied into the boilers just as they were in the bags. Pieces of pods, worms, bugs, sand and beans were boiled together. Fortunately we were not epicures. The beef was fly-blown and tainted, oftentimes, when it was brought into the stockade. Unless its odor was too strong it was eaten.

"By the 4th of July, on which day we sang patriotic songs with the mirth of despair, our clothing was more than shabby. Many of us were without shirts, the sleeves of our blouses hanging in shreds above the elbows, our pantaloons patched in every part and scarcely reaching to the knees. We were also without shoes or stockings.

"On the 4th of August I went down to the creek to wash.

After washing I had gone but a few steps on my return when I was seized with excruciating pains, dizziness, and faintness. A man belonging to a detachment located near my own offered to help me to my quarters. He put his arm around me, but after we had gone a few steps I begged him to stop and leave me where I was while he went to inform my tentmates. There was a tent occupied by some sailors near where he left me. They helped me out of the sun into the shade of their tent and brought me a drink of water. This was an unusual act of kindness to a stranger, for want and suffering had made the most generous selfish. Two of my tentmates came. With their assistance, going a few steps at a time and then resting, I finally reached the line of the old stockade, completely exhausted. There they left me in the tent of a friend, Sergeant Thomas, of the 20th Maine. After resting for some time, with the help of the sergeant and one of his comrades, I reached my quarters about two o'clock in the afternoon. I started from the creek at eight o'clock in the morning, and had been six hours in getting a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

"I soon became unable to walk, and moved around by sitting on the ground and hitching myself along by the aid of my hands. Jack Atkins, of the 76th New York, whose tent was opposite ours, was like a brother to me. In that place, where money represented life, he gave me onions, grapes, Irish potatoes and other things which had been smuggled into the stockade, and which only money could obtain.

"Every day some of my comrades raised me up until I stood on my feet, but after taking a step or two my legs became rigid. Then they laid me down on my back. This simple effort caused the most acute pain while on my feet, and suffering for hours after; but I could not bear the thought of losing the use of my limbs, and determined that, if I did, it should not be due to want of exertion on my part.

"From the 4th to the 29th of August I was carried, about every other day, to the south gate of the stockade to be prescribed for; a weary labor of kindness for those who conveyed

me thither, and a tedious, painful, and dreaded journey to me. Lying in a blanket or stretched upon a plank, slowly and tenderly my overburdened comrades bore me through the narrow, winding passages between the tents down the hillside to the swamp, along the causeway, across the bridge, and, stopping now and then to rest, up, up, up to the gate, there to lie in the sun until Confederate humanity or pleasure opened the gate and permitted them to carry us out into the pen where the physicians prescribed for us.

"The scene at the gate cannot be described. It seems to me now more like a horrid dream than a reality. From one to five hundred sick were brought there every morning. The bloated faces and swollen limbs of the scurvy patients, the skeleton forms of those wasted by fever and starvation, the ulcer-eaten, gangrened limbs, the filthy, tattered garments, the despairing, upturned looks of the anguish-stricken sufferers, formed a picture which the arch-fiend, gloating over human misery, must have gazed upon with frenzied delight.

"On the 29th of August I, with others, was admitted to the hospital. It had been a pleasant place before it was put to its present use, and even now the green trees which stood here and there casting their shadows over the tents, and the view of the wooded swamp with its tangled undergrowth beyond, were so different from the barren, shadeless stockade that, weak and exhausted as we were, a strange thrill of hope and pleasure shot through our frames.

"The prisoners in the hospital were better clothed than those in the stockade. As comrades died the wardmasters, who were appointed from our own men by the Confederates, distributed among the most needy of the survivors the clothing left by the dead. By this means many of those who were almost naked when they came into the hospital were quite comfortably clad by the time they were returned into the stockade cured.

"There were four divisions in the hospital and five wards in each division. The doctors were extremely negligent. While

each doctor was supposed to visit his patients every morning, two and sometimes three days intervened between their professional calls. Frequently they merely looked at a tentful of patients and ordered the medicine they had been using to be continued, regardless of their condition. There was one exception, Dr. McCants, of Florida, who visited every patient under his charge once, and those who were very low twice, a day, and had a kind, cheering, or sympathetic word for each. His voice was music and the sight of his face a bit of sunshine to the sick prisoners.

"About the 10th or 12th of September a member of Company I of the 118th was brought into the hospital and placed in a tent opposite to mine. He was suffering from dropsy and the doctor gave him little hope of recovery. He grew worse rapidly. It was evident his end was near. One morning, about one o'clock, I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder and saying: 'Come, sergeant, get up; mother is just out here by the wagon; come and see her.' It was poor Fullerton, delirious. I soothed him, led him to his tent, and persuaded him to lie down. At daybreak I went to his tent again, but the battle of life was over and he had received his discharge.

"About this time one of the men in our tent who had so far recovered that he was able to walk relapsed for want of nourishing food and died. He was delirious through the night and was constantly asking for food. 'Oh, Mary, I am so hungry; do cook that quickly for I can't wait. Give me just a little more. What have you got in the house to eat? I am almost starved! They starved us there.' Muttering fragments of the Lord's Prayer, intermingled with horrible profanity, he passed away.

"In the month of September the removal of prisoners from Andersonville began. A few were exchanged, the rest transferred to other prisons. As each detachment went away its sick were put in barracks inside the stockade which had been recently built. They were barn-like buildings about fifty feet

long and eighteen feet wide, with two rows of bunks upon each side. The description of their condition after the sick had been in them a week, as given by an eye-witness, is too disgusting to be repeated.

"The occupants of the barracks were admitted to the hospital as room was made for them by death. The barracks were warmer than the tents in the hospital, and the vitality of the poor, emaciated sufferers was so slight that the chill night-air produced a stupor in which most of them slept away their lives in a few days.

"Every morning there would be a number of corpses exposed in the streets between the wards, nearly nude, having been stripped of their garments to clothe the living. Their faces, haggard and gray, and their limbs and bodies gaunt and shrunken in life, were still more ghastly in death.

"About the 1st of November a number of convalescents, including myself, were taken from the hospital at Andersonville to the stockade at Millen, Georgia. It was a two-days' journey. It was a different place from Andersonville. Though there were eight thousand prisoners in it when we arrived, not more than one-sixth of the enclosure was occupied by their shelters. A swift stream of pure, cold water, which had its source in springs just outside the wall, ran through the centre. It was bordered by no reeking swamp whose poisonous vapors polluted the air, but its grassy banks were lined with grand old trees, beneath whose overhanging branches the prisoners promenade during the day and evening. The water of the creek near its entrance was used for drinking and cooking, farther along for washing and bathing. Wood was plentiful. Nearly all of it being pitch-pine, our faces and arms were soon dyed with the greasy smoke. Our original color after a few days was a matter of conjecture.

"After a sojourn in this comparative land of delight for two weeks we were again packed in the cars and taken to Blackshear, near the borders of Florida. Three days of abundant rations of corn-meal with some fresh beef, and then a thousand

of us held up our hands, swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States of America until duly exchanged, and were taken to Savannah to be put on the Union vessels lying outside of the harbor. Here the Confederates told us we would be under our own flag in two hours. A train came alongside of the one we were in. Put aboard of it, with despondent hearts we proceeded towards Charleston. Reaching that place, another train took us to Florence, South Carolina, a place, if possible, worse than Andersonville.

"I became a partner in a dug-out, or shebang, with two others, a Kentucky cavalryman and an Iowa infantryman. It was a dwelling of a better class than was usual at Florence. The daily ration was small. A little more than a pint of cornmeal, apparently cob and corn ground together, and about once a week a teaspoonful of salt. This could be eaten at a meal and not satisfy the craving hunger, which daily grew greater. I remember staying awake all through one night trying to catch a mouse.

"One day a Confederate major came into the stockade with some friends. One of them had a dog. When they started to go out the dog could not be found. The next morning his tail lay on the ground near the swamp.

"One afternoon—the last Thursday of November—we had received our daily ration of meal, to which by this time had been added about three tablespoonfuls of ghookas, or cow peas, had cooked and eaten them, and were sitting on the ground floor of the shebang, our eyes listlessly turned towards a rude bas-relief upon the chimney, which was meant to represent a human figure. In a moment of art enthusiasm the Kentucky cavalryman had fashioned it when the chimney was put up. It would have made a tobacconist's Indian split its wooden sides with laughter. But our thoughts were as sallow as our faces.

"After a time the Iowa man spoke: 'Boys, it must be Thanksgiving Day at home, and my folks are just about through their dinner. I don't believe they cared much for it.'

"We were silent a while. Then I spoke: 'Well, boys, we mustn't think about home, or any one there. That means, if we keep it up, death and a place in the trench. I want my bones laid in Pennsylvania. I know we have had a mean Thanksgiving dinner, and it does seem as though we had to look around a little to find something to be thankful for; but we are alive yet, and we may get home, after all. Thanksgiving's gone, but if we live until Christmas we can have a dinner and won't be hungry after we have eaten it.'"

"'How?' inquired my two companions, eagerly.

"'We won't feel much hungrier than we do now if we each put by a spoonful of meal and a spoonful of ghookas every day from now until Christmas, and I think our savings will make a dinner that will be satisfying.'"

"After some discussion as to the relative strength of our appetites and our wills, it was decided to lay by our six spoonfuls of food every day, all agreeing that the spoonfuls should not be heaped, but even. I dreamed that night of feasting on all the good things in the way of food that I had ever heard of or eaten. The next morning we made two bags of generous size. In the afternoon, when our rations came, we put three spoonfuls of ghookas in one bag and three spoonfuls of meal in the other. Every succeeding day the bags received their portion, and were felt of affectionately to find out how much they contained.

"Christmas morning, after being long waited for, came at last. The first faint light of the morning found us stirring. We had hoarded our fuel, saving a little every day. It was not an easy thing to do, for the daily fuel ration of ninety men was three sticks of pine cordwood of average size. To this supply we had added by picking up every splinter as large as a toothpick, and every chip as large as a ten-cent piece, that we discovered in our wanderings around the stockade.

"The occupants of a shebang near our own, in addition to the usual cooking utensils—quart kettles and tin or sheet-iron pans—possessed a gunboat. This was a piece of old roofing-

tin made into a pan more than a foot long and about six inches wide and deep. The corners where the tin had been cut off or turned in were soldered with corn-meal. It was not sightly, but was convenient. We had bargained beforehand for the use of this gunboat.

"The fire was lighted. The ghookas had been soaked the night before and were now put in the gunboat, covered with water, and the gunboat was set over the fire upon two mud bricks made for the occasion. A watched pot may not boil, but a watched gunboat did; for three heads bent forward, and six eyes gazed intently upon the contents of the vessel over the fire, until the water was bubbling and the peas dancing in and out among the bubbles.

"At short intervals a few peas were taken out in a spoon and allowed to cool, and a pea was tasted by each of us and judgment given as to its being done. Finally we were unanimous in the opinion that the ghookas were cooked enough. Meal was brought forth and stirred in, and the pudding was allowed to remain on the fire until it had thickened, so that there was danger of its being scorched. The peas were dark-skinned and had given the pudding a purplish hue. The gunboat was lifted off and set on the ground to cool. While we were waiting the fire was renewed. Corn-meal, saved for the purpose, was put in a pan and thoroughly dried and browned. This corn coffee was divided into three portions, put in three quart kettles and boiled.

"At last our dinner was ready. The gunboat was put on the ground in the centre of the shebang and we sat around it. Two of us had small tin pans and one a flat piece of sheet-iron for plates, and each had a spoon. Not one of us would have been called a religious man, but we hesitated, looked at one another, bowed our heads and were still. Only a moment; and then the Kentuckian volunteered to act as host and helped us and himself.

"When dinner was over the contents of the gunboat and quart cups had disappeared, and it was just noon. After such

unusual exertion we lay down, drew our blankets over us and slept. We were awakened near night by a neighbor, who called to us that we might get our rations. After returning to the shebang the Iowa man said: 'Boys, I'll think of that dinner as long as I live. Why, I ain't hungry yet!'

"But the dinner was only a momentary flash of light, and the gloom and despondency settled upon us again.

"It was customary for the very sick prisoners to go outside of the dead line every morning at nine o'clock. The doctor would come in from the Confederate quarters outside and pass along in front of them. If he stopped and faced one of the prisoners that one was sure to be paroled if he asked the doctor to parole him. One morning I went outside with others. The doctor came along the line. Before he reached me he had paroled but two out of perhaps forty. When he came to the spot where I stood he turned around and faced me. Thoughts of home and all that the word means rushed into my mind. I tried to speak but was powerless. My emotion choked me. After gazing at me a moment the doctor passed on. I staggered back to my shelter and threw myself, face downwards, upon the ground. For once will, hope, love of life, deserted me.

"From Florence the prisoners were taken to Wilmington, North Carolina, thence to Goldsboro, back again to Wilmington, just as Fort Fisher was attacked, and the same day returned to Goldsboro. After reaching Goldsboro the second time, while marching to the camp prepared for the prisoners, I fell in the street, unable to go farther. One of the guards said: 'Come, Yank, get up or I'll stick yer!' at the same time feinting a lunge with his bayonet. As I did not move, in fact could not, he and the rest passed on and left me. An ambulance soon came and took me to the Confederate hospital at Goldsboro, where, had I been in the hands of my own relatives, I could not have received more tender care than I and other prisoners did from the attending doctors and the ladies of Goldsboro. Every nourishing delicacy that was attainable was

provided. For two weeks I did not leave my cot. Then by the aid of a stout stick I managed to totter around the hospital for a few minutes every day. While in this condition, one of the doctors came into the hospital one morning and announced that all who could walk to the depot would be paroled. They would carry us, he said, but all the horses had been taken for the army.

"It seemed to me that it was now or never. Getting off my cot and dressing myself with shaking hands, stopping now and then and sitting down to get my breath, I succeeded in that operation. Then grasping the stick I set out. How I got to the depot I scarcely know. I do know that I had to drop on the sand after every few steps and rest, and that the latter part of the journey, the whole of which I do not think was a half mile, was exceedingly painful. I reached the cars—freight cars—and lay upon the floor, hardly heeding that the train had started, when some one cried: 'There's our flag!' I did not know that I had loved it as much as I did until that moment.

"Some colored soldiers came with a stretcher, laid me upon it and bore me towards our boat. In a moment, as I lay upon the stretcher, I caught sight of the Flag—*our* Flag! It was a moment of supreme gratitude and happiness.

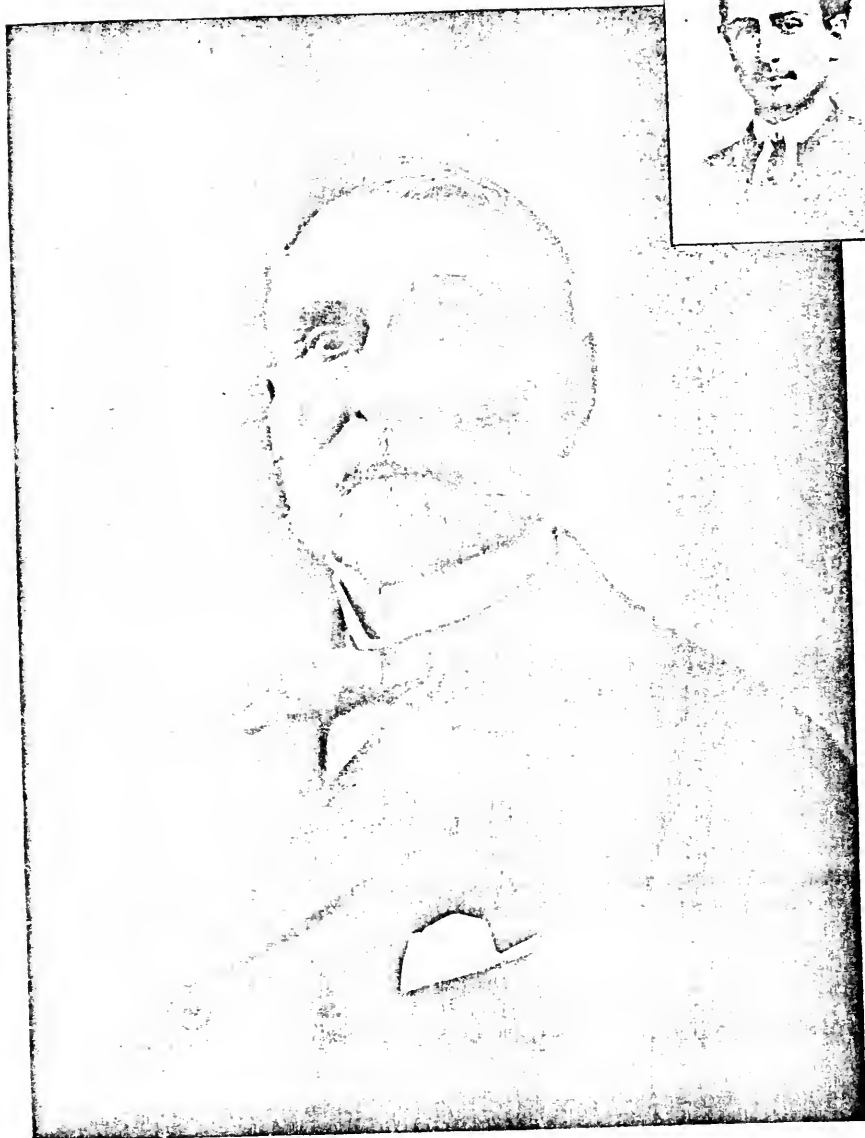
"I reached Wilmington, and after staying there some weeks, gradually improving, I began to be impatient for my turn to come to be put on board of a vessel and taken to Fortress Monroe. It did not come. One morning I quietly walked up the gang-plank of a steamer that was going to start that day and got on board without being questioned. From Fortress Monroe I was taken to Camp Parole and went home on a thirty-days' furlough."

During May, 1864, which period of time includes the prolonged study of Confederate intrenchments at North Anna, the Army of the Potomac lost 395 officers killed, 1,343 wounded and 211 missing. In the same month 5,189 enlisted men were killed, 27,140 wounded and 7,239 were missing. From May 31st to October 28th, the day on which the campaign practically ended in the Potomac army, 401 officers were killed, 1,453 wounded and 564 missing. During the same period 4,587 enlisted men were killed, 24,110 were wounded and 15,844 were missing. The aggregate losses after the fighting at North Anna were 46,986 men and officers. At the battle of Spottsylvania, May 8th and 13th, it lost 657 killed, 3,448 wounded and 375 missing. Total, 4,480. During the hard fighting and bloody assaults at Cold Harbor the 5th Corps was in line at Bethesda Church on the extreme right, where it was engaged, and sustained a considerable loss. In the assaults on Petersburg, on June 18, 1864, it lost 389 killed, 1,899 wounded and thirty-eight missing. On February 5, 1865, it was engaged at Hatcher's Run and Davney Mills, with a loss of 1,319 killed, wounded and missing.

On March 31, 1865, the morning reports showed the corps' strength to have been 17,073 present for duty. In the closing battles, from March 29th to April 9th, including Gravelly Run, White Oak Road and Five Forks, the loss in the corps was 2,465 killed, wounded and missing.

At Five Forks, under Warren, the corps captured 3,244 men, eleven flags and one battery of artillery in the charge.

This was the greatest war of the century. The losses on the Union side were 110,000 men killed in battle, while 249,458 more died from diseases, accidents, in military prisons, or other causes. Including both sides, over half a million lives were lost. For four years the echo of the picket's rifle never ceased.



LEVI TEAL,
Co. C.

SKETCHES.

Charles Mallet Prevost, Colonel of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers and Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, was born in Baltimore, September 19, 1818. His paternal descent was from an old Huguenot family which was compelled to leave France upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and took up its abode in Switzerland, and from that descended the Sir George Prevost who commanded the British forces in Canada, and also the American branch. General Augustus Prevost, Sir George's father, distinguished himself at Savannah during the revolutionary war. General Prevost from youth manifested a deep interest in everything pertaining to military life. For several years he was on the staff of his father, General A. M. Prevost, of Philadelphia. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he assisted in the formation of the Gray Reserves, taking the position of Captain of Company C. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers on the staff of General Frank E. Patterson, and served through the Peninsula campaign, participating in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg and the seven days' battle, down to Harrison's Landing, whence, prostrated by the fever then prevailing, he was ordered home. During his convalescence he was selected by the Corn Exchange to command the 118th Regiment, which was being recruited. In the disastrous fight in which the 118th was engaged at Shepherdstown he received a terrible wound from which he never recovered. He rejoined his regiment and served through the Chancellorsville campaign, but was compelled to leave soon after. He was then commissioned Colonel of the 16th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, and had charge of the Confederate prisoners at Elmira, New York, and subsequently of a large rendezvous camp at Springfield, Illinois. He was honorably discharged June 30, 1865, and received the brevet

of Brigadier-General United States Volunteers. After the war he was appointed to the command of the First Division, National Guard of Pennsylvania, with the rank of Major-General. He died November 5, 1887, as the result of his wound, having been for some time previous to his death partially paralyzed and deprived of his sight. His heroic endurance of suffering excited the love and admiration of his friends.

Brevet Major-General James Gwyn was born in Ireland, at Londonderry, November 24, 1828. His parents were Protestants and he received a liberal education at Foyle College, and emigrated to the United States, selecting Philadelphia for his residence. Here he entered the employ of Stuart Bros., of which George H. Stuart, famous during the war as President of the Christian Commission, was senior member. In April, 1861, he served as Captain in 23d Pennsylvania Regiment on the Peninsula and in front of Richmond. July 22, 1862, he resigned to accept commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Corn Exchange. He was mustered into service with this regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel, August 16, 1862. He participated in its first engagement at Shepherdstown, Virginia, where the regiment fell into an ambush and was fearfully decimated; he also participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. At the close of these campaigns he was promoted to Colonel of the regiment, November 1, 1863, having succeeded Colonel Charles M. Prevost, who had been seriously wounded at Shepherdstown, September 20, 1862, and resigned, September 30, 1863. May 5, 1864, in the first day's fight in the Battle of the Wilderness, he was severely wounded in the right thigh. He rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg, Virginia. At Peeble's Farm, September 30, 1864, Colonel Gwyn as senior officer commanded the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps. He led forward his men with gallantry and captured two earthworks and a fortified line, and for this meritorious behavior he was breveted a Brigadier-General. At Five Forks, April 1, 1865, in the famous charge, General Gwyn's brigade captured a large number of prisoners and many battle-flags, and as a reward he was promoted to the rank of Brevet Major-General. At the close of the war he was mustered out of service with the regiment, June 1, 1865. He then returned to mercantile pursuits with his old employers, Stuart Bros., but after

a time, failing in health, he retired and is now in the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Virginia. Brevet Major-General James Gwyn enjoyed the reputation of having been a patriotic citizen, a gallant soldier, a handsome and accomplished officer, and a bold and aggressive leader. He was by nature impulsive and sometimes revengeful, with likes and dislikes, characteristic of his race, strong and exacting. These traits won him many warm friends, and at the same time made him many bitter enemies in the regiment.

Charles P. Herring, Colonel of the 118th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia. Until the opening of the rebellion he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In June, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant of Company C of the Gray Reserves, commanded by Captain Charles M. Prevost. In May, 1862, he acted as Adjutant of the battalion under Colonel Charles S. Smith in its service in quelling the Schuylkill county riots. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the 118th Regiment and commanded the camp for recruits in Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls of the Schuylkill. After recovering from the wounds which terminated in the loss of a leg at Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865, he sat upon a general court-martial convened in Philadelphia, and soon after his muster out of the service in June, 1865, was appointed Brigade Inspector of the National Guard, in which capacity he was influential in resolutely maintaining a high standard of excellence. In a remarkable degree he had the confidence and friendship not only of his own command but of his superior officers. General Barnes, in allusion to his loss of a limb, said: "You bear with you the evidence of the peril of the field. This gives me no cause for surprise; for I had seen you at Shepherdstown, at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg." "Gallant and ever reliable as an officer," says that bold soldier, General Griffin, "he was humane and considerate towards those under him, always being solicitous for their welfare. On the field of battle, or in camp, his manly bearing won for him the friendship of all. His record is one that he not only should feel proud of, but his State should prize as belonging to one of her sons." "With a moral courage," says Major-General Chamberlain—late Governor of Maine—who served with him, "scarcely excelled by his physical daring, he won and held my perfect confidence and love."

Lemuel L. Crocker was born near Albany, New York, in 1829. He was educated for a commercial life. In 1851 he came to Philadelphia. August 16, 1862, he entered the service as lieutenant of Company C, and after the death of Captain Saunders at Shepherds-town, succeeded to the command of Company K. Captain Crocker's record was a most honorable one throughout the period of his service and won for him the respect of his fellow-officers and the love of the soldiers of his company. He resigned, February 26, 1864. Shortly after the war he removed to Buffalo, New York, and took charge of the Central Railroad cattle depots. He also engaged largely in the manufacture of fertilizers. He died a few years since. Crocker was a man of the highest integrity, a citizen devoted to all public interests and a friend whose heart was not to be surpassed for kindness, benevolence and that charity which overlooketh faults.

Surgeon Joseph Thomas was born near Doylestown, Pennsylvania, June 15, 1830. He received his education in private schools. From 1847 to 1853 he was engaged in teaching. He then commenced the study of medicine under the preceptorship of Dr. Wm. Hunt, of Philadelphia, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1855. He at once commenced the practice of medicine. About two years before the war he organized a military company called the Applebachville Guards and was commissioned captain. In the early part of 1861 he offered his company for active service. The offer was accepted, and it became Company H, 3d Regiment, of the famous Pennsylvania Reserves. At Charles City Cross-Roads Captain Thomas was seriously wounded in the breast. His life was saved by the ball striking and perforating a book which he carried in his pocket. He resigned from the service at Harrison's Landing, July 7, 1862. Recovering from his wound, he was, August 15, 1862, commissioned as surgeon of the 118th. He served with the regiment as chief medical officer and surgeon of the brigade until the spring of 1863, when he was assigned to the field hospital of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, as surgeon in charge. He displayed great energy and ability in organizing this new branch of the medical service. Dr. Thomas's attainments as a surgeon commanded wide recognition. He added to this a reputation for true courage. Probably no officer of the regiment commanded a

larger measure of respect and confidence. His deportment was always marked by intelligence and dignity, and he was consequently approached with that deference which was due to his rank, but his genuine kindness won the friendship of all who knew him. He was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865, and re-entered the service for a short period as surgeon of the 82d Pennsylvania Volunteers. After finally leaving the service he was appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue and continued in that position for five years. During this time he moved to Quakertown and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1870 he was made Cashier of the Quakertown Savings Bank. In 1879 he was made President of the Quakertown National Bank, which position he still retains. In 1879 he was elected to the State Senate, in which position he made an honorable and distinguished record. Dr. Thomas is remembered affectionately by the regiment, and his appearance among them is always greeted with enthusiasm.

Henry O'Neill was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1828, and was educated at Lisborn, near Belfast. In 1847 he joined an infantry regiment stationed at Madras in the service of the East India Company and was in this service twelve years, serving through the Sepoy rebellion. After the termination of this war he received his discharge and in 1860 came to this country.

Other mention of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill than has been so fully set forth in this volume would be surplusage.

Ex-United States Senator Alexander G. Cattell was born at Salem, New Jersey, February 12, 1816; engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native town until 1846; was elected to the New Jersey Legislature in 1840, and in 1844 was member of the convention to revise the State Constitution, being the youngest member of that body. Removed to Philadelphia in 1846 and was engaged in mercantile pursuits and banking in that city for forty years; was a member of both branches of City Councils, an early President of the Corn Exchange Association, and in 1857 organized the Corn Exchange Bank, of which he was President for thirteen years, and is now President of "The New Jersey Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Camden." He was elected United States Senator from New Jersey in 1866 and declined a re-election, which was tendered him,

on account of his broken health ; appointed by President Grant a member of the first Board of Civil Service Commission and afterward was Financial Agent of the United States in London, 1873, 1874.

Mr. Cattell was chairman of the Corn Exchange Committee through whose instrumentality this "118th Regiment" was called into existence, and was distinguished for his patriotic services throughout the civil war. When the Corn Exchange Regiment left Camp Union for the front, his fellow-members of the committee purchased the flag-staff and flag that waved over the men in camp, which they removed and planted, with appropriate ceremonies, on the lawn of his residence at Merchantville, New Jersey, where it still stands, a valued souvenir of both the Corn Exchange Association and the Corn Exchange Regiment.

Alfred Macqueen was born in England, March 24th, 1840. Philadelphia has been his residence the last forty-five years. He enlisted at the formation of the regiment and took part in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged. He was wounded at Shepherdstown and Fredericksburg and had his haversack shot away in the Wilderness. His present occupation is the manufacture of heaters and ranges at 3935 Lancaster Avenue.

Captain Francis Adams Donaldson was born in Philadelphia, June 7, 1840. He was enrolled as a sergeant of the 71st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers (Baker's California Regiment), May 26, 1861, and was mustered into the service June 4, 1861. He was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, October, 1861. His conspicuous gallantry in this engagement was rewarded by promotion to a second lieutenancy, May 1, 1862. He was severely wounded at Fair Oaks, May 30, 1862. Upon his recovery he was mustered out to accept the captaincy of Company H, 118th. He was honorably discharged, January 14, 1864.

Sergeant James H. Haman was born in Montgomery county, Pa., June 17, 1841 ; enlisted April 26, 1861, in Company F, 20th Pennsylvania Volunteers, to serve three months ; was discharged August 6, 1861 ; enlisted in Company E, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 7, 1862, as a private ; was promoted to first sergeant ; was wounded at Shepherdstown and Peebles' Farm ; mustered out with the regiment June, 1865 ; resides in Philadelphia.

Joseph Ashbrook, sergeant 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 4, 1862; wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., September 20, 1862; second lieutenant, March 26, 1863; first lieutenant, June 6, 1864; captain, November 8, 1864; brevetted major United States Volunteers, July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of the Wilderness and Bethesda Church and during the present campaign before Richmond, Va.;" served upon the staff of General Bartlett, commanding 3d Brigade, and subsequently as ordinance officer upon staff of General Griffin, commanding 1st Division. Major Ashbrook, although a young man, was possessed of those qualities which made it easy for him to secure promotion; well educated, with attainments, of fine soldierly bearing, his presence commanded respect and his courage admiration. As ordinance officer he had the distinction of being detailed to receive all the arms and munitions of war of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox in April, 1865.

Albert Henry Walters. Private, 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 2, 1861; discharged for promotion, August 31, 1862; first lieutenant, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, September 1, 1862; captain, February 10, 1864; resigned and honorably discharged, February 13, 1865.

Brevetted major United States Volunteers July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of Bethesda Church, North Anna, and during the present campaign before Richmond, Va."

Major Walters was specially fitted for a soldier's calling. Some of his performances were really the work of a master in the profession of arms. At the time of the war, just of the age for gallant deeds, he possessed the sterling courage for their execution. Walters' record with the 118th Pennsylvania entitled him to most honorable mention. He had come to the regiment with some knowledge of war gathered in the 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Albert Haverstick. Enlisted as a private in Company H, 118th, August 15, 1862. He was honorably discharged at Headquarters Army of the Potomac, June, 1865. He served with his company and regiment until January, 1863. On detached service in charge of Adjutant-General's office, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, until the fall of 1863, when, by order of General Meade, he was assigned to duty at Headquarters Army of the Potomac, and

after a few months' duty as clerk was assigned as chief clerk in charge of Adjutant-General's office, Army of the Potomac. He was present at all the subsequent battles, being assigned to the special service of writing and transmitting the orders of General Meade to the several corps, for the movements of troops. Nearly every order during the years 1864, 1865, for the movement of divisions and corps was written by him, from orders written or dictated by General Meade. At the close of the war, by special order of the Secretary of War, he was assigned to duty with General Meade at Philadelphia, in preparing and arranging the records of the Army of the Potomac before their transmission to the War Department.

Captain Joseph Wattson Ricketts was born January 16, 1836, in Baltimore, Md. He was educated at the Military Academy at Sing Sing, N. Y.; was a member of the 1st Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania. He recruited Company K and was its captain. He was killed at Shepherdstown, Va., September 20, 1862.

The captain had a presentiment of his death just before crossing the Potomac on the morning of the battle. He called a few of his friends around him and said, "The regiment will soon be in battle, and I shall not live to recross the river, for I certainly shall be killed." He requested that his effects be looked after in just as cool a manner as if at home dictating his will. His death occurred precisely as he had previously described.

Captain John Scott was born in Glasgow, Scotland, June 11, 1829. While yet a child his parents emigrated to this country. He was by trade a carpenter. At the breaking out of the rebellion he left at home a wife and three children while he entered the service to defend his country as a private. He passed various grades to captain of Company I, 118th Regiment. During his military career he was much esteemed by his men and the officers of the regiment as a soldier and gentleman. At the battle of Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865, he was mortally wounded, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy and was never recovered. His wife and one daughter still survive.

Nathaniel Bayne was born at Newark, Delaware, September 24, 1840, and was educated at Newark Academy. He enlisted

August 6, 1862, in Company C, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers; second lieutenant Company I, March 1, 1863; first lieutenant Company A, October 27, 1863; captain Company I, August 9, 1864; wounded at Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865; mustered out with regiment, June 1, 1865. He now resides at Wilmington, Delaware.

The average of intelligence and education in the 118th was remarkably high. The exceptional circumstances under which the regiment was organized drew many bright young men to its ranks. Among these was Nathaniel Bayne. Belonging to a neighboring State, he was almost an absolute stranger. Like many others, he was quick to discover that he was the equal in qualifications to command of many who held authority over him. But not the less cheerfully was deference and strict obedience shown by him to his superiors. Patriotic duty was not to be performed by seeking positions of honor and distinction. All could not be officers, and the enlisted man was rendering as necessary and important service as the officer who commanded him. But it was impossible that a man like Bayne should not rise. His intelligence, his soldierly appearance, his dignified bearing, and his splendid courage were certain to command attention. His successive promotions seemed so natural, that while they pleased every one they surprised no one.

Charles F. Dare was mustered into Company H on the 8th of August, 1862, and immediately received the appointment of hospital steward. In October, 1863, he was detailed as steward of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps Hospital. In April, 1864, he was detailed as executive steward of the 1st Division, 5th Corps Hospital, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He was mustered out with the regiment. He was present in his official capacity in every movement in which the regiment was engaged, excepting the battles of Antietam and Shepherdstown, having been left at that time at Fort Cochran, with about sixty sick men. Since the war he has been engaged in the drug business at Bridgeton, New Jersey.

First Lieutenant Henry T. Peck. Private 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 7, 1862; sergeant, August 9, 1862; sergeant-major, January 27, 1864; first lieutenant, February 2, 1864.

Detailed and on duty as regimental adjutant ; temporarily detailed and on duty as aide-de-camp. He is now, at the age of forty-eight years, living in Germantown, Philadelphia, where he is a regular practitioner of medicine.

Peck was cool, methodical, systematic and of the staying kind, whether in action or in his office. What was to be accomplished was thoroughly done before he had ceased to do with it.

Sergeant Augustus Luker was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Enlisted August, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment. Present with and participated in all engagements of regiment during its term of service. His present occupation is chair-making. He resides in Philadelphia.

Captain John R. White. At the outbreak of the civil war Captain John R. White joined the second company State Fencibles, recruited at 505 Chestnut street, and the company was assigned to the 18th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Colonel Lewis). He served as a private during his enlistment (three months), being stationed at Federal Hill, Baltimore, until near the close of the three months, when, volunteers being called for to guard transports to Washington, he, with about two hundred others, volunteered and served a month over their time, when, having been mustered out of service, he returned to his home, and, the Corn Exchange having decided to raise a regiment for three years, he at once enrolled in a company being recruited in West Philadelphia by Courtland Saunders. He was appointed orderly sergeant as soon as mustered in, and served in that capacity until the battle of Shepherdstown, where, both commissioned officers present for duty (Captain Courtland Saunders and Second Lieutenant J. Rudhall White) having been killed, Orderly Sergeant White was promoted to second lieutenant by special orders from Corps Commander General Fitz-John Porter, and placed in command of his company (G). He served through the war, being promoted to first lieutenant and finally to captain, and was mustered out with the regiment at the close of the war.

Sergeant Hiram Lake was born in Philadelphia, April 25, 1845. He served to the end of the war with the regiment. He is by trade a coach painter. He now resides in Philadelphia.

Richard Wistar Davids, son of Benjamin and Rebecca Davids,

was born in New York, August 30, 1825; was educated by private tutor and visited Europe at the close of his studies. He was in no business, but gave his time to the useful and fine arts. At the breaking out of the war he joined the Gray Reserves and afterwards became a member of the Corn Exchange Regiment.

Daniel B. Cobb was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1844; received a public school education; enlisted as sergeant in 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 2, 1862; wounded July 1, 1864, near Petersburg, resulting in the resection of the ulna bone from elbow to wrist. He was discharged on account of wounds April 14, 1865, and is now engaged in the plumbing and gas-fitting business at 1512 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Samuel Nugent enlisted as a private August 18, 1862; promoted sergeant November 1, 1864; mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He was detailed as ordnance sergeant of the division, and his services in that position commanded the approbation of his superiors.

Nugent was a brave and efficient soldier, and displayed an unusually intelligent appreciation of his duties. He was noted for keen and careful observation. Even under the pressure of the hottest engagements nothing seemed to escape his notice. His well-stored memory of details enabled him to contribute important particulars in the preparation of this history.

Alfred Layman was born in Philadelphia, June 28, 1844. He was by trade a carpenter. He enlisted in the 118th as private; was promoted corporal and sergeant; participated with the regiment in all the battles to the end of the war. He received a slight contused wound at Shepherdstown and at Gettysburg. A few years after the close of the war, having a liking for the profession of medicine, he entered and was graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, and is now a regular practitioner at 1630 North Eighteenth street in his native city.

First Lieutenant James J. Donnelly. Lieutenant Donnelly was born in Belfast, Ireland, February 14, 1844. He came to this country with his parents when quite young and settled in Philadel-

phia. He had a fair common school education. He enlisted as a private in Company C, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 7, 1862, and was promoted sergeant January 19, 1864. He was promoted to first lieutenant May 1, 1865, and was transferred to 91st Pennsylvania Infantry June 1, 1865, and was mustered out July 10, 1865.

Lieutenant Donnelly's honesty and kindness made him very popular from the beginning. His splendid courage displayed on so many fields challenged admiration and respect. His record is one of which his children may well be proud. His present address is Atlanta, Georgia.

Major-General Charles Griffin was the popular and brilliant commander of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps until the removal of General Warren, when he was placed in command of the corps. No officer in the army could have been more dearly beloved by his men than General Griffin. He was a tall, slim, well-built man, and rode very erect, with his head well thrown back, and with his long sharp chin well advanced to the front. In the field he paid little attention to dress, and his rank was indicated principally by the gold cord around his felt hat; his face was shaved smooth, while his lip was adorned with a heavy moustache. General Griffin was one of the finest-looking officers in the army. Always kind, pleasant and cheerful, his presence even in defeat always seemed like a sunbeam. He was as fearless as a tiger, and would lead his division anywhere. He had formerly been an artillery officer and consequently had great faith in that branch of the service. We all mourned when his death was announced, several years after the close of the war. He died of yellow fever in New Orleans. There were but few officers in the Union army more worthy of praise than was General Charles Griffin.

Henry H. Hodges was born in New York city, December 14, 1829. Enlisted as private in Company D, August 18, 1862. Served with the regiment during its term of service; was appointed second-class hospital steward January, 1865, in charge of medical supplies of brigade. At present is bookkeeper with William D. Rodgers' Son & Co., the well-known carriage builders of Philadelphia, having been in their employ almost continuously since 1850.

Thomas J. Hyatt was born in New York city, April 24, 1829. Was wounded in the shoulder at Shepherdstown, but remained until the fight ended. Was made sergeant in March, 1864, to date from September, 1863. Was captured in the first day's fight in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and returned to the regiment after an imprisonment of ten months. Was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He is now one of the staff of proof-readers of Harper Brothers, New York.

George W. Williams was born December 7, 1831, in the old District of Spring Garden of Philadelphia. Enlisted in Company C, August 11, 1862, and was made acting fifth sergeant September 21, 1862. Was appointed first sergeant January 1, 1863, and promoted first lieutenant Company I, August 10, 1864. Was appointed aide-de-camp on brigade staff January, 1865, and as such served until the close of the war; present with and took part in all engagements of regiment and brigade; was mustered out with the regiment June, 1865.

Thomas F. Kelly enlisted in Company A, August 13, 1862, at the age of seventeen years, and in September, after the battle of Shepherdstown, was made acting corporal; was appointed sergeant after the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862; left general guide in October, 1863; first sergeant May, 1864; promoted first lieutenant May, 1865, and with other officers and men transferred by general orders to the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, but, there being no vacancies in that regiment, was mustered out to date with that of the 118th. He took part in every battle, skirmish and march in which the regiment was engaged, and was never off duty excepting a ten days' furlough in February, 1865.

James B. Wilson was born and raised in Waynesboro', Pennsylvania. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade, and at the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 enlisted in Captain Wm. F. Small's company. He participated in nearly all the engagements that followed, from the siege of Vera Cruz to the capture of the City of Mexico, the capital. At the close of this war he returned to Philadelphia and re-engaged in his former vocation.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted in Company A of the 118th, and was made first sergeant. He participated in all

the battles in which his regiment was engaged. On October 22d he was promoted for brave conduct, by special order of General Fitz-John Porter, to the rank of second lieutenant, and was assigned to Company K, January 12, 1863. He was made first lieutenant on account of brave and soldierly conduct in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was assigned to Company B, January 20, 1864. He was raised to the rank of captain and was assigned to Company C, filling the vacancy in that company caused by the death of Captain Dendy Sharwood. At the battle of Peeble's Farm, being the ranking officer present, he took command of the regiment and led it into action. For meritorious conduct in this fight, September 30, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of brevet major.

He was severely wounded at Gettysburg in the second day's fight, July 2, 1863, while engaged in supporting Biglow's battery. On recovering from his injury he rejoined the regiment, August 18, 1863. He was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He is now residing in Philadelphia.

Captain I. H. Seesholtz was mustered into the "Iron Guards" (recruited at Catawissa, Pennsylvania) as a private the day after Fort Sumter was fired upon, remaining with the company until the fall of 1861, when he resigned his commission, having been promoted to second lieutenant. He then identified himself with the 99th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, entering as a private. With this regiment he remained until the summer of 1862, when he resigned his commission, having been promoted to a first lieutenant, and at once enlisted in the 118th. Here he remained until the close of the war. Enlisting as a private, and a total stranger to the entire command, he rapidly advanced, by reason of his abilities and meritorious conduct, until, when mustered out, he commanded one of the best companies in the regiment, Company K. He participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac except Fredericksburg, and was twice wounded—in the arm at Shepherdstown and in the hand at Hatcher's Run; and had the honor of establishing the last picket line that was maintained between Lee's army and the Army of the Potomac.

Levi Teal, born in Philadelphia, April 22, 1843; enlisted in Company C, 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, August

13, 1862; detailed for duty in the adjutant-general's office, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, by special order number 59, June 8, 1863; mustered out June 1, 1865, near Washington, District of Columbia. He resides in Philadelphia.

Samuel N. Lewis was born in Philadelphia, April 10, 1844. At the age of eighteen he recruited Company E, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at the Girard House, and bore all the expense of raising the company. He was severely wounded in the thigh at the battle of Shepherdstown, September 20, 1862, and received a commission bearing that date, but was not mustered in until March 9, 1863. Some time after the lieutenant became an aide on General Haye's staff, but after some service in this capacity was honorably discharged on account of wounds and sickness. As soon as his strength permitted he went to Europe, hoping to regain his health. He returned in 1865, and entered the office of John T. Lewis & Bros., where he is to-day a partner.

Corporal William L. Gabe was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1830; enlisted August, 1862; wounded severely and taken prisoner at Shepherdstown, Virginia; rejoined the regiment four months later and served through the balance of the war. Present address: Water Department, Roxborough, Philadelphia. He is one of the noble men who figure conspicuously in the pages of this work.

John L. Smith, born in Philadelphia, March 19, 1846; enlisted November 10, 1862; entered Company K as private; promoted to corporal; slightly wounded at North Anna and Bethesda Church; was with the regiment in all its battles, marches and skirmishes; mustered out July 10, 1865; at present publisher of maps and atlases, Philadelphia.

Sylvester Crossley was born at Norristown, Pennsylvania, December 23, 1839; enlisted as a private in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and passed the various grades of promotion to second lieutenant. He was taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan when near Richmond. He was again captured at Bethesda Church, and after enduring imprisonment at Libby, Macon and Savannah, Georgia, Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina—in all about nine months—escaped and reached Sherman's lines,

near Columbia, South Carolina, and marched with his army to Fayetteville, North Carolina. He resigned after the surrender of Lee. He is now a manufacturer of edge tools, and resides at 1524 North Garnett street, Philadelphia.

Benjamin E. Fletcher, Jr., a good soldier, was born February 2, 1844, in the old District of Moyamensing, Philadelphia, and enlisted in Company E at the age of eighteen. At the battle of Chancellorsville one of his ears was shot off; after a few days only at the hospital he returned to his regiment and was made a corporal. At the battle of Five Forks he was shot, March 31, 1865, and died almost instantly—he was the last soldier killed in the regiment. His body was buried and the grave carefully marked by his comrades, and this enabled his family a few months afterwards to disinter the body and bring it to the North for final interment.

Adjutant James P. Perot was born in Philadelphia, May 12, 1825. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and he graduated from Haverford College. He became associated with Mr. Christian J. Hoffman in the flour and grain commission business, and at the breaking out of the civil war he was one of the originators of the Philadelphia Corn Exchange. He was active in the formation by that body of the 118th, and accepted the position of adjutant. He died in 1872.

Colonel Perot, or, as he will always be spoken of by his associates of the 118th, Adjutant Perot, was a patriotic man, a faithful, courageous soldier, and by his genial disposition won many friends.

John Michener was born in Philadelphia, November 17, 1843, and was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia. He enlisted August 12, 1862, as corporal in Company C and served in all the campaigns of the regiment and brigade. He is now engaged in the banking business; his present address is Philadelphia.

Rev. W. J. O'Neill, brother of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill, was also born in Ireland in the year 1832. When appointed by Governor Curtin chaplain of the 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, he was a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church belonging to the Wilmington Conference, and junior minister of a circuit in Maryland. After the war he resumed connection with the same conference. He died at Church-Hill, Maryland, March 9, 1887.

Joseph Mora Moss, who came of good old revolutionary stock, being directly descended from both Robert Morris, the financier, and Bishop White, the first Bishop of Pennsylvania, was born in Albany township, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, May 17, 1843. He was educated in the public and High School of Philadelphia.

At the breaking out of the war he was about to begin his studies with a view of preparing himself to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Considering it his duty to his country, he promptly answered the call to arms, and was enlisted as second lieutenant in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was killed in battle at Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 20, 1862, and was at the time of his death nineteen years four months and three days old. He was prompt in the performance of his duties, and won the respect of his superiors. His early death on the field cut short a career that doubtless would have been a brilliant one.

Captain Dendy Sharwood. No officer of the 118th is better remembered than Captain Dendy Sharwood. He recruited Company C, and was its first commander.

Captain Sharwood was an Englishman by birth, and was before the war engaged in business in Philadelphia. He brought to his new profession intelligence, education, extensive knowledge of the world, and undoubted courage. What captivated all who knew him was his thorough manliness and nobility of character. He was admired and beloved by his own men, and respected throughout the entire regiment. It was such men as he who gave tone and distinction to the old regiment as it left for the front in 1862.

Captain Sharwood was detailed for some time as acting brigade commissary and rendered efficient service in that position. At the battle of Rappahannock Station, in the absence of the field officers, he commanded the regiment and was distinguished for bravery and soldierly conduct. Shortly afterwards he was taken ill as the result of exposure and died lamented by the entire command.

Lieutenant J. Rudhall White, born in Warrington, Virginia, was about twenty years of age when he joined the regiment. He was a lieutenant in the Black-Horse Cavalry (Confederate). Differing in sentiment with his friends, he resigned his commission and entered the 118th as second lieutenant. He was a brave and cour-

teous officer and gained the respect of the regiment. He was killed at Shepherdstown.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain. This officer entered the army as lieutenant-colonel of the 20th Regiment, Maine Volunteers, on the 8th of August, 1862, and served continuously in the 1st Division of the 5th Corps, finally commanding it, and was mustered out of service January 16, 1866, as brevet major-general of United States Volunteers. Being of a family of military traditions and proclivities, and having received the elements of a military education in early life, he naturally and rapidly adapted himself to the severe ordeal of being called suddenly to a responsible position in the midst of a great war, and at its gravest crisis.

The corps and division to which he was assigned were officered very largely from the regular army, and he took advantage at once of this opportunity to make himself familiar with his duties and to acquire a practical knowledge and skill so necessary to success in the field, and which afterwards caused him to be so rapidly promoted in rank and command.

In June, 1863, he was colonel of his regiment. At Gettysburg his conduct in the famous defence of Round Top won for him the highest commendation of his superior officers and public fame. In August of that year he was placed in command of a brigade. In the reorganization of the army corps in the next spring two brigades of veterans were consolidated into one and he was called to command it while as yet colonel of his regiment in another brigade. In the first battle in this new command he was promoted to brigadier-general on the field by General Grant in a special order, which was ratified by the President and the Senate.

He was then applied for to command the regulars in the 2d Division of the 5th Corps, but the commander of his own division was unwilling to have him leave. In Grant's final campaign General Chamberlain commanded not only his own brigade, but also the 2d Brigade of the division, which was ordered to report to him for the campaign.

His command was closely engaged with the enemy at Appomattox Court-House when the flag of truce came in, and at the formal surrender of Lee's army he was designated to command the parade before which that army laid down its arms and colors.

On the disbandment of the Army of the Potomac he was one of the few general officers retained in the service; and on the reorganization of the regular army he was offered a colonelcy with the brevet of major-general. Declining these, he was offered several diplomatic appointments abroad, but preferred to return to private life. He was shortly afterwards elected Governor of Maine.

He had many narrow escapes with his life during the war, having had five horses shot under him and himself struck six times by bullet and shell, and has enjoyed the unusual privilege of seeing his own obituary in the newspapers on two occasions.

Sergeant Major William R. Courtney was born in Philadelphia, May 11, 1845. He enlisted in Company G, and by successive promotions reached the rank of Sergeant Major. He was an excellent soldier, and was with his regiment in every engagement until he lost an arm at Pegram's Farm, Va., September 30, 1864. His bravery at the battle of Fredericksburg was so conspicuous as to secure for him a furlough. He happily recovered from his severe wound at Pegram's Farm, and is now conducting a wholesale bakery in Philadelphia.

Samuel F. Delany. Born in Philadelphia June 28, 1831; enlisted as private in 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 5, 1862; promoted to color-sergeant; was slightly wounded at Shepherds-town; mustered out with regiment, June, 1865.

General Gouverneur K. Warren. It is impossible in this brief sketch to do anything like justice to a character and career so remarkable as that of General Warren. An officer of engineers in the regular army, he accepted a somewhat subordinate position in the volunteer service at the opening of the war, and his military instincts and solid ability carried him very shortly to the highest staff positions of the army, and to the command of more than one army corps.

There is no need to recite the steps of his upward course, for the history of the Army of the Potomac is bright with his record of honorable service. It is only of late that the country comes to understand how much the event of the great battle of Gettysburg was

due to his rapid military eye, and his equally rapid power of execution. Had Round Top been left to fall into the enemy's hands, the fate of the field at Gettysburg would have been far different.

General Warren's personal appearance was fine. His soldierly form, his intellectual countenance, his dark yet beaming eye, impressed every beholder. As to personal courage, he was brave to a fault. Yet he was careful of his men. They all felt that he would not sacrifice them; but they almost blamed him when some desperate movement became necessary, and he insisted on leading them. Even when a corps commander, he was everywhere to be seen in the thick of the fight, yet holding well in his brain the disposition of his whole corps, wielding it not only as a mass, but as a living organism, every member of which had its appropriate place and part.

General Warren was a man of a high order of intellectual ability, which commanded universal respect, but his temperament was such that those who were not well acquainted with him might easily misjudge him. He undoubtedly sometimes allowed himself to speak in plain terms his opinion of orders he might receive in the midst of a battle, or movement of critical importance, which did not harmonize well with the state of things under his own eye and affecting seriously his own command.

There had been irritation towards him at the head-quarters of the army on this account before the last famous movement to turn Lee's right flank before Petersburg, and General Sheridan, with this hint in his mind, and in his impetuosity misjudging Warren's thoughtful and intent manner as indicating lack of sympathy with him in his plans, took an early occasion to remove him from his command. But when the history of that last campaign is fully and faithfully written, the great importance of Warren's action on the White Oak Road will be apparent, and his conduct in this, as in every other campaign of the army, will be set high above doubt or cavil. He went down to an early grave with a wounded and broken spirit, notwithstanding the fact that a military commission had investigated the act of injustice under which he had suffered, and had lifted the shadow from his fair fame.

History will give him a bright page on her rolls, and a grateful country will appreciate his service and revere his memory.

APPENDIX.

LAUREL HILL AND SHERIDAN'S RAID.

BY S. CROSSLEY, LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT COMPANY H, 118TH
REGIMENT P. V.



SOME little experiences that I had in the opening of the Wilderness campaign might perhaps be interesting, especially as they relate to what I witnessed as a recaptured prisoner of war, and hence (off duty) a rover and observer.

The assault at Laurel Hill was at sundown, it will be remembered, and led us through swamp land and brush and miseries of all sorts ere we reached the enemy.

The movement was made by the 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, and led, I think, by General Crawford, General Griffin being absent. However, of one thing I am sure, that there did not

seem to be any proper understanding among the subordinate commanders as to the mode of formation, for, though we were really in echelon, it was generally supposed that we were moving in several lines. "Column in mass!" I distinctly remember hearing our colonel giving the order, "Cease firing," and adding: "You are firing on your own men!" We soon had a deadly enfilading fire upon us and were soon compelled to withdraw. Now, I did not withdraw, and for the following reason: My good people at home resolved that a first-rate thing for me to have was a good pair of boots, and, up to the time of the beginning of this campaign, I thought it good judgment on their part; but when, after two days' march, I discovered one of my ankles rubbed to the bone, bare of flesh, I changed my mind.

As soon as the retreat began the rebels left their works on a run and firing as they ran. I was escorted to the rear in company of one of them who found me unable to keep up (*hors du combat*, as it were) and who asked for my sword with

the muzzle of his rifle in close proximity to my breast. My response to his overtures seemed satisfactory. But I remember that ere we reached their works we were both in danger from Yankee bullets, which gave the lie to a great, gaunt specimen of fanaticism who was among the first to follow and who kept exclaiming: "You can't fight, you can't fight; God Almighty won't let you!"

The next morning, along with about 300 other prisoners, I was marched away in charge of a cavalry guard, having first made a trade (with one of its men) of my boots for a good pair of English-made shoes. This put me in better marching order, but still, had it not been for the kindness of one of the guard in allowing me to ride upon his horse while he walked (a display of unwonted chivalry), I do not know what would have been the result.

Shortly after noon it began to be apparent in the manner of the commander of the guard, showing nervousness and apprehension, especially after scouts would approach him, that something was not right, and I think that if it would have been possible to have taken us at a pace equal to that of his horses on a trot it would have greatly pleased him.

The sequel to all this was revealed to us about 5 P. M. when in hearing of the locomotive whistle of the train which was to have transported us to Richmond from Beaver Dam Station. A scout rode up with flushed face and fairly yelled: "Lieutenant, the Yanks are upon you!" It then became a risk of life and limb to each of us from the hoofs of their flying horses. The chivalric gentleman who had loaned me his horse and up to that time was walking beside and chatting with me rudely pulled me to the ground with a jerk and fairly sprang to the saddle. We got to the field to the left of the road just in time to clear the track for the yelling vanguard of Sheridan's raiding expedition in full pursuit and firing their carbines after the fleeing guard. It may be imagined that our enthusiasm expressed itself in vociferous cheering and by the tossing of hats high in air. In a few minutes thereafter we were indulging in a good meal, the components of which were the result of the capture of the train aforesaid, which was to have carried us away and which was also a supply train for Lee's army. We took the best and burned the rest.

The next morning, awakened by the shelling of the enemy, Sheridan had to give them a whipping before we could go forward, which he accordingly did.

Being by this time unable to walk at all, I was given a horse, but ere the day was over had to give place to a cavalryman and had to take the position of ambulance driver, of which the expedition had a very few. I was now in a position to see all that was to be seen and especially to notice the movements of "Little Phil," of whom great things were beginning to be expected, the realization of which was away beyond the dream of any, except, perhaps, of our great chieftain Grant.

If I might describe the raid as I saw it, tersely and without regard to elegance, I would say that it forcibly reminded me of the entry of a bull in a china shop. Wholesale destruction was the law that ruled. Everything that could be used and *carried* by us became contraband. Anything that was likely to be of use to Lee's army was destroyed.

What was the enemy doing the while? Well, they were trying their best to surround and destroy us; but it was a dismal failure. Sheridan would take a position where he could well observe their movements with his glass, send an aide here, another there. There was a roll of musketry (they fought dismounted), the roar of artillery for an hour or so, and then we were moving right on towards Richmond again. But, as to this place, we came near getting into it when it was undesirable to go, through the treachery of the guide (a professed Unionist). He led us (by night) up to within a few hundred yards of their works. And I remember a shell that came uncomfortably near my ambulance, and, being so unexpected, came near taking my breath away. The guide was shot on the spot, I was informed, and we got away from that quarter in double-quick time.

The brilliant Jeb Stuart made a most desperate onslaught upon us just as we were about crossing the Chickahominy. I think he was killed at this battle. They were soon routed and we went on our way to the James river, from which the rebels, still following, were shelled by our gunboats. I was here transferred and sent to Washington. I shall never forget my impressions of this raid and my enthusiasm for its leader will never grow cold.

A FEW PRISON REMINISCENCES.

BY LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

"HOTEL COLUMBIA."

It must not be supposed that life was all dull and dreary in that dreariest of situations—a Southern prison pen; nor, in fact, was it the manner or spirit of the "Yankee" to consent to remain in such a position; it is his life to extract all the juices that he can find in existence out of it.

For myself, I endeavored to see light in the darkness through spectacles of the ridiculous and grotesque, finding it conducive to hygiene.

I would just state, to begin with, that when brought to Columbia, South Carolina, we were dumped upon a barren hillside, through which ran a stream ("branch" they call it), an area of perhaps ten acres of ground, at the corners of which were placed howitzers; stakes planted for a "dead-line," guards about ten paces from this line; shelterless—to a great extent blanketless—the blue sky for a canopy, the dear mother earth for a couch, and what you might for a pillow—a lovely and healthful prospect surely.

The writer came not to camp immediately, he having eluded the vigilance of the guard and, in the nineteenth century parlance, "skipped," with his weather-eye on the north star.

But the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," says Burns, and so, after leaving in a negro's cabin at 5 A. M. a fair United States uniform and such a blanket as was left to me, I appeared in the streets of Columbia in a suit of gray, a homespun of the homespun, and none the better for fit. I was to have returned at night to get supplies, and then steal a ride to Atlanta, whither our troops then

had come and were asking admittance. But while sleeping the sleep of the guileless at the edge of a wood, a searching party found me and took me in.

I do not wonder I became a target for those disposed to be merry, and doubtless my appearance saved some lives which otherwise had gone down through ennui.

I did not get another chance to go in the pursuit of freedom for some time after this, yet the time came and I went.

But, when I began this sketch, I did not expect to relate personal matters, but offer a few incidents of a humorous turn upon the 118th representatives immured at this place.

Captain Kelly, of Company F, and myself were the victims who were to hold up our end of the burden and, to begin, let me say that, as in all things, the old regiment was generally foremost, so here; for was it not our own "mess" (we with two other patriots) who had the distinguished honor of conceiving a way to build and building a log hut, thatched with pine straw?

Now axes cost fifty dollars in rebel scrip, and this was scarce with us; but you cannot suppress genius; we borrowed, and soon a tall, lovely pine was laid low and being cut into fragments for the cabin.

Shall I ever forget how the mild and patient Kelly serenely took one end of a log while I took the other and began the ascent of the hill leading to our "location!" We had not gone far upon our way (I being in advance) when suddenly my end sprang into the air (Kelly's end having struck the ground)—a wound to my shoulder from the rebound—a howl like that emanating from a wounded bear coming from Kelly, as, with all his boyhood's profanity recalled, he undertook to coax that thorn from the sole of his unshod foot, which he had picked up just at that time and place.

Pain and pity conspired to keep the risibles in check; but Kelly was to me then, and still is, a picture as he sat there with the sole of his foot "right about face" and nervously extracted the troubler.

Now the immaculate apostle thrived by reason of "a thorn in the flesh," but our friend and comrade had no pleasure in abnormal conditions.

One little incident pertaining to the cabin after it was finished.

Of course, while this experiment was being made, we were the observed of all observers and got no little assistance in the way of advice, with some little labor thrown in, while the edifice was being constructed.

The day after it was finished the elements gave us an opportunity to test its water-proof character, for it rained profusely all day; and, much to our delight, no water entered through that little thatched cottage; but if we were afforded satisfaction in this respect we were not to enjoy peace unalloyed, for if one be-drenched unfortunate came to our door upon that day, at least a thousand came—they came alone, in pairs, in "messes"—I was going to say in squadrons; peering in, they would ask the same question and get the same answer: "Does she leak?" "No!" These words thereafter became a sort of supplement to the crumbs which fell from the rebel table and often turned melancholy to merriment.



WM. H. HENNING'S PRISON EXPERIENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, September 3, 1886.

TO MR. J. L. SMITH:

Dear Comrade: In compliance with your request, "to give you my experience of prison life—what I saw and heard," I discover that, in thinking back over a lapse of twenty-two years, my memory does not serve me as well as I would like it to do. I fail to recall the names of some of my comrades, names of places and some incidents I can recollect in part only, so that I am unable to write my experience in as complete a form as I would like to do. However, I will do the best I can, hoping you will find something in my experience that will serve you in compiling the "History of the 118th Regiment."

After our capture on the afternoon of June 2, 1864, at the battle of Cold Harbor, we were taken to the rear of the rebel line of battle, where we remained for an hour or more; here our party were scrutinized very closely by the Johnnies; a guard approached one of our number and informed him that the general wished to see him; about fifteen minutes after the prisoner and guard had gone we were told that they recognized in the prisoner a reb who had been in their army, and that he would be shot before night. We never saw him again.

The rebs asked us to give them our rubber blankets, stating they could take

them from us if they wanted to, but preferred to have us give them voluntarily; they said that when the provost guard took charge of us they would take them, and that we might as well allow them to have the blankets. The rebs seemed to know that we were hungry; they said they would share what little rations they had in their haversacks with us; they would give us a corn-dodger for a blank. t. As we feared that our blankets would be taken from us by the guard, knowing how highly they prized them and being very hungry, we made the exchange. We had hardly devoured our dodgers when we were ordered to fall in, and our march to the rear begun. These guards were not so gentlemanly inclined toward us as their comrades at the front. Those of the prisoners who wore felt hats were obliged to suffer their loss; a guard would simply walk up to a prisoner, take his hat from him and throw his old battered one to the prisoner. When they saw a pair of good boots on a prisoner they would command, pointing their guns at him: "Take off them boots;" and the exchange of a good pair of boots for an old pair of shoes was made under protest.

Among the prisoners was a young German by the name of Henry Blatz, who belonged to our company, a substitute, who feared the loss of his boots, which were in a very good condition; he appealed to me, wanting to know what he could do to save his boots, as he would certainly lose them should any of the guard spy them. I told him I thought his boots would fit me and that he should try and pull one off unobserved by the guard, and if I could wear his boot he should wear my shoe and we would re-exchange when at our destination. The exchange was made unobserved by the guard and we then separated, each going about like "Billy Barlow" until we arrived at Andersonville, where we re-exchanged our foot wear.

I do not know the name of the place where we camped for the night. The guards on post wanted to know whether we had any good Yankee smoke-pipes; they said they would give us a corn-dodger for a smoke-pipe. (I should perhaps have stated before that we had eaten the last of our rations the day before our capture; our commissary wagons had not come up; in fact, we were told when we had the last three days' rations issued to us that we must try and make them do us five days, as the wagons would probably not be up again until that time; a ration of raw beef, however, had been issued just before the detail for the skirmish line on which we were captured was made; but many of those on the detail having had no opportunity to cook or broil it lost the ration, so that, with the exception of the corn-dodger which we got from the Johnnies, we had had nothing to eat for two days.) We had hoped that when we went into camp for the night that we would receive something from the Confederate government in the way of rations, but we were doomed to disappointment, and when the guards bid for our smoke-pipes there was an active rise in the corn-dodger market, for the bids were taken promptly and a prisoner had to show a good article in the smoke-pipe line in order to obtain a dodger.

On the following morning we were taken through Richmond to what they called Libby Second, or the Pemberton Prison. Here we received our first ration from the commissary-general, which consisted of a quarter loaf of corn bread, a small

piece of bacon and a small cup (officer's cup) of beans for a day's ration. On the second or third day of our confinement we were visited by an official who stated that we were to be taken down to Georgia and put in camp, and all Yanks that had greenbacks about them should come down-stairs and deliver them up. The amount in greenbacks so delivered would be placed to the credit of the prisoners delivering them and would be returned at their parole. We would be given one hour to hand over our greenbacks, and at the end of that time there would be a search made and all greenbacks found on prisoners at the search would be confiscated. As the delivery took place on the floor below, I cannot state how many took stock in the delivery business, but I do know that if ever there was a time when mortals racked their brains to devise plans to conceal their money it was done there and then. I cannot give all the devices resorted to by the prisoners to conceal their money, as I employed the greater part of my time in thinking up a plan to conceal my fortune, which consisted of \$7, which was not enough to retire on, to be sure. Nevertheless I believe I would have been retired to the silent majority at Andersonville had it not been for my little all of \$7. I spent a small portion of my time in watching my comrades conceal their money. I noticed that the favorite places of concealment was in the flies of the pants between the cloth and the lining, at the bottom of the pants where they are turned in, in their stockings, etc. There was one comrade who had a rather novel way of saving his money. He had but one greenback. I could not see its denomination, but it seemed to me, from his appearance, that he was subjecting himself to a very heavy pressure of his mental faculties in order to determine where to put it, when, finally, he pulled from his pocket a plug of tobacco, which he was fortunate enough to possess, and, after taking off a leaf, he folded up the greenback tightly, wrapped the note in the tobacco-leaf and put it in his mouth. I was told that one prisoner (I think of the 90th Regiment P. V.) who wore State buttons on their uniforms, which were a little larger than the regular button, undone the lapping of the button and put a greenback in the button and then relapped it with his penknife. After considerable cogitation on my part I ripped the corps mark, which I wore on the side of my cap, half off, then cut the cloth and put the notes between the cloth and lining. Both being old notes, they could not be detected in the cap by feeling. I then sewed the corps mark on again over the cut in the cloth. When the time for search arrived we were taken single-file down-stairs to a room in which were a number of officers. On a table in front of them I noticed a pile of greenbacks. While the search was going on I noticed that secreting notes in the flies and bottom of pants and in the stockings was a failure. When my turn arrived I was told to turn my pockets inside out, my cap was lifted from my head and turned inside out, my clothing was manipulated, but they failed to find my money. I was obliged to leave behind thread, needles, burning glass, etc. After the search we were taken out of Libby Second and packed in freight cars. There were no seats in the cars of any kind. I was told there were ninety in a car, but did not count them. I am inclined to believe, though, that there were that many in a car.

There was nothing of importance that transpired on our way to Andersonville.

If my memory serves me right, I think we were about three days on our journey. At night we would be taken from the cars and camped in a field, which was a big relief to us. Our rations were very scant, but I think the officers in charge of us did the best they could under the circumstances. It was at one of these night encampments that our rations were not forthcoming—until very late in the night—that I noticed an individual crawling on the ground, outside the guards on post, and making his way slowly toward us, and got in between the posts, where he remained, lying full length on the ground. I do not know whether the guards noticed him or not, but I am inclined to believe they knew all about it, for the fellow appeared perfectly easy, and, after a low “hist!” to attract our attention, he produced from a bag a round loaf of corn-bread, its dimensions being about ten inches in diameter and about three and one-half inches thick. “Don’t you want to buy a loaf of bread?” he inquired. “How much?” we replied. “Six dollars,” said he. “Good God!” ejaculated a prisoner, “that is a terrible price for a loaf of bread. Can’t you come down several dollars?” “No,” he replied. “I risked a good bit to get here and think the loaf is cheap at that price.” Not being able to make a sale, he crawled away, and I think, from his actions, he intended to try us again later in the night. I think the reason he did not come down in his price was that he surmised we had not given up all hopes of getting rations and a second effort on his part later on might be more successful. In this, however, he was mistaken. Rations were issued to us, which put an end to his speculations in the bread business.

In the afternoon of the following day we arrived at the Andersonville Stockade. Here we were drawn up in line and counted off into detachments. A detachment consisted of 270 men, which was divided into three divisions of ninety men, which were subdivided into six squads of fifteen men each. Then we were marched into the prison pen. The wretched spectacle that presented itself to our view was sickening. Some of our regimental comrades who had preceded us in this dismal abode of squalor, starvation and exposure came to greet us, not with smiles, but with lamentations and sympathy at the gloomy prospects before us. It was impossible for our detachment to keep together, for the prison pen was getting crowded, and we had to separate and pick out places here and there, in twos, threes and sometimes fours. What shelter there was in the pen was made in various ways. Some few had tents. How they came in possession of them was always a mystery to us. Some who were fortunate enough to have woollen blankets made tents of them, that is, when they got the poles, which was no easy matter to get. Some made a kind of shelter by having two uprights, a ridge pole and branches of trees resting on the pole and slanting down to the ground, forming a roof and wall, but was not really one thing or the other. The only ones who had shelter of this kind (I think) were those who entered the prison pen first, as there was no wood, at the time I write of, to pick up. The only things a prisoner could get without trying were filth and vermin, of which there were an abundance, and each new-comer soon got his share.

Three weeks after we entered the pen the stockade was enlarged. This gave us an opportunity to get on new ground, also to pick up enough wood for poles

with which to construct a little shelter made from a half blanket which one of our party of four had in his possession. Your experience in the construction of tents will enable you to give a good guess about what kind of a tent we had from a half blanket. Nevertheless, we felt more comfortable under it, as it was some protection from the sun's burning rays, to which we had been exposed for three weeks. Of course, when we would lie down at night, our legs would be outside our tent, but we felt grateful to know that a portion of our bodies was sheltered somewhat from the rain or heavy dews at night.

As insignificant as this shelter was, we were much better off than were hundreds of comrades who had no shelter whatever. They would wander aimlessly around the pen until the sun got too hot for them, and then they would creep around in the shadow of the tents of their more fortunate comrades, until the time arrived for drawing rations. There was great activity in the pen at this time. The pangs of hunger were great and became intensified at the sight of the rations, poor as they were. We could hardly wait until the divisions, from detachment to division and from division to squad, were made, and then again until the chief of squad would divide it up into individual rations, which would be made as equally as possible; yet one of our squad would turn his back and name the comrade to whom each piece pointed at should be given.

Our bill of fare was something like this. First two weeks—cooked rations. On alternate days we received a piece of corn-bread and a very small piece of bacon, then again corn-mush. Balance of month—raw rations. A pint of corn-meal which, I think, was made from corn-cob as well as corn. Sometimes a little rice, and occasionally some stock beans or peas, full of bugs. Ground corn-cob, peas, bugs, all went down. We could not spare anything. Very often it would happen that on mush day it would rain and by the time it would be divided and subdivided it would be saturated with rain and would have a very sour taste. A member of our regiment was in the habit of speaking about buckwheat cakes and Jersey sausages on these occasions, which we bore with good grace for a while, but finally threatened to annihilate him if he did not stop it while we were eating our sour mush.

There were a few in the pen who fared better than the general run of prisoners. These enterprising comrades had a small stand outside their tents on which they kept for sale in very small quantities potatoes, wheat flour, soap, and on one occasion I noticed a chicken, corn-meal and buggy peas. I believe they got their stock from the guards who smuggled them in the pen, the incentive being Yankee greenbacks.

These articles sold for the following prices: A piece of soap, cut across the bar and three-quarters of an inch wide and thick, 10 cents; a tablespoonful of wheat flour, 10 cents; a very ordinary sized potato, 25 cents. I had not the heart to price the chicken, but, as I did not see it the next day on sale, very likely a syndicate of the wealthier comrades was formed and bought it in. The wheat flour was bought by the prisoners and scorched before eating for diarrhoea. The potatoes were eaten raw for scurvy. It was in potatoes that I invested my \$7. There was also another article sold in the pen, called sour beer, made by pouring water on corn-meal and

allowing it to ferment in the sun. Many prisoners bought this sour beer, thinking it good for the scurvy, and the cry of the hawkers could be heard in the different parts of the pen: "Here's your good sour beer, now; only five cents a cup." This sour beer was not intoxicating, and to a hungry man went down rather thin, consequently its price was the lowest of any article sold in the pen, it being drank principally for what was considered its medicinal virtues.

The mortality of the pen, particularly in the month of August, was heavy. It was an every-day occurrence to see a long row of dead lying side by side in the street leading to the gate of the stockade and those having charge of them waiting for the gates to be opened to carry them out to the dead-house. The dead-house, as it appeared to us in the pen, was nothing more than four uprights with ridge poles, across which were thrown limbs of trees to make a shady place for the dead until their names and regiments could be taken previous to burial.

As month succeeded month matters grew worse with us; many of the prisoners had but little, if any, hope of an exchange, believing that we would have to remain in the pen during the war, unless sooner released by death, which, indeed, seemed the most probable. As this idea took a deeper root in their minds they would lose all ambition, they would not walk around for exercise, but remain seated on the ground and become indifferent to their surroundings, refuse food, their minds would wander, their eyes become vacant and staring, and finally death would come to their relief. There were others, fortunately few in number comparatively, who became desperate, having no regard whatever for their comrades; it was every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost with them; they would raid and rob their comrades of rations, money, watches or whatever valuables they possessed; their victims being mostly western men from Sherman's army, who were more fortunate in reaching the stockade with their valuables than were the men from the Army of the Potomac. These raiders became the terror of the pen; they were prepared and ready at any moment to assault and rob; they handled some of the prisoners so roughly, that death resulted in consequence. The prisoners made application to General Winder, commanding the post, for authority to organize a court, which was granted; the raiders were arrested, tried, and six of them sentenced to be hung, which sentence was duly executed in the prison pen. This action on the part of the prisoners had a very salutary effect, and nothing more was heard of raiding after the execution. There were others who tried to effect their escape by tunnelling. A tunnel would be started in a tent near the "dead line." (The dead line was a light fence, about twenty feet from the stockade; this line ran completely around, and parallel with, the sides of the stockade.) Those engaged in the digging worked on dark nights only; they would dig with sticks and half canteens, and scatter the dirt along a swamp or morass that run through the pen; when the tunnel was thought ready for tapping, those interested would creep in, a dark, rainy night always being selected for the tapping, but their brave efforts were seldom crowned with success, for while some did escape in this manner, by far the greater number were doomed to disappointment. An alarm would be sounded and a hasty retreat made out of the tunnel. All prisoners who managed to escape through tunnelling or otherwise, and who

were unfortunate enough to be recaptured, suffered cruel punishment by being put in chain-gangs and in stocks, hung up by the thumbs and whipped at a whipping-post. Nevertheless the tunnelling continued. The knowledge that our imprisonment might be a long one, that we were within the yellow-fever district of the South, that the air we breathed was impregnated with foul, repulsive vapors, and should that fatal scourge once enter, a "clean sweep" would be made—these horrible thoughts incited the prisoners on to repeated and desperate efforts to escape, but with few exceptions only to meet with disappointment, and many with cruel punishment. Much could have been done to alleviate our sufferings, with no further trouble on the part of our keeper than to allow a guard to accompany a detail of prisoners, day by day, to get and bring in wood, of which there was an abundance, for the purpose of making better shelter. Captain Wirz was a cruel keeper; he was a man short in stature, stooping figure, a deep-set, ugly eye; he was a mean combination, a potent concentration, a hellish conglomeration of nastiness, profanity and barbarity; he not only cruelly punished prisoners for attempting to escape, but kicked and otherwise abused sick prisoners who happened to be in his way. I saw him one day, in company with another rebel, both mounted on heavy horses and riding slowly between the "stockade" and "dead line," the object being to break through into any tunnel that might be in operation, and I thought, Oh! that he might break through into some unknown cavity, and go down, way down through the different stratas and settle somewhere about the Silurian and Cambrian systems of deposits, and that we might be enabled to dump down some eighteen or twenty barrels of sour mush before the ground closed in on him.

There were many touching incidents transpiring in the pen. I will mention but one. There were two prisoners who chose a spot in front of our tent for their sleeping quarters. They had no shelter of any kind. One was quite young—a mere boy; the other appeared well advanced in years to be a soldier. In a short time the boy took sick; his companion did all that lay in his power to help, cheer and comfort him. One day, as he lay upon the ground with his head in the lap of the old prisoner, who was passing his hand through the boy's hair, caressingly, the boy exclaimed, Oh! I am going; I am going; please write and tell my mother and sister that I tried so hard to live, in this awful, awful place; tell them that I hope to meet them in Heaven, and that I did my duty, and died like a man. The old prisoner made no reply other than nodding assent, but the tears were trickling down his cheeks as he continued to caress the dying boy, until his spirit passed away; after that, the old man grew silent; he would not converse with us any more; by and by his mind began to wander, and we knew by the vacant stare in his eye that he, too, was "going," and that there would be no one to write to mother now, and tell her how and where her boy died. Some of the prisoners held prayer-meetings, and endeavored by exhortation and prayer to inspire hope in the hearts of their depressed comrades. A singing quartette was organized, composed of Tom Martin, of "K," and Sergeant Charles Baker, John Hutton and W. H. Henning, of "I," hoping that the little service they could render in this manner might help to cheer their comrades to some degree. One day in September

(I think) there was considerable excitement in the pen by the announcement that a certain number of prisoners would be exchanged, and we were to fall in line by detachments for the doctors to make the selection. Those of the sick and the worst skeletons whose time of service would soon expire were selected. A short time after, the prisoners were taken out by detachments, as they thought, for exchange; we were taken to Savannah, where we remained about two weeks, and then a portion were sent to Millen, Ga., and the balance to Andersonville again, I, with some more of our regiment, going to Millen, Ga.; here we remained until some time in November, when we were again sent to Savannah, and finally paroled on the 15th day of November, 1864.

I am sorry I cannot give you a more complete list of names of those of our regiment who died in the rebel prison pens. I have lost my memoranda, and can only give such names as I can recall from memory.

Private Charles Hubbs, Co. C, died in Andersonville, of chronic diarrhoea.
 Sergeant Samuel D. Boyer, " D, " " " " "
 Private Augustus Specht, " A, " " " " "
 " Joseph Smith, " F, " " " " "
 " John Ginaman, " F, returned.
 " Fred Bubeck, " " " Paroled in Jackson, Fla., May, 1865.
 Sergeant Ed. Wilkinson, " I, died in Andersonville, of scorbutis.
 Private Geo. F. Morton, " " " " " "
 " Garret Houseman, " " " " " chronic diarrhoea.
 " John Hutton, Co. " " " " " "
 " Andrew Myers, " " " " " "
 " Henry Blatz, " " " " Milien, " " "
 " John Fullerton, " " " " Andersonville, " dropsy.
 " Jas. S. McGettigan, Co. I, " returned.
 " Patrick O'Brien, " " " "
 " Robert K. Enbody, " " " "
 " Wm. Crealman, " " " "
 " Fred. Link, " " " "
 " Wm. H. Henning, " " " "

Those of our company whom we met in the Andersonville pen were :

Sergeant Chas. Baker, returned.

Private And'w Browning, "

" John Parker "

" Thomas Martin, Co. K, returned.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

W. H. HENNING.

RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE "118TH."

BY LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

That the "118th" was composed, to any great extent, of saints it would, perhaps, be idle to attempt to demonstrate.

Nor, indeed, would it be expected of any body of men unselected, homogeneous and banded with a purpose wholly foreign to the genius and spirit of Christianity such as is a regiment of soldiers.

But from the fact that our regiment was made up mainly of self-respecting, gentle-bred, fairly educated and generally youthful material, it would naturally argue the conclusion that it should give religion a respectful hearing, if nothing more. And so, indeed, it was with us.

Starting at "Camp Union," a few miles out from the city proper, the command began its career by opening its first Sunday of camp life with religious services, having upon this occasion secured the services of the popular and patriotic Rev. J. Walker Jackson, who delivered us a discourse in his own intense and fascinating manner, full of patriotic sentiment as well as religious instruction; and up to the time of leaving for the seat of war many devotional meetings were held.

After the regiment's first (calamitous) baptism of fire, for a brief space of time, when in camp at Sharpsburg, Md., there were held some very impressive meetings, at the close of one of which, it will be remembered, our commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn, addressed us, commending this feature of our camp life.

Our first chaplain, Charles E. Hill, about this time joined us, and, wherever convenient, would preach, but he soon after left us, resigning December 24, 1863.

He was followed by Chaplain William O'Neill, whose commission dated January 29, 1863. The chaplain was a brother of our brave, witty, large-hearted captain, afterward major, of that name.

In him we found a man worthy of his vocation and of being the possessor of a commission in a regiment of such worth as was ours. Thoroughly religious himself, he helped to imbue others with the same feelings. Energetic, intelligent, benevolent, his position among us was not that of a sinecure, but of active, courageous, persistent service.

For him was erected at Camp "Beverly Ford," Va., a spacious log-chapel with hewn wood floor and pews, a pulpit and many other things churchly that were faint, but significant, reminders of better days.

Through his efforts, and without cost to the men, was secured an ample and admirable library.

His preaching was, wherever practicable, stated, and was always replete with Gospel spirit and unction. We retained his services until the muster-out of the regiment.

There was in all these endeavors, to our apprehension at this time, little to impress us with the belief that religion was a power in our midst. And, yet, who can tell what were the results of these religious activities, what their influence for good may be up to this day among our surviving membership? We may not know in this world.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ARMY HOSPITAL AND ITS WORK.

BY SURGEON JOSEPH THOMAS.

Prior to the battle of Chancellorsville, and nearly a year subsequent to it, the medical and surgical treatment of the sick and wounded was performed by the medical regimental officers. Seldom was there any concert of action with medical officers of a brigade. A hospital tent and a limited supply of food, medicines and surgical appliances and dressings constituted the equipment and dependence for treating the sick while on the march, and the wounded during and after a battle. While resting in camp, also, the sick were housed and treated in the regimental hospital tent. On a march these supplies and appliances were usually conveyed on a one-horse, two-wheeled cart, designated "medical transport cart," one of them being assigned to each regiment. This, in charge of the regimental surgeon and his two assistants, with a hospital steward, a soldier carrying the medical knapsack and a few invalid soldiers to act as nurses and stretcher-bearers, followed on the march immediately in rear of the regiment. A two-horse army ambulance generally accompanied the same. A short time before General Grant commenced operations with the Army of the Potomac this system was changed and the medical work was reorganized. Division field hospitals were then erected, with a surgeon selected from one of the regiments for each hospital to superintend and control its care and management. A corps of skilled and experienced operators, variously chosen from the different regiments of the division, was uniformly present with the field hospital. Several army wagons were employed to convey the tents and ample supplies. A number of men to act as nurses and pioneers, to put up and take down tents, etc., as well as to receive the wounded from the ambulances as they were brought from the battle field, accompanied the medical train. The surgeon-in-chief of division, a staff officer of the general commanding, usually designated the location for the field hospital pending a fight and directed its removal as circumstances required. Thus the efficiency of medical work was greatly improved, and the sick and wounded were much better cared for in consequence.

Dr. Joseph Thomas, surgeon of the 118th Regiment, was assigned to the charge of the field hospital of the 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, at its reorganization, and he continued with it until the return of the army from Appomattox to Washington, in May, 1865, when the troops were disbanded.

Dr. John M. Kollock, first assistant surgeon of the 118th, was detached for duty at general hospital, at City Point, when the army crossed the James River and operated against the enemy at Petersburg, Va., and he remained there until the removal of the hospital at the close of the war, although he had been promoted surgeon of the 50th Regiment P. V., September 3, 1864.

Dr. Melson L. Rowland, the second assistant surgeon of the regiment, was discharged by reason of ill-health, December 23, 1863. Dr. John L. Crouse was

appointed an assistant surgeon and assigned to the 118th Regiment, September 30, 1864, and was mustered out with the command, June 1, 1865.

Charles F. Dare was promoted from private, Company H, to hospital steward, September 8, 1862, rendered valuable service with the regiment and division field hospital during its existence and was mustered out with regiment, June 1, 1865.

Private William Flemming, Company B, was assigned to the regimental hospital, carried the medical knapsack on the march and acted in this capacity until the time of muster-out, June 1, 1865.

Private Henry H. Hodges, Company D, was assigned on detached duty in charge of the medical stores of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, and later on was connected with the division field hospital, performing efficient services in the medical department.

Corporal Joseph B. Reppert, Company F, after his return to the regiment (having been captured at Shepherdstown, Va.), in feeble health, was assigned as a special hospital cook.

Captain John R. White, Company G, was assigned to the division field hospital, and had command of the various men on detached duty connected with it.

Items from a Rebel expense book found at Five Forks after the charge :

Pair Eye-Glasses.....	\$130.00
Hair-Cut and Shave.....	10.00
1 Coat, Vest and Pants.....	2,750.00
1 Gal. Whiskey.....	400.00
1 Doz. Catawba Wine.....	350.00
1 Penknife.....	120.00
Bo't \$60.00 of Gold.....	6,000.00
1 oz. Quinine.....	1,600.00
2 Weeks' Hotel Board.....	600.00
Mending Pair Pants.....	20.00
1 Pair Calfskin Riding Boots.....	550.00

Above articles paid for in Confederate Money in Richmond, Va.

The Army of the Potomac was the people in arms. Its ranks were largely filled with youth who had no love for war, but who had left their pleasant homes and their pursuits of peace that the government they loved might not perish. The private soldiers were often as intelligent critics of military movements as their superiors.

APPETITE OF AN ARMY MULE.

After Gettysburg fight, working our way back to Virginia, the supply wagons passed near Frederick, Md. The rainy weather had prevented supplies from coming up, the mules had no hay for some time; after going into corral for the night, one teamster, who wanted his team to hold out, went foraging for hay; was successful and returned with an armful. That was enough; every mule that got a sight or smell of it commenced braying, bawling and pulling the tongues of wagons around, regardless of teamsters making their coffee; the noise was provoking; prospect of sleep vanished, the Whoa, Whoa! what I give you corn for? Don't I feed you? Don't you get enough to eat? had no effect, when one teamster said Let's get hay and quiet them. As quite a number had returned unsuccessful, all eyes were turned on the speaker; the determined manner in which he spoke led a few to venture with him. What was their surprise to see him charge a rail fence, telling each one to carry all rails he could back to the wagons, and throw them under wagon tongues. The mules commenced to smell, then lick, and finally opened on rails: such a cracking, gnawing, tearing and splinter time had never been heard before, and at daylight not a piece as big as your hand remained. They had chawed all night, and the big pole mule for a change had the teamster's boot, innocently trying to chaw the top of leg off.

HODGES.

A STRANGE PREMONITION.

There came to the regiment while it lay encamped near Beverly Ford, Va., as a substitute, a man of fine physique. He was assigned to Co. I as W. Shuler. It was seen that he possessed more than ordinary intelligence. He was a fluent talker, and affable in his manner, so that he soon won the good-will of most of his company. He was by profession a lawyer, and entered the service in the South-west as a captain.

After the battle of Shiloh he resigned his commission and went to Philadelphia, and while there he re-entered the service. He told some of his comrades that he had been in many hard-fought battles in the South-west, but that the very next battle that he should go into he would be killed, and that early in the fight. He was often laughed at for his forebodings, but he only answered, "Yes, you may laugh, but nevertheless it is true; for I see it just as plainly as if pictured on paper. But I do not care, for I shall go to my death just as I would go to a ball." When the Wilderness campaign opened, under General Grant, and orders were given to move forward, he repeated his story, adding that he had but five days more to live, and that he would face the music. On the morning of May 6th, when our division was drawn up in line of battle to make the first assault on the enemies' position, plainly in sight across the clearing, he said to Sergeant Layman, of his company: "You see those works; well, just the other side of them I will fall;



ALFRED LAYMAN, M. D.

Late Sergeant 118th Regt. P. V.

1862-1892.

that is the spot. I know it! I know it!" The sergeant said, "Captain," for that was the title he was known by, "do you honestly feel that such is your fate? If so, fall out, and do not go into the fight; I shall never mention it." The look that he gave the sergeant was one not to be forgotten, as he said: "Sergeant, I thank you; don't tempt me: I have always done my duty, and shall do it now." Just at this moment the command was given, "Forward!" and forward the lines moved—moved into the very jaws of death. The sergeant, now fully realizing the situation and the earnest manner of his friend's reprimand, concluded to stand by him. The lines rushed upon the enemy's works. They were carried about fifty yards inside these works. The fatal missile came; the ball entered the captain's left breast with a thud. Reeling he fell into the arms of the sergeant, who now laid him down. Loosening the knapsack from his back and laying his head upon it, he asked, "Cap't, is there anything else that I can do for you?" "Yes, give me a drink of water." But before the water reached his mouth the blood came gushing forth. The sergeant called to his comrades for help to carry him from the field; but the captain in a dying whisper said, "No, Sergeant, leave me where I am; it is no use; it is all up with me. Go on and take care of yourself." Bidding him good-bye the sergeant left him, never to see him again, as his remains fell into the hands of the enemy.

DR. A. LAYMAN.

"OLD BIG FEET."

JAMES WILSON, of Company D, who afterwards died at Andersonville, Georgia.

On our way to Warrenton, in fall of 1862, we bivouacked in old corn-field. The fence rails were laid on stones to cause draft for fire to burn quickly. It is wonderful how quick those old bummers, who never carry a rail or take a canteen to get filled, snouch in for best place. The rails were quickly filled with pots; the smell of coffee cheering; eagerly each one watched his pot; the simmer and boil was fast approaching, when in the darkness a big-footer, too lazy to lift feet, undertook to step over; the result was feet wouldn't lift—they were too big; but rails did! Away went pots, helter-skelter. Such a grabbing for pots, trying to save a portion of contents, accompanied with a volley of oaths, that was followed with, Kill him! Extra duty for life! Give him the bayonet, etc., saluted the ears of the unfortunate culprit, who was caught, loaded with canteens, and sent for water. It was useless; none could be found, and a no-coffee crowd turned in that night. Ever afterwards old big feet was kept from coming near a fire until after coffee was made.

HODGES.

APRIL THIRTEENTH, 1865.

The day after the surrender General Henry A. Wise sent his aide, Lieutenant Charles J. Faulkner, to General Chamberlain, commanding our brigade, informing

him that he was anxious to leave for his home. Lieutenant George W. Williams, of our regiment, aide on General Chamberlain's staff, was sent to examine his baggage, consisting of two trunks, at the hotel; some pistol cartridges were found, which he was told to keep as he might want to forage on the way home. At the bottom of trunk was found a handsome silk flag. General Wise remarked it had been presented to his regiment by the ladies of Richmond, in the early part of the war, and he was exceedingly anxious to return the same. After examining the flag Lieutenant Williams turned and said, "General, no doubt you have made the usual promise to shed the last drop of blood in your regiment to preserve this flag; as it is without spot or blemish, it would be out of place with those scarred and stained battle-flags surrendered yesterday, and I doubt whether any other Yank has ever had the opportunity of seeing it; you had better return it." Wise was amazed as Williams rode from the scene.

The following are answers to letters of inquiry sent out by the publisher.

WHO WAS THE COLOR-BEARER?

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, September 1, 1886.

J. L. SMITH, ESQ., 118th Corn Exchange Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Dear Sir: Your kind letter received, and I am much gratified at your geniality and frankness. Please accept my thanks for it. The Mississippi regiment you refer to, which came through Trostle's farmyard, was the 21st Mississippi, one of those composing Barksdale's Mississippi brigade. It was commanded by Colonel B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, who succeeded Barksdale (killed), and who after the war was made governor of Mississippi. The name of the color-bearer I do not know, but will try and find out for you.

I thank you for the tribute you give to the valor of this regiment and brigade, whose devotion to their cause was unsurpassed by any other in our army. I was told once by General Humphreys that in one of the regiments—the 13th, I think—there were two companies in which were privates, volunteers for the war, who were worth property valued in the aggregate at four millions of dollars, and that those gentlemen made it a point of honor to serve as privates in the ranks and refuse office. This was mentioned as an illustration to show the pride and spirit of the whole brigade, and I can bear testimony, and it is due to them that I should, that I never saw any faltering from that high plane of devotion to principle among the officers and their commands in the companies mentioned, nor among the officers and soldiers in any other companies in any other regiments of the brigade. I tell you this that you may say that if your regiment had to go, you did so before the charge of the very flower of Southern chivalry.

Very respectfully,

L. MCLAWS, *late Major-General C. S. A.*

NOTE.—See map of Gettysburg.

PHILADELPHIA, August 31, 1886.

To the Adjutant-General of Mississippi:

Dear Sir: At the battle of Gettysburg, July 2d, 5.30 P. M., Barksdale's brigade charged through the Trostle House yard, on the right of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The flag of the leading regiment was borne so bravely by the color-bearer through the gate of the yard, and I saw him so plainly in advance of his regiment, that I am anxious to get the name of his regiment for insertion in the "History of the 118th Corn Exchange Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers," now being written. If you can aid me in this you will greatly oblige yours,

J. L. SMITH, *late 118th P. V. Regiment.*

Mississippi papers will please notice or copy the foregoing.

If the "Trostle House" was the dwelling of the "Peach Orchard," by which name it is commonly known, the position assaulted and carried by Barksdale's brigade, the regiment in question was the 21st Mississippi, Colonel B. G. Humphreys, which held the right of the brigade. The next regiment, the right centre, was the 17th, Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer. The Federal troops occupying this position were a Pennsylvania brigade, their commander, General Graham, and a number of his men with artillery being overrun and captured by the 21st. If we remember correctly, the color-bearer and guard of said regiment were all killed or wounded in the charge.

If the Trostle House was farther to the Federal right, held by troops among whom were some in Zouave costume, it was charged by the 13th, Colonel Carter, and 18th, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Luse, Mississippi regiments.

Than the charge of Barksdale's brigade at Gettysburg, directed by Longstreet and led by Barksdale, no action of the war was more glorious. Piercing and rending the Federal line, it was one of those battle episodes which, followed, made great victories. But this brilliant success achieved by the loss of half the brigade was not supported and its legitimate fruits were lost; and the next day witnessed the slaughter of Pickett's division in endeavoring to carry Cemetery Ridge, which a support to Barksdale the day before could have bloodlessly occupied. But such was not to be our Kismet.—*Greenville Times.*

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

(From Philadelphia *Ledger*, October 29, 1884.)

Mr. J. L. Smith having noticed denials of the story that the surrender of General Lee took place under an apple tree, wrote to General Grant on the subject. The subjoined correspondence explains itself:

October 3, 1884.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *Long Branch:*

Dear Sir: I have read several articles in the papers of late alleging that the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox was not under an apple tree. I was in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Corn Exchange Regiment, and on the morning of April 9, 1865, our regiment was lying near the hill. I was early at the

spot and secured a piece of the tree. A number of officers were there also, offering five and ten dollars to the men for chips, and one of your orderlies was there and got a branch for you at the time. From this latter a set of jewelry was made by the Messrs. Browne, Spaulding & Co., of New York, for your wife, according to a paper I saw several years ago.

I enclose clipping from the *Evening Telegraph* (Philadelphia) of October 2, which quotes Captain Nathan Appleton as having secured a piece of the tree. I have my piece still in my possession, and as these denials are having a run through the papers tending to bring my relic into disrepute, and my friends tell me that the occurrence did not take place under the tree, I ask you, general, to set the matter right.

Awaiting your answer, I am yours truly,

J. L. SMITH.

General Grant's response was as follows:

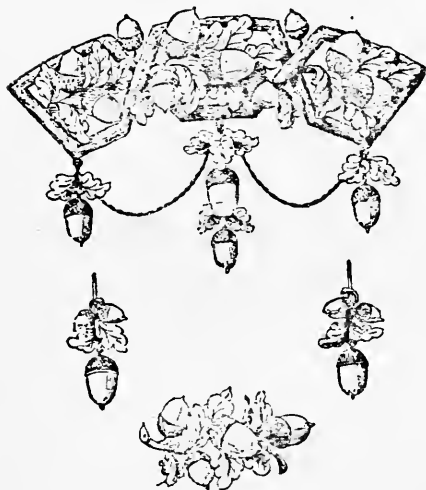
General Lee was seated on the ground, with his back resting against an apple tree, when General Babcock delivered to him my answer to his letter requesting an interview for the purpose of arranging terms of surrender. Lee was conducted to McLean's house, within our lines, before I got up [to the front].

U. S. GRANT.

October 16, 1884.

(See *Fac-simile* of General Grant's letter on opposite page.)

(From *Harper's Weekly*, 1865, p. 565.)



We give on page 565 an illustration of a set of magnificent jewelry which Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, of New York city, have prepared for a present to Mrs. General Grant. The framework of the comb is of fine gold, beautifully chased and wrought in imitation of two oaken branches intertwined and exhibiting distinctly the knots and roughness of the bark. Acorns, fourteen in number, and set in cups of gold exquisitely enameled, are depending from the two main stems, one of them attached by twigs and others suspended by chains. The leaf work, setting, etc., are inimitable. The ear-rings have each a large

acorn as a pendant, with two leaves and miniature acorns above. The brooch

General Lee was seated on the ground
with his back resting against an apple tree when
General Roberts delivered to him my answer to his
letter requesting an interview for the purpose of
arranging terms of surrender. Lee was conducted
to McClellan's house, within six days, before I got
up.

M. T. Grant

October 16th 1864

is after same general style, containing four acorns upon a leafy twig wrought like the ear-rings and comb. On the back are the words inscribed: "Mrs. General Grant, from Browne & Spaulding." The jewels are enclosed in a fine purple velvet case lined with white velvet satin; this bears the inscription in gold: "Presented to Mrs. General U. S. Grant, by Browne & Spaulding, 570 Broadway, N. Y." The wood used in this set was cut from the apple tree under which General Grant's officers met General Lee on the morning of the surrender, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia.

FLAG OF TRUCE AT APPOMATTOX.

GAINSVILLE, GEORGIA, March 12, 1886.

J. L. SMITH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir: Your favor 8th inst. received and noted. Captain Sims, of Columbia, South Carolina, was the bearer of the flag of truce on the day of capitulation at Appomattox. He had been assigned to me at Petersburg on the death of his chief proper, General A. P. Hill. I regret that I cannot give you his initials.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JAMES LONGSTREET, *late Lieutenant-General C. S. A.*

NEW YORK, May 25, 1887.

MR. SMITH:

Dear Sir: I have the flag of truce (a towel) that came from the Confederate lines at Appomattox, which you describe as coming through the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment. Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

"THE PRIVATE." *

Here is a song for the private, the gallant and true;
Though others may *plan*, he is the one that must do;
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,
Here is a wreath for his brow, a song for his fame.

I learn from the telegraph, hear by the train,
Of the glory some general by valor has gained,
Of the "wing he's outflanked," "the fort overthrown,"
And the poem is sung to the leader alone.

But tell me, oh, tell me, where would he have been
Had the private not been there the play to begin?
Had he sheltered his breast from the steel or the fire,
Or dared on the march to faint or to tire?

Found on a dead rebel officer at Hatcher's Run by J. L. Smith while on the skirmish line.

I have heard the debt the nation will owe
The heroes that over the despot shall throw,
And only petition that this be its care—
The private shall have a *Benjamin's* share.

Is a fort to be stormed, a charge to be made,
A mountain to climb, a river to wade,
A rampart to scale, a breach to repair,
'Neath the blaze of artillery—the private is there!

He might tell what he suffered in cold and in pain,
How he lay all night long with the wounded and slain,
Or left with his blood his tracks on the snow
But never from him the story you'll know.

He fights not for glory, for well does he know
The road to promotion is weary and slow;
His highest ambition is for freedom to fight,
To conquer the foe or die for the right.

Should he fall, perchance, to-day and to-morrow
His messmates will sigh at evening in sorrow;
But onward they march, far, far from the spot,
And the name of the private is lost or forgot.

But oh! on his struggle the pale stars of even
Look down from the glittering pathways of heaven,
And angels descend to take his death sigh,
And the name of the brave is emblazoned on high.

Then here is a song for the brave and the true;
Though others may *plan*, it is he that must do;
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,
Here is a wreath for the private—a song for his fame.

"LOULA."

A copy of the following circular was sent to the address of every known comrade.

HISTORY OF THE 118TH P. V., CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT.

The object of publishing this work is to place in permanent record marches, battles and *experiences* of the officers and men who composed this regiment.

DEAR COMRADE:

I have been employing some of my time in searching for matters and documents relating to the 118th Regiment. I want a complete record of its progress from time of organization to its muster-out.

WILL YOU ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS?

When and where did you enlist?

When and where mustered out?

Were you drafted or substitute?

Were you in any battles or skirmishes, when and where?

Note any acts of bravery, &c.

Were you in any rebel prison?

Where were you captured?

Do you know of any comrades dying in prison? name place and date

When and where were you paroled?

Were you promoted while in the army?

If you were, to what position?

Were you on detailed duty?

If so, when and where?

What is your present address?

I trust you will reply *prompt* and *fully*, so we can make a complete history. Now don't lay this aside; it is to your interest to attend to this at once.

Yours truly,

J. L. SMITH,

27 South 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSTER

OF

118TH CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT,

P. V.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Charles M. Prevost	Colonel	Aug. 28, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Sep. 30, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Brig. Gen. March 13, 1865.
James Gwyn	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from Lt. Col. Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Brig. Gen. Dec. 2, 1864, and Bv.-Maj. Gen. Apr. 1, 1865. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles P. Herring	Lt. Col.	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted from Major, Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Col. Dec. 2, 1864, and Bv.-Brig. Gen. March 13, 1865. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865, with loss of leg. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Henry O'Neill	Major	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted from Capt. Co. A Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv. Col. Dec. 2, 1864. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
James P. Perot	Adjt.	Aug. 30, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Jan. 17, 1863.
Charles H. Hand	"	Nov. 30, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. F Jan. 17, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Capt. Sep. 30, 1864, and Bv.-Major April 1, 1865. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Addicks	Q. M.	Aug. 1, '62	"	Resigned Oct. 4, 1862.
Sylvester Day	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from Private Co. F to Com. Sgt. of Regt. Aug. 14, 1862, and promoted to 1st Lt. and Q. M. of Regt. Oct. 22, 1862. Resigned Jan. 8, 1863.
William F. Gardner	"	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. G Jan. 8, 1863. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Thomas	Surgeon	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
John M. Kollock	As't Sur.	July 25, '62	"	Promoted to Surgeon 50th Regt. P. V. Sep. 2, 1864.
Nelson L. Rowland	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 23, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John L. Crouse	As't Sur.	Sep. 30, '64	1	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles E. Hill	Chap.	Aug. 30, '62	3	Resigned Dec. 24, 1862.
William O'Neill	"	Jan. 29, '63	"	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
William Courtney	Sgt. Maj.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Sep. 1, 1864. Wounded in action Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 8, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. C Aug. 11, 1864.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. E Jan. 19, 1864.
Edmund De Buck	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. I Nov. 1, 1862.
Robert McKinley	Q. M. S.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. B Feb. 1, 1863. Mus- tered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
John J. Thomas	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Appointed from Private Co. D Aug. 15, 1862. Appointed 2d Lt. of Co. B Oct. 22, 1862.
John Henry Keener	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. H Oct. 22, 1862. Reduced to the ranks and transferred to Co. H Feb. 1, 1863.
William F. Doane	Com. Sgt.	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. I Dec. 6, 1862. Mus- tered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles C. Baker	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Appointed from Sgt. Co. B Oct. 22, 1862. Transferred to Co. I Dec. 6, 1864.
Charles F. Dare	Hospt. St.	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted from Private Co. H Sep. 8, 1862. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.

Total, 25.

COMPANY "A."

Henry O'Neill	Capt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Promoted to Major Nov. 1, 1863.
Albert H. Walters	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. D Feb. 10, 1864. Ap- Bv.-Maj. July 6, 1864. Resigned Feb. 13, 1865.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. D April 9, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alexander Wilson	1st Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Resigned May 22, 1863.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. I Oct. 27, 1863, to Capt. Co. I, Aug. 9, 1864.
John Scott	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. Jan. 19, 1864, to 1st Lt. Aug. 9, 1864, to Capt. Co. F Dec. 16, '64.
William T. Godwin	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted from Sgt. Co. F and mus- tered in as 1st Lt. Dec. 29, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
G. Alfred Schaefer	2d Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Resigned Jan. 19, 1863.
James Brown	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Co. D Mar. 1, 1863. Dis- charged Jan. 4, 1864.
Samuel H. Wharton	1st Sgt.	July 30, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. K Oct. 22, 1862.
Thomas Kelly	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. B May 19, 1863.
John Bray	Sergt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Peter-burg, Va., Mar. 29, 1865. Mus- tered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wesley C. Freed	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Daniel Donovan	Sergt.	Aug. 14, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Flynn	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 18, 1863, from Gen. Hospital at Frederick, Md.
Lewis M. Harmer	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. No record of discharge.
John Murphy	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Jan. 23, 1863, of wounds received at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Henry Smith	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 31, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles W. Uhl	Corpl.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James G. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md. Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 25.
Samuel C. Ferguson	"	July 31, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va. Died Jan 8, 1863, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Lewis Dickel	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged May 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
William L. Harmer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to 62d Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., March 19, 1864.
Samuel J. Ewell	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 1, 1863, from Hospital at West Phila., Pa.
Mark Silcox	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 24, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Benj. F. Hensel	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 31, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William Struble	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., July 19, of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864, grave 2425.
Jas. S. Hallowell	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action.
Samuel L. Parker	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Sep. 30, 1864, and died of wounds May 6, 1865, at Findley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Wm. M. Read	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged by Gen. Order May 19, 1865.
Phillip Stephens	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged from Hosp. for disability at Phila., Pa., Oct. 3, 1865.
Chas. I. Young	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out on Det. Muster-out roll June 3, '65, at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
John P. Enoch	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out on Det. Muster-out roll June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Thos. H. Dickinson	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corporal May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas Scout	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corporal May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Michael Murphy	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability Sep. 18, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrollment.</i>	<i>Term yrs.</i>	
John Russell	Corpl.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 30, 1863, at Convalescent Camp, Va.
Monroe Bowne	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Allen, Richard	Private	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 4, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Fallhaus, August	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Barton, Hiram E. W.	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 26, 1862, at Frederick, Md.
Barry, David H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed in action at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Berry, Richard	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 1, 1865, at Findley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Bray, Daniel	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 30, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Brinton, Jos. E.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Brown, Nicholas	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Brown, Wm. H.	"	Sep. 9, '62	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, '64.
Buckley, Joseph	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bullock, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Burns, John J.	"	Aug. 13, '63	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Feb. 27, '64, from Camp Parole, Md.
Burk, James	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, '64. Died at Annapolis, Md., Dec. 25, 1864.
Callahan, Chas.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 28, 1864. Deserted from Hospital Aug. 10, 1864, at Chester, Pa.
Carmon, Michael	"	Aug. 13, '64	"	Deserted (no date); never joined the Regt.
Carr, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted April 29, 1863.
Carroll, Patrick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Chambers, Samuel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Clark, Rufus J.	"	Aug. 4, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Dec. 30, '63, at Convalescent Camp, Va.; never joined Co.
Cline, John W.	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 24, 1864. Grave 9639.
Condon, Patrick	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Copes, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Dasey, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Duncan, William W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to Co. E, 9th V. R. C.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Emrick, George	Private.	Sep. 9, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 15, 1863. Paroled Mar. 9, 1864. Deserted Mar. 14, 1864, at Camp Parole, Md.
Emrick, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 25, '63, at Auburn, Va.
Enoch, Albert	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Erb, John	"	July 21, '62	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F Mar. 1, 1864.
Evans, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fairbrother, Allen	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died Nov. 8, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Farley, James	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, '62.
Ferguson, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 30, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
File, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted June 17, 1863.
Foster, William K.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted April 29, 1863, en route to Chancellorsville, Va.
Gilpin, Nathaniel	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gillis, Joseph	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Gould, Morgan R.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted June 17, 1863. Enrolled as John R. and deserted as Morgan R.
Griffith, David	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Gruinder, Henry	"	July 16, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F Mar. 1, 1864.
Hagar, Chas. H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability April 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Haiston, Mercer	"	Aug. 18, '62	9 m.	Originally enlisted in Co. H. 126 P. V., for 9 months Aug. 18, 1862. Deserted from said Regt. Jan. 13, 1863. Assigned to Co. A, 118 P. V., by Mil. Com. to serve unexpired term. Rec'd in Co. A April 2, 1864, and mustered out by expiration of service Sept. 5, 1864.
Hallowell, Jacob	"	Aug. 14, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hamman, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Furloughed for 30 days Mar. 16, 1865, from Camp Parole, Md. No later record.
Hampton, Thos.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Dec. —, 1864, at Weldon R. R., Va.
Harmer, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Harmer, Jos. C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Hess, Joseph	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Aug. 14, 1865, on Det. Muster-out roll, at Phila., Pa.
Hestert, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Hirst, William H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability July 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Hoffington, Jos. B.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hoffman, Lewis G.	Private	Aug. 4, '62	3	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted May 1, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Hughes, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Died July 7, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Humphrys, Thos.	"	Sep. 13, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 25th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C.
Jenkins, Jerome	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Transferred to Co. H, 14th V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1864.
Keever, Emanuel	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out May 21, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, near Washington, D. C., to date May 19, 1865.
Keiger, Jacob	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 28, 1863, at Camp Bealton Station, Va.
Kimball, Geo. A.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co., June 1, 1865.
Kiechblatt, Chas.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 28, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Kurtz, Jacob	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to 96th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 25, 1863.
Lampy, John W.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Lanum, James	"	Sep. 6, '64	"	Substitute. Deserted; forwarded to Regt. Sep. 18, 1864. No further record.
Markley, Francis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 10th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 20, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order July 3, 1865.
Meehan, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Milnes, George	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died Dec. 24, 1864.
Miller, John H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 24, 1864, at Germantown, Pa.
Miller, Mathew	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died at Andersonville, Ga., June 10, 1864.
Miller, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 5, 1862.
Miller, Wm. C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died of disease Dec. 17, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.
Mock, John C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Moore, Thomas	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 15, 1863, at Manasses, Va.
Moulton, Jno. M.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from hosp. at Phila., Pa.
Mower, George	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.
Mullin, Lawrence	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Murphy, Maurice	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 5th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sept. 30, 1863.
Murphy, Patrick	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sept. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. F, 21st Regt. V. R. C., Sept. 12, 1863, Phila., Pa.
McCalley, Owen	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Sept. 12, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McCann, John	Private	Aug. 7, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 15, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McCarty, John	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. No later record.
McCarty, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
McCool, Romyne	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 24, 1864. Grave 9651. Burial record A. McCool.
McCool, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McCormick, John	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, at Manasses, Va.
McCorkell, Andrew	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 24, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
McCrossen, Hugh	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Transferred to Co. G, 9th Regt. V. R. C., March 15, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order Jan. 22, 1865.
McElroy, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Norris, Joseph	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Newman, Wm.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Pentzell, Diedrick	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Phillips, Samuel	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sept. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 9.
Pierson, Wm. M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 23, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Possinger, Henry	"	Mar. 10, '65	1	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Wm. P	"	Sep. 20, '63	3	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Randolph, Wm. I.	"	Nov. 17, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864.
Riedenbach, Isaac	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died Jan. 19, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va., in Brigade Hospital.
Robertson, Saml. H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Rogers, David	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Roney, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862.
Schmidt, Henry	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Also borne as Henry Smith. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Schook, Peter	"	Sep. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co.
Scout, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Shane, Michael	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thomas	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, William (1)	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Wounded near Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, William (2)	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred from Co. I Jan. 21, 1864, and transferred back to Co. I March 14, 1864.
Snow, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 25, 1865, at Auburn, Va.
Spedman, Thos.	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 9th Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Specht, Augustus	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 10, 1864. Grave 5321.
Stockel, David	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died March 21 at City Point, Va., of wounds received at Five Forks, Va., March 29, 1865.
Tibbens, Jos. R.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Sept. 30, 1863.
Van Gelder, Lem'l J.	"	Oct. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va. Borne as Lemuel R. Van Gilder.
Wainwright, G. W.	"	July 31, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wallace, James	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 17, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Wells, Lewis	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 18, 1863, at Harewood Hospital, D. C.
Winters, Joseph	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged Jan. 14, 1868, to date June 1, 1865.
Wood, Augustus	"	Sep. 30, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability July 28, 1865, at U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, Chester, Pa.
Wood, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability April 12, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Wulf, Julius	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.

Total, 156.

COMPANY "B."

Richard Donegan	Capt.	Aug. 19, '62	3	Discharged for disability March 31, 1864.
Henry F. Leo	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 1st Lt. March 17, 1864; to Capt. Nov. 6, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard W. Davids.	1st Lt.	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. Co. G June 12, 1863.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. K Jan. 12, 1863, to Capt. Co. C Jan. 20, 1864.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Nov. 16, 1864, and to Capt. Co. F May 1, 1865.
Thomas Kelly	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. A May 19, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Horace Binney	2d Lt.	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. C Sep. 20, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John J. Thomas	2d Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Promoted from Regt. Q. M. Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged Aug. 17, 1864, to date July 27, 1864, per S. O. 273, par. 50, W. D. A. G. O.
Joseph Fenton	1st Sgt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 17, 1863; to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Sgt. June 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alfred McQueen	Sergt.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lewis R. Vandegrift	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1863; to Sgt. June 6, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles F. Stone	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. May 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
David Y. Moslander	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. May 10, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
S. G. Luckenback	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 2, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Edward Young	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Chancellorsville, Va.
Robert McKiniey	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Q. M. Sgt. Feb. 1, 1863.
William Baker	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John McMillen	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 31, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hugh Hawkins	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged for disability Feb. 6, 1865, at York, Pa.
John H. Sheridan	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted March 4, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
Benjamin F. Cox	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability July 6, 1865, at Fairfax Seminary Hosp., Va.
Thomas D. Woods	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 13, 1863, and again Mar. 20, 1864. Tried by G. C. M. Jan. 23, 1865; sentenced to make good time lost by desertion, returned to duty Feb. 6, 1865. There is no record that he ever rejoined his command.
John D. Young	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
James C. McLawrin	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 18th Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 23, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Erasmus D. Kelly	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 27, 1864.
David P. Wray	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out June 5, 1865, with detachment at Washington, D. C.
Marshall Craig	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 20, 1865. Mustered out May 27, 1865, to date May 20, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
George Givons	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No record of discharge.
Robert Trenwith	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Aug. 12, 1864, of wounds received in trenches near Petersburg, Va. Buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Va., Sec. D, division 1, grave 131.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Theodore Beardslee	Corpl.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Detachment Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
William Jones	"	Aug. 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Thomas Burroughs	Mus.	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Anderson, Matthew	Private	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died Oct. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Andrews, Joseph	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute alias Joseph Solomon. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V. as deserter, May 14, 1864.
Arbuckle, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Banks, James M.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Baker, Edward E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted June 26, 1863, on the march.
Baker, Charles C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Regtl. Com. Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862.
Barry, John P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. A, 24th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 11, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Bastin, Julius	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 26, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Beals, Granville W.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. No record of death or discharge.
Bellermere, William	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Bruce, George W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burns, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 1, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Burns, John C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Feb. 14, 1863, from hospital at Phila., Pa.
Cameron, Alexander	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Carr, Charles H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Carr, John G.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Transferred to Co. H, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 8, 1863.
Casteldine, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Collins, George W.	"	Aug. 31, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peebles' Farm Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Collins, John	"	Aug. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 27, 1863, in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
Conaughton, Patrick	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged Dec. 13, 1863, per S. O. 560, War Dept. Alien, not subject to draft.
Cue, Jacob H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Mar. 20, 1864, from hospital at Phila., Pa.
Cunningham, Saml.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded in action Aug. 12, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Croery, Joseph M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Devenny, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted June 27, 1863, on the march.
Dick, Henry C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dixon, Robert	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Doan, John	Private	July 24, '63	3	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Dowd, Martin V.	"	Oct. 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Farrell, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ferguson, John E.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 16, 1863, near Aldie, Va.
Fillis, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Finen, Patrick	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from May 21, 1864, to Feb. 5, 1865. Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Fleming, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fry, John M.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Green, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hackett, Jonathan	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted June 20, 1863, in Maryland.
Hargrave, Alfred	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 5, 1863. Transferred to Co. C, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Aug. 24, 1863.
Harvey, William	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg July 27, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hayes, Dennis	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged Feb. 26, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Hoffman, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 16, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Howard, James N.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to Co. H, 12th Regt. V. R. C., June —, 1863.
Hunkett, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 16, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Jones, Harry	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Kaeb, Henry	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
King, William	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Knapp, Henry	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864. No record of discharge.
Lancaster, Homer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Discharged for disability June 1, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Leedy, William	"	Aug. 20, '62	9 m.	Nine months man. Assigned from 126 P. V., Dec. 23, 1863, to make good time lost by desertion. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll Sep. 27, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.
Levale, Martin	"	Oct. 14, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Sep. 16, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Linton, John	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted May 1, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Louderback, Wm. F.	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Lovclass, Robert	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lovett, William H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lowery, John	Private.	July 15, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Loynd, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Deserted Oct. 23, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lybrand, Montzville	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Martin, Sylvester	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died July 9, 1864, at Jarvis Gen. Hospital, Baltimore, Md., of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Loudon Park, Baltimore, Md.
Merrit, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 21, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Miller, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to 134th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Jan. 20, 1864.
Murphy, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 27, 1863, for disability at Phila., Pa.
Murray, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Mower, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 13, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
McCosker, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Oct. 15, 1862, at camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
McCeyer, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
McDevitt, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 18, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.
McGlenn, Hugh	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out May 30, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll.
McGlensey, Andrew	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McLaughlin, Ew'd.	"	Aug. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Mar. 15, 1864, from Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.
McManus, Henry	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to Serg. Co. D, Oct. 1, 1863.
McQueen, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 19, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Neel, Thos. Judson	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Oakley, Daniel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Otis, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Parkes, James B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peberdy, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peoples, William	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Deserted May 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Perkins, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 29, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Peyton, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Phillips, Edward A.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Piggott, Jonathan	"	Aug. 28, '63	"	Substitute. Died June 23, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action June 2, 1864.
Quinn, James P.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged by order of Col. Prevost Aug. 30, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Quinn, John	Private	July 15, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Reeder, Elias T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 8, 1863, near Falmouth, Va., by order of Gen. Meade.
Rheend, Joseph H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Deserted May 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Richardson, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ridey, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Riley, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died on transport "Baltic" Nov. 24, 1864.
Riter, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ryan, George	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 21, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Sigglin, Solomon	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Sherman, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 6, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Smith, Gilbert	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from Aug. 21, 1864, to Mar. 5, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 6, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.
Smith, William M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Snyder, Zac. E.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
States, Harvey R.	"	Aug. 31, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stewart, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to V. R. C., date and organization not known. He is reported April 30, 1863. Detailed as nurse in hospital, Phila., since Nov. 15, 1862, and returned to Invalid Dept. Name not found in V. R. C.
Stockton, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 21, 1864, near Warren Station, Va.
Toon, Alfred	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 10, 1864, at Rendev. Distribution, Va.
Walton, William R.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Dec. 27 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Walton, Theodore	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Chancellorsville, Va.
Wilson, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Dec. 12, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Woodfield, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Woodhead, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 6, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Woodward, John F.	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out May 22, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Petersburg, Va.
Yost, John B.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 65th Co., 2d Patalion V. R. C., Oct. 19, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Young, Theodore	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Zimmerman, Henry	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted April 23, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.

Total, 130.

COMPANY "C."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Dendy Sharswood	Capt.	Aug. 16, '62	3	Died at Phila., Pa., Nov. 20, 1863.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B June 20, 1864; ap. Bv.-Major Sep. 20, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lemuel L. Crocker	1st Lt.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. of Co. K Sep. 20, 1862.
Horace Binney	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. B Sep. 20, 1862. Hon. discharged April 8, 1863, per S. O. 161, A. G. O., and restored by S. O. 176, A. G. O., April 17, 1863. Promoted to Capt. Co. D Aug. 9, 1864.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frank McCutchen	2d Lt.	Sep. 13, '62	"	Resigned Sep. 4, 1863.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Jan. 19, 1864, to 1st Lt. Co. H Dec. 21, 1864.
C. W. Willingmyer	1st Sgt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Commissioned 2d Lt. April 20, 1865. Not mustered. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George W. Williams	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. I Aug. 11, 1864.
John Hays, Jr.	Sergt.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George Windle	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James B. Noble	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Mickel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I Jan. 1, 1863.
William E. Larrison	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted 2d Lt. Co. K Mar. 26, 1863.
James J. Donnelly	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 20, 1864; to 1st Lt. Co. D May 1, 1865.
John Michener	Corpl.	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Edward M. Remick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John C. Davis	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Wounded at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George H. Reel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Wounded and captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died while on furlough Mar. 18, 1865.
Christian Rau	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Charles Zachringer	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Robert Manes *	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1865. No further record.

* His grave was found by a reporter near Orange Court-House, in 1866, and his body brought home and buried at Hatboro', Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Isaac H. Seesholtz	Corpl.	Aug. 1, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Sgt.-Major Jan. 1, 1863.
Samuel Watson	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Oct. 15, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Robert B. Burroughs	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 12, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Charles T. Richards	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 30, 1862, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Wm. F. McLaughlin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
"Jonathan" Wild	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died of wounds rec'd at Fort McRea, Va., Oct. 29, 1864, at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C. Borne on rolls as Wm. H. Wild
George W. Kerns	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Baily, Ephraim	Private	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment, May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Baker, Robert	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted July 18, 1863, at Berlin, Md.
Baker, Isaac J.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured near Bethesda Church, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Barbier, George H.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 17, 1863, at Point Lookout, Md.
Barbier, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Returned to duty from hospital, Mar. 2, 1865, and enlisted as a substitute in 112th P. V., under name of John Bier Mar. 7, 1865. No further record. See "Unassigned Men."
Brick, Martin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted June 26, 1863, on march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Brown, George H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Reported discharged Jan. 25, 1863. No record of discharge.
Broome, John J.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Bryant, Thomas	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Died June 5, 1864, while on furlough, of wounds rec'd in action May 7, 1864. Record of death and internment shows him married as Jonathan Bryant.
Buckius, John	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Burns, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Burroughs, James F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to unassigned Dept. V. R. C., date not known. Discharged by Gen. Order July 10, 1865.
Carson, Samuel	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted from camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 20, 1862.
Clay, John	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 5, 1864, of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864, at Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Cohen, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Killed at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 18, 1864.
Collins, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted May 1, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Collins, Lewis E.	Private	Aug. 7, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Conklin, William E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 21, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Creese, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Crowley, John C.	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 29, 1865. Mustered out June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Danhan, Jason	"	Dec. 1, '62	"	Deserted May 20, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Davenport, Chas. H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
DeBuck, Edmund	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt.-Major Aug. 6, 1862.
Dick, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dougherty, Thos. F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, on march from Washington, D. C., to Rockville, Md.
Downey, David	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Daval, Basset	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dyer, George W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Dyer, Robert B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, 1865, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Edwards, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Fielding, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Folger, Uriah	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Frale, John P.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
France, Adam J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fries, Richard P.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gifford, Alden	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Giles, Henry	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 3, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Graham, William	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Gray, William E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hammer, Jacob	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Helverston, Samuel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Henderson, Thos. J.	"	July 15, '63	"	Deserted Mar. 28, 1864, while on furlough.
Hewlett, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hilton, William J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hill, Edmund B.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Transferred from Co. D Mar. 1, 1863. Deserted April 29, 1863, on the march to Chancellorsville, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hoffner, John D.	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, from camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Hubbs, Charles T.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., Nov. 1, 1864.
Hunn, William G.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate for disability, Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Jenkins, James	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 20, 1863, at New York.
Jobson, Luke	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 14, 1864. Grave 12007.
Johnson, Lafayette	"	Feb. 17, '63	"	Mustered out June 15, 1865, on Det. Muster-out roll at Norfolk, Va.
Klenck, Herman A.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Knockle, Phillip	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Kurtz, Edward M.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Laver, Nathaniel	"	July 3, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability April 25, 1865, at York, Pa.
Lees, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Transferred to Co. K, 14th Regt. V. R. C., Jan. 24, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Le Blanc, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 78th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 19, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 12, 1865.
Lehman, Samuel E.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, from camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Mattson, Charles B.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Jacob B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Moore, Irvin C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died May 12, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wounds at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.
Mishaw, Edward	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability April 21, 1863, from hospital at Frederick, Md.
McCoy, Robert	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McElhany, Thos.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ochse, John J.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Aug. 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Payne, William J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Perrine, William	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 18, 1864.
Rambo, Jonas	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Rambo, William	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Rau, Frederick	Private.	Aug. 9, '62	3	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 27, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Ream, John	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged by Chief Mustering-out Officer, Eastern Dept., April 18, 1866, to date from muster out of Co. June 1, 1865.
Reel, Henry B.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. He was admitted to hospital at Andersonville, Ga., April 13, 1865. No further record.
Rice, Peter	"	Nov. 1, '62	"	Transferred to Co. G, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 31, 1864.
Riley, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Roulin, Anthony	"	Dec. 11, '62	"	Discharged Oct. 6, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Sandgram, M., Jr.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 31, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Shearer, Daniel	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 27, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Shinn, Mordecai	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shuler, Isaac J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 29, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 8, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Shuler, William	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, John R.	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thornton	"	Oct. 27, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 13, 1862, near Warrenton, Va.
Snyder, Howard	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Snyder, Joseph, Jr.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 23, 1864. Grave 6534.
Southwick, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Steiner, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Stewart, Joseph B.	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 2, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 29, 1864.
Sthadtler, Daniel	"	Nov. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Swope, William R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Teal, Levi	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas, John	"	Oct. 13, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 13, 1862, near Warrenton, Va.
Thompson, H. W.	"	Dec. 5, '62	"	Sick in hospital at muster out. No record of discharge.
Thompson, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Jan. 3, 1864, from Mower Hospital, Phila., Pa.
Turner, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 20, 1862, from hospital at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Van Winkle, John	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 3, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Walters, Charles F.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 20, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Walters, George S.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 12, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Watson, Charles	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Welch, Aquilla M.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Welch, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Whiteman, Lafayette	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted from Rebel Army. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 20, 1863. Mustered out with Det. Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Wilson, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Woodcock, William	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Yeager, William H.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Transferred to Co. F, 21st Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Young, George C.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Supposed to have died while a prisoner of war at Florence, S. C., on or about Feb. 15, 1865.
Zane, William F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

Total, 137.

COMPANY "D."

Charles H. Fernald	Capt.	Aug. 25, '62	3	Honorably discharged Feb. 1, 1864.
Horace Binney	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. C Aug. 9, 1864; ap. Bv.-Major Mar. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Albert H. Walters	1st Lt.	Sep. 1, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. Co. A Feb. 10, 1864.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. G June 6, 1864. Discharged July 14, 1864. Reinstated Nov. 30, 1864. Promoted to Capt. Co. A April 9, 1865.
James J. Donelly	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. C May 1, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Saml. M. McIntire	2d Lt.	July 26, '62	"	Discharged April 13, 1863, by order of Sec. of War.
Henry McManus	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Prom. from Sgt. Co. B Jan. 19, 1864. Discharged July 14, 1864. Disability removed Sep. 7, '64.
Algeron S. L. Ent	1st Sgt.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Parker Mayhew	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died Oct. 15, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James Boland	Sergt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 27, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wallace Mayhew	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. April 28, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
David T. Hassinger	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 22, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Stephen B. Anderson	Sergt.	July 28, '62	3	Died Sep. 29, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 21.
Robert Maingay	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Nov. 24, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Christian Bosse	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William Hodgkins	"	July 31, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863, and to Sgt. Feb. 1, 1863. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Samuel D. Boyer	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., Nov. 11, 1864. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. B, grave 26.
William Hummell	Corpl.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Poole	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Christian Schrack	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. April 30, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frederick Rue	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. June 30, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Hartley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Aug. 23, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Kilpatrick	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 15, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Brown	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. A Mar. 1, 1863.
William Stass	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Alfred Bolton	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Samuel M. Caldwell	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pa., Sec. D, grave 26.
Charles H. Kieaver	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 25, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Henry Hammel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas K. Linton	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
David Abrams	Mus.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Elijah Wingert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged May 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Edmund B. Hill	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Transferred to Co. C Mar. 1, 1863, by order of Col. Gwyn.
Alphret, Adam	Private	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, '63, near Bealton, Va.
Ashton, Alfred	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 3, 1862.
Ashton, William S.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Augerer, William	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 31, 1864. Grave 11710.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Baum, Joseph M.	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Deserted Sep. 15, 1862, near Rockville, Md.
Blair, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Bluit, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Boyd, Charles	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Bosche, Frederick	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beal-ton, Va.
Broad, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Broadback, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Brocker, Nicholas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Brown, Martin	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No record of death or discharge.
Brown, James	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured April 23, 1864. Paroled Nov. 20, 1864. Confined as a deserter to the enemy, and finally sent to the Army of the Potomac in irons Dec. 6, 1864. No record of discharge.
Buckner, John C.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Killed near Mechanicsville, Va., May 30, 1864.
Burke, Charles R.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burton, James	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Carpenter, John, Jr.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Collins, Charles B.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862, near Fredericksburg, Va.
Cooke, Arthur B.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Cowden, Alexander	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Crook, James	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Diver, Joseph H.	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 13, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Donnovan, Dennis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Prisoner to Dec. 15, 1862. Deserted from Camp Parole, Md. No date or further record.
Dyer, Charles P.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Dec. 22, 1862, near Potomac Creek, Va.
Euler, Henry	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 28, 1865.
Everine, Godfrey	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 13, 1863, on the march.
Farrell, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Fields, James	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 29, 1863.
Field, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged to date Mar. 30, 1863.
Fisher, John F.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Frank, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Feb. 5, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Frederick, Geo. L.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 8, 1863.



<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Fritz, Henry L.	Private	July 14, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability Apr' 8, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Frowert, Daniel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frymoyer, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Gibson, George R.	"	July 26, '63	"	Drafted. Missing in action May 8, 1864. No further record.
Gibson, Reuben	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, at Kelly's Ford, Va.
Gilbert, George W.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Greenhalt, Conrad	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Transferred to 130th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 28, 1863.
Greib, George	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Baltimore, Md.
Guillerman, Arwood	"	July 30, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Haines, Asa	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hall, John M.	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Hamilton, Saml. L.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 30, 1863.
Hartley, Alfred V.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hartung, August	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 19, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Hastien, Charles J.	"	Aug. 25, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 2, 1864.
Hauret, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 5, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Heacock, John C.	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Hennessy, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Hess, John	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 19, 1864. Grave 11133.
Hill, Robert J.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Hodges, Henry H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Huver, John P.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Keen, Joseph	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 13, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kerr, Robert	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 4, 1862, at Annapolis, Md.
Kramer, Henry	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beal-ton, Va.
Labbere, Robert H.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lancaster, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Logan, Hugh	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Mar. 7, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Marker, William H.	Private	Aug. 19, '62	3	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1864. Grave 10164.
Masters, Emanuel	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 24, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
May, David S.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order June 20, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Mayer, Christopher	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Megonigal, Charles	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Merkle, Henry	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 20, 1864.
Mezick, John B.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted Mar. 3, 1863, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Miller, Jefferson	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Mitchell, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Moitz, Adolph	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 13, 1864. Grave 8691.
Myers, Jonathan	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
McLaren, Lawrence	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Newcamp, Phillip	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Phelps, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Race, Aaron	"	July 31, '62	"	Transferred to 39th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 26, 1863.
Reiff, Albanus L.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Reinhardt, Anthony	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Rigney, Michael	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Po River, Va., May 12, 1864. Deserted May 14, 1864, from 1st Div. Hospital, 5th A. C.
Roach, Andrew	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Rose, Charles A.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ryley, Henry	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Schaffer, Frank	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Deserted Feb. 23, 1865.
Schomberg, Fred.	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Scher, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 3, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shmit, Frederick	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died Sep. 27, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 23.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Simpson, James A.	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Simpson, Samuel	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Simpson, William H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 3, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Smith, Andrew C.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Died Jan. 4, 1863, of wounds rec'd in action, at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Charles	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War. Transferred to the Navy.
Snyder, William	"	Aug. 26, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged by Gen. Order June 15, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Stevenson, John	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 3, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Stone, Edward	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 2, 1862, at Baltimore, Md.
Taylor, George	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Thomas, John J.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Appointed Qr. Mas. Sgt. of the Regt. Aug. 15, 1862.
Thompson, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 19, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Thompson, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 14, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Turner, William G.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 6, 1865, at Bristol, Pa.
Vennable, Samuel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wack, John F.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted from Camp Parole, Md., no date given.
Wallwork, Timothy	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 3, 1864. Grave 7680.
Ward, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Dec. 22 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Ward, Francis	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ward, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Dec. 22 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Weeber, Frederick	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 23, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Well, Conrad	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, from Balloon Corps.
Wells, Edward	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wilson, Joseph	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864. Grave 10426.
Wilson, Robert	"	Feb. 3, '65	1	Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wortman, Antonia	"	July 20, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 19, 1864. Grave 6133.
Wright, George	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Yauchler, Alfred	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Mar. 25, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

Total, 140.

COMPANY "E."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lewis Passmore	Capt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Resigned Oct. 11, 1862.
John V. Hunterston	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1865. Disability removed.
Samuel N. Lewis	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted from 2d Lt. Mar. 9, 1863. Resigned Nov. 27, 1863.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major Jan. 13, 1864, to Capt. Co. K Dec. 14, 1864.
Robert Paschall	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. to Sgt. Oct. 1, 1862; to 1st Lieut. Dec. 16, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William W. Worrell	2d Lt.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. I Oct. 22, 1862. Resigned April 1, 1863.
John Canahey	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Sep. 20, 1862; to 2d Lt. Jan. 19, 1864. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Alexander McCart	1st Sgt.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas W. Joy	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 7, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
James H. Haman	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard Roberts	Sgt.	Aug. 2, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 14th Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 14, 1864.
Jere McLaughlin	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Francis Daly	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Det. May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles C. Shepherd	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 29, 1864. Grave 9985.
Augustus Luker	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Samuel F. Delany	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard L. Sandford	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
George P. Cullen	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 21, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William F. Connelly	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John R. Selkirk	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph R. Stetler	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed at North Anna, Va., May 22, 1864.
George Andress	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
B. E. Fletcher, Jr.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Killed at White Oak Road, Va., Mar. 31, 1865.
J. W. Larziliere	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 18, 1864.
Francis H. Lincoln	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 18, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Charles Taylor	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	3	Transferred to Co. B, 12th Regt. V. R. C., July 29, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
De Witt Rodermel	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Transferred to 5th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 23, 1864.
George W. Wade	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 5, 1864. Grave 7933.
Henry Hallman	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 6, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William McLachlin	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John McDonough	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Levi Rex	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Crawford	Mus.	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ache, Henry M.	Private	Mar. 23, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Adams, Stephen L.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alloways, Joseph L.	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Bachman, Jacob H.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., correct date not known. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. A, grave 163.
Baker, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Baker, Thomas M.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Benson, George	"	Feb. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bennett, James H.	"	Aug. 25, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Brown, Samuel	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 25, 1864, at Millen, Ga.
Bruce, Joel R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Butler, James L.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 10, 1864. Grave 3097.
Butterworth, Wm.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 16, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Byram, Joseph	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died May 31, 1863, at Morrisville, Va.
Clark, William M.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Cobbs, Benjamin S.	"	Nov. 14, '62	"	Deserted May 25, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Cohen, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged by Gen. Order from War Dept. May 15, 1865.
Colville, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 10, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Collins, George	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Jan. 19, 1865. Grave 12478.
Cue, Richard	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
De Haven, Chas. T.	Private	Aug. 5, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dubois, Albert	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Mustered out with Det. Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa. (Rebel deserter.)
Durst, William	"	Aug. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 2, 1864.
Edwards, Griffith H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Edwards, Hugh J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 8, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Emery, Abram	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged May 8, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Erisman, Jacob R.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Sec. D, Div. D, grave 62.
Faulkner, Peter	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 31st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 17, 1864.
Fay, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Honorably discharged to date June 1, 1865.
Fletcher, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Franklin, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured Oct. 18, 1863. Paroled Nov. 17, 1863, at City Point, Va. Reported at Camp Parole, Md., same day. No further record.
Freeman, Jackson	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Gebhart, John	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Glascoc, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 6, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gordon, Joseph E.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Gorman, Thomas	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 9, 1862, at Fort Corcoran, Va.
Gotwals, Henry R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died on or about Dec. 25, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Govlier, Joseph	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gubser, Andrew	"	Sep. 9, '63	3	Substitute. Discharged for disability Mar. 25, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Haas, Jacob	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 1, 1863, at Manassas Junction, Va.
Hall, Alexander	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 14, 1864.
Haman, Jacob	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 2, 1864. Grave 10227.
Hansell, Lewis	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1864.
Harding, John H.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Sep. 27, 1863, while on picket.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hart, Jesse H.	Private	Aug. 5, '62	3	Discharged June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, at Washington, D. C.
Holmes, Stephen	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 16, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Johnson, Wm. P.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Johnston, Cuning- ham	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Prisoner 9 months at Andersonville, Ga. Paroled and drowned by sinking of Steamer Massachusetts, April 23, 1865.
Johnston, Thos. K.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Judge, Bernard	"	Oct. 15, '62	"	Deserted. Never reported to Regt.
King, John L.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kramer, George W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kramer, John N.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Krausz, John W.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Kresge, Israel	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability May 12, 1865, at Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Kresge, Levi	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Lancaster, Chas. E.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured, and died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 9, 1864.
Lehman, R. W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 26, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. B, grave 43.
Lindsey, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Jan. 19, 1863, of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Lowry, Edward	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Transferred to Co. E, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 12, 1863.
Lutz, Asbury	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Mahan, Daniel	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 17, 1864. Grave 12088.
Mann, Paschall B.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 27, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Marembach, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Henry	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 13, 1863. Deserted Jan. 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Moyer, Wm. M.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Muledore, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Munch, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Myers, Andrew	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Myers, Jacob	Private	July 17, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to 55th Co., 2d Battalion, Jan. 7, 1865.
Myers, Peter	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Died Mar. 18, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
McBride, John	"	Aug. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died Nov. 14, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
McCarter, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McGinn, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment at Chester, Pa.
McKnight, Gordon	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Neath, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died Dec. 3, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.
Nehle, Jacob	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute, also borne as Nahle and Mahle. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Nickolas, Chas. A.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Nicqlas, Patrick	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa., also borne as Nickolas.
Odell, William H.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 21, 1864. Died Nov. 27, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
Paden, Joseph	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862, at Frederick, Md.
Pancoast, Samuel A.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.
Possinger, Henry	"	Mar. 10, '65	1	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Benjamin	"	July 17, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Robert	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 30, 1864.
Raw, Charles F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Rayson, George W.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted July 4, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Renker, Elias	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Rex, Samuel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Escaped from Forrest Hall Prison, Georgetown, D. C. No date given. No further record.
Rhoads, Levi	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted April 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Rivert, Edward	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Roberts, William J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	3	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Robinson, Geo. W.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged by General Order, May 30, 1865, at Washington, D. C., per Individual Muster-out roll.
Sassman, Henry	"	July 29, '63	"	Drafted. Died June 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd in action.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Sawyer, Charles	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Discharged June 8, 1863, at 2d Div. Hospital, Alexandria, Va., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Simpson, William	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 24, 1863, while on the march.
Smith, Abram J.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, Benj. F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, David	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Isaac A.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, Wm. W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Stewart, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Stotsenberger, Jere.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., to serve out sentence of Court Martial.
Thompson, James	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Vantkye, Geo. W.	"	Oct. 15, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 17, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Walenberger, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Mar. 4, 1863, at Washington, D. C., of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Ward, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Weiant, John H.	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Died Sep. 20, 1864, at Lincoln General Hospital, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Williams, Charles	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Williams, George	"	Oct. 16, '62	"	Deserted. Never reported to Regt.
Williams, Harry F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Williams, John	"	July 5, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged by Gen. Order from War Dept., May 15, 1865.
Woolson, John L.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Yohn, John B.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Zane, William P.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 23, 1864. Grave 11327.

Total, 147.

COMPANY "F."

John P. Bankson	Capt.	Aug. 20, '62	3	Resigned March 23, 1864.
John Scott	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. A Dec. 16, 1864. Killed at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Five Forks, Va., March 31, 1865. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B May 1, 1865. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Henry K. Kelly	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	3	Promoted to Capt. Co. G, Oct. 27, 1863.
Daniel S. Ware	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Jan. 19, 1864. Died June 21, of wounds rec'd at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, D. C.
Thomas J. Reed	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. March 13, 1864; to 1st Lt. Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles H. Hand	2d Lt.	Sep. 8, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. K, 75th Regt. P. V., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Adjutant Jan. 17, 1863.
Barzilia J. Inman	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted from 1st Sgt. Jan. 17, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged Mar. 12, 1864.
George W. Haines	1st Sgt.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Smith	Sergt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 20, 1863.
John Rafferty	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Turner	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order May 31, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
John H. Williamson	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Sept. 15, 1864, at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Washington, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, D. C.
Joseph L. Rhoads	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 2, 1863, at Emory Hospital.
Miles B. Carpenter	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 12, 1863, while on furlough.
Henry Longacre	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William T. Godwin	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted Sgt. Aug. 11, 1864. Discharged Dec. 28, 1864, for promotion to 1st Lt. Co. A.
Samuel S. Green	Corpl.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Charles Silcock	"	July 29, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Frederick Bubeck	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 27, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 8, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
William Hodge	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Robert A. Hill	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 21st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 17, 1864.
George W. Inman	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Alexander McCay	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. C, Sec. D, grave 96.
John Reppert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
George W. Brown	Corpl.	Aug. 6, '62	3	Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Took oath of allegiance with rebels. Recaptured and released on taking the oath of allegiance July 5, 1865. Ordered to be released Nov. 9, 1865, by order of Sec. of War, at Camp Cadwalader, Phila., Pa. Not entitled to receive any consideration as a soldier of the United States.
Joseph Murphy (1st)	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
F. H. Vandergrift	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order May 24, 1865, at Jarvis U. S. A. Gen. Hospital.
Robert McAllister	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James McCabe	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
G. H. Baker	"	July 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Aug. 2, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 20, 1865.
George Carteret	Mus.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George W. Eastman	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 20, 1863, at Washington, D. C., for injuries rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Bahl, Washington	Private	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Benjamin, Chanceler	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Nov. 22, 1862, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Boone, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Callahan, James R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 4, 1862, at Baltimore, Md., for wounds rec'd at Antietam, Md., Sep. 17, 1862.
Coglever, Sandford G.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, 1865, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Connar, James	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 6, 1863, near Culpepper, Va.
Cooper, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Davis, Thomas J.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Absent. Sick at muster out of Co. No further record.
Davis, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Day, Sylvester	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Com. Sgt. Aug. 14, 1862; to Quartermaster Oct. 22, 1862.
Deen, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 11, 1863, at Fort McHenry, Md.
Derousse, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 25, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Devitt, John	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged, to date Jan. 19, 1866, by Order of War Dept.
Downie, William	"	July 15, '62	"	Died Sep. 20 of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dunlap, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Edwards, Erastus	Private	Oct. 14, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 69th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 27, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 23, 1865.
Emmitt, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Erb, John B.	"	July 21, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from May 7, 1864, to Dec. 10, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, at Annapolis, Md.
Farfire, Martin	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Ferrall, Lewis T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 8, 1863.
Fordney, Sam. T.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Fowler, William	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
Fuller, William T.	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Garmon, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Genn, William	"	July 30, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted April 27, 1863.
Ginaman, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gruinder, Henry	"	July 16, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner of war June 2, 1864. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll July 3, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.
Hart, Thomas	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Henry, George B.	"	July 11, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 6th Regt. V. R. C., April 22, 1864.
Hess, Levi L.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and died on or about Nov. 16, 1864, at Florence, S. C.
Hodge, Samuel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hornby, Robert	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment, June 21, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Hurley, Joseph	"	July 29, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 25, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Jackson, John	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Johnson, John M.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Taken prisoner at Beecher's Church, Va., and died at Andersonville, Ga., on or about Oct. 16, 1864.
Keel, Jordon	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Kelly, Robert	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 23, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
King, William H.	"	July 28, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kohler, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 23, 1864, while on furlough to Phila., Pa.
Kyle, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 4, 1864. Grave 7781.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lilly, Joseph	Private	Aug. 6, '62	3	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. A, 24th Regt. V. R. C., March 10, 1865.
Linck, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 20, 1864. Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 3, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Little, John H.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 11, 1863, from Hospital at Mid-dletown, Md.
Long, George W.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Longacre, Jacob	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Malcamson, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Mallon, James	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Martin, Ziba	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Massey, Charles	"	July 29, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Matlack, John W.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, on march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Murphy, Joseph (2d)	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Murphy, Thomas	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
McConaghey, John	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Enlisted in 8th C. S. Infantry at Salis-bury, N. C. Was recaptured by Gen. Stone-man, while in arms against the U. S. Con-fined at Nashville, Tenn. Took oath of alle-giance July 6, 1865. Ordered to be released Nov. 9, 1865, by order of Sec. of War at Camp Cadwalader, Phila., Pa. Not entitled to receive any consideration as a soldier of the U. S.
McCormick, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Discharged to date June 1, 1865.
McGowan, Hughey	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Neal, Jonathan	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Norcross, John E.	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted to 2d Lt. U. S. Colored Troops April 24, 1864, per S. O. 157, A. G. O., War Dept., ap. Bv.-Capt., June 20, 1865. Re-signed June 20, 1865.
Oaks, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 17, 1863, at Washington, D. C., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Orr, William	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order May 26, 1865, per Det. Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Osborne, Orson H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Pearson, Joseph	Private	July 17, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Paul, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 24, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Paulding, Jacob S.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 2, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Picot, Paul	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ralston, James	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 24, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Ralston, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 21, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Reineer, Harrison	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster-out Co. No record of discharge.
Reineer, William	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died on or about Oct. 18, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. A, grave 44.
Reppert, Joseph	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Roach, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Roberts, Owen	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 19, 1864. Discharged; date unknown.
Robertson, Charles	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, on march through Md.
Rogers, Clarence	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Samond, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Sands, Thomas	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged for disability Aug. 25, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
School, Henry J.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Shilling, William	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, James (1st)	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 16, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Smith, James (2d)	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Absent in arrest at Muster-out of Co. No record of discharge.
Smith, Joseph	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 4, 1864. Grave 12217.
Sneath, Amos	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 11, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Snyder, Francis	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 30, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Sourbeer, Amos	"	Aug. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Sourwalt, George	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 51st Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1865.
Stauffer, Benj. F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stevens, Benj. J.	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Stoy, William H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 1, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Sullivan, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 15, 1865. Co. and Regt. not stated.
Swartz, Jacob	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Taggart, Robert	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., on or about Sep. 10, 1864.
Taylor, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Thompson, David	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 8, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865.
Toland, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Trainer, Arthur	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 16, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Tuff, Sloan	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 18, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Turner, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Sent from Belle Island, Richmond, Va., to Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 9, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wells, John	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in action Oct. 1, 1864. Deserted Jan. 29, 1865, while on furlough.
Weitznecht, John J.	"	July 10, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Sec. D, Div. D, grave 124.
Wermouth, Alfred	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wheeler, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted on the march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Wise, Samuel	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted April 27, 1863.
Wood, George W.	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 24, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Woodhouse, F. D.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Woodfall, James A.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, and at Weldon R. R., Va., Sep. 21, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

Total, 137.

COMPANY "G."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Courtland Saunders	Capt.	Aug. 16, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John V. Hunterston	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. E Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. E Nov. 1, 1862.
William West	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Nov. 1, 1862. Resigned Jan. 12, 1863.
Richard W. Davids	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B June 12, 1863. Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Henry K. Kelly	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. F Oct. 27, 1863. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Resigned Jan. 4, 1865.
John R. White	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. Oct. 22, 1862; to 1st Lt. Jan. 8, 1863; to Capt. Feb. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William F. Gardner	1st Lt.	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. I Nov. 1, 1862; to Quarter-Master Jan. 8, 1863.
Jonas Brubaker	"	July 29, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Feb. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Rudhall White	2d Lt.	July 31, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. K Aug. 29, 1862. Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. H Jan. 8, 1863; and to 1st Lt. Co. D June 6, 1864.
Samuel Hagerman	1st Sgt.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Feb. 15, 1865. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Willer	Sgt.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 12, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. to Sgt. March 1, 1863; and to 1st Lt. Co. B Nov. 16, 1864.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. C Jan. 19, 1864.
John Pfeiffer	"	July 31, '62	"	Promoted from Private March 1, 1865. Mus- tered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Courtney	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to Sergeant-Major Sep. 1, 1864.
Robert McClung	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded in action July 23, 1863. Transferred to 129th Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., March —, 1864. Discharged Aug. 7, 1865.
Peter Morad	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mortally wounded June 26, 1864, and died July 8, 1864, at David's Island Hospital, N. Y.
William P. Bechtel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 11, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Christopher Dauman	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Chas. Brightmeyer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Henry Beck	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 14, 1862, from Falmouth, Va.
Evan F. Owen	Corpl.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Conva- lescent, Va., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas Ferguson	"	July 27, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Aug. 8, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Alexander Rhoads	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Robert Black	Corpl.	Aug. 5, '62	3	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May —, 1864. Prisoner from May 6, 1864, to Feb. 23, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, at Phila., Pa.
John Wernitz	"	July 28, '62	"	Transferred to 20th Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., July 16, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Robert A. Johnston	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Taylor	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
James Fettes	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862, from Falmouth, Va.
Henry S. Lewis	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas Dight	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Jas. S. McLaughlin	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Coonan	"	July 27, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Andrew Davis	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Allburger, William	Private	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 7, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Alton, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Armstrong, James F.	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 30, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Ayres, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, on march to Chancellorsville, Va.
Beam, Alcibiades	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Bechtel, Francis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Dec. 14, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Bevan, Benjamin	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Blair, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 21, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Bisburg, George	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Oct. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Bowers, Bernhalt	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 25, 1862, from Lowe's Balloon Corps, Sharpsburg, Md.
Brown, Henry C.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burke, Robert	"	July 28, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Transferred to Co. I, 20th Regt. V. R. C., June 7, 1864.
Colflesh, Charles	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed in action Oct. 1, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. C, Sec. F, grave 7.
Colebaugh, Henry H.	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at Muster out of Co. Discharged June 3, 1865, on Detachment Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Craig, Henry	"	July 28, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Crowley, Bernard	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, near Centreville, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Crombey, William	Private	Aug. 9, '62	3	Deserted Dec. 9, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Curly, Martin	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Daley, Patrick	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Danley, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Dougherty, James	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, from Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Dyel, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Nov. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Eshelman, Tobias	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Prisoner from May 8, 1864, to April 28, 1865. Discharged June 2, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Esray, Lewis	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Fithian, Wm. D.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Flounders, Eli K.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Flours, William	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va. Broke out of guard house.
Freas, Asa	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Fullerton, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died in camp Feb. 1, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Gilbert, Theodore	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Gorman, Samuel	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 30, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Green, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hause, Ephraim	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hause, Jacob	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to unassigned men of 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Harlin, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hays, Richard	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Committed to Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., March 26, 1864, as a paroled Yankee.
Hegans, George	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 8, 1864, from Ricord Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Helmbold, Franklin	"	July 27, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 29, 1862, at Oxford, Chester Co., Pa.
Helt, William A.	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to 46th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 24, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 7, 1865.
Holmes, Jeremiah	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hostler, Samuel	Private	Feb. 8, '64	3	Died Sep. 20, 1864, at David's Island, N. Y. Buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I.
Hostler, William	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hubbs, Edwin F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 106th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 25, 1864.
Jeroy, Julius	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 20, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Johnson, George	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 28, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Johnston, Wm. C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died Jan. 14, 1863, at Annapolis, Md.
Kane, James	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Keen, William	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 6, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kennedy, Alexander	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 20, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kiker, William H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kopp, Jacob	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., in 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 3d Regt. V. R. C., June 16, 1865.
Knert, Francis	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to Co. F, 11th Regt. V. R. C., June 17, 1864.
Lawless, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
Leed, William	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Died May 4, 1865, at Lincoln Hos- pital, Washington, D. C.
Lloyd, Frederick	"	July 29, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Nov. 24, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Longacre, Alfonzo	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Dishonorably discharged May 31, 1872, to date from Aug. 25, 1864.
Marden, Benj. H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order May 19, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Marker, Frederick	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Marker, George	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 21, 1863. Re-en- listed Dec. 22, 1863. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Marker, Lewis	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Mauch, John D.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Miller, James F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Mingus, Henry H.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va. Transferred to 135th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 3, 1864.
Morgan, William	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Navy for trial for de- sertion, April 13, 1864.
Murphy, James	"	Sep. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, near Beve- rly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Mulchay, Patrick	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McBride, Robert	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
McCallister, Stewart	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
McClintock, Wm.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McFall, Isaac	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Transferred to 23d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Aug. 17, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 10, 1865.
McGuire, William	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Unassigned Detachment, 1st Battalion V. R. C., March —, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 26, 1865.
Ned, John	"	Aug. 29, '62	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Owen, William	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
O'Donald, Thomas	"	July 27, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 12th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 4, 1863.
O'Lary, John	"	July 27, '62	"	Deserter from 2d Maryland Regt., arrested in Baltimore, Md., Sep. 1, 1862.
Peale, Franklin	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Pinyard, Bright	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Quinlan, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 28, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Racraft, Robert	"	Sep. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Ran, Thomas	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability March 7, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Rhodes, Alexander	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Rien, Edward	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 24, 1864. Dishonorably discharged, to date July 10, 1865.
Riley, James	"	July 28, '62	"	Transferred to 33d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 7, 1864.
Ryan, Thomas	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from Oct. 14, 1864, to May 26, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 9, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Scanlan, Patrick	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Committed to Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., March 26, 1864, as a paroled Yankee.
Schoppfel, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 10, 1864.
Semple, William	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Shronk, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, Charles	Private	July 20, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thomas H.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Sorden, James F.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, also borne as John T. Sorden.
Steel, Arthur	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. D, Sec. C, grave 106.
Steel, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 11, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Sturgess, Isaac	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died March 8, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
Suplee, Israel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Thomas, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Thompson, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured May 5, 1864. Died in Richmond, Va., May 12, 1864.
Todd, Frank Gay	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
Toy, Jacob	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Troop, David	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Tschudy, Eli	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at North Anna, Va., June 1, 1864. Discharged for disability March 16, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Tschudy, John	"	Feb. 8, '64	"	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wagenknight, Wm.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability July 26, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Walton, John L.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 29, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Watkins, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted May 11, 1865, from Lincoln Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Williams, Joseph	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 21, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Wismer, Charles R.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Wonnerwick, Chn.	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Worth, Charles G.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Transferred to 131st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., June 12, 1864.
Zaub, William	"	July 7, '63	"	Drafted. Killed in action at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.

Total, 145.

COMPANY "H."

F. A. Donaldson	Capt.	Aug. 19, '62	3	Honorably discharged Jan. 14, 1864.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. K Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wm. S. Batchelder	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	"	Resigned Nov. 16, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Thomas M. Coane	1st Lt.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Promoted from Sgt. to 2d Lt. Dec. 8, 1863; to 1st Lt. June 10, 1864. Wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 10, 1864. Honorably discharged Oct. 4, 1864.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. C Dec. 21, 1864. Commissioned Capt. Co. E March 28, 1865. Not mustered. Honorably discharged, to date Oct. 28, 1865.
Purnell W. Smith	2d Lt.	Aug. 19, '62	"	Resigned Dec. 1, 1862.
Sylvester Crossley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Promoted from Sgt. Jan. 19, 1864. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Feb. 14, 1865. Discharged on resignation, to date April 12, 1865.
Robert C. Bennett	1st Sgt.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hazelton Joyce	Sergt.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted March 1, 1863, from Hospital at Point Lookout, Md.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. G Jan. 7, 1863.
Owen D. Roberts	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for same at Chester Hospital, Pa., July 18, 1865.
Andrew Cassidy	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 4, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Daniel B. Cobb	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 51st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order April 14, 1865.
John VanMeter	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged March 5, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Henry Q. Cobb	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Wilfred McDonald	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Pheeneey	Corpl.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William Edinger	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 31, 1862, near Alexandria, Va.
John Monteith	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John G. Tracy	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 20, 1865. Discharged June 30, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
David Bingham	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died July 25, 1864, at David's Island, N. Y., of wounds rec'd in action July 29, 1864.
William Windle, Jr.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles O'Neil	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Robert Gillen	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 15, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William H. Brooks	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged Nov. 10, 1863, per Special Order 499, W. D. A. G. O.
James Darling	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John Tomer	Corpl.	Aug. 12, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Mensing. Sen.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 53d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 13, 1863.
Thomas H. Mensing	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Thornton	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James McGinley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged June 28, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
John McGrath	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Died Aug. 10, 1864, at 1st Div. 5th A. C. Hospital.
Joseph E. Booth	Mus.	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability June 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Allgaier, Charles	Private	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 29, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Anverter, Hiram	"	July 10, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged for disability Dec. 28, 1864, at York, Pa.
Ashman, Benjamin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Auther, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Ayers, Lorenzo W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Bahl, Samuel B.	"	Aug. 25, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Baker, Charles	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 5, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Baker, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bales, John	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded near Cold Harbor June 6, 1864. Deserted Nov. 8, 1864.
Ball, James	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged Sep. 21, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Barr, Dennis	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862.
Barr, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862.
Beam, Jacob S.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted July 6, 1863.
Bick, John	"	Aug. 4, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Bond, Lewis	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Booth, Osborne	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Brant, Charles F.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
Brant, Silas A.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged by Special Order 11, Army Potomac, Jan. 13, 1864.
Brogan, Edward T.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Died Dec. 9, 1864, at City Point, Va.
Brown, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 20, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Brown, Thomas	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded and captured at or near Cold Harbor, Va., June 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Butler, David H. M.	Private	Feb. 27, '65	1	Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Calhoun, James	"	Aug. 2, '62	3	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Carter, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Conahan, Bernard	"	July 26, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Conner, William D.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 2d Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 3, 1864.
Creallman, Charles	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Oct. 25, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Dare, Charles F.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to Hospital Steward, Sep. 8, 1862.
Davis, James R.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Deitz, Levi A.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Aug. 13, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.
Dougherty, Henry	"	Sep. 27, '64	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dychs, Frederick R.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Eberbach, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., April 2, 1865. Discharged Oct. 19, 1865, by Chief Mustering-out Officer, Pa., to date June 1, 1865.
Edwards, Joseph	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted June 25, 1863, at Gum Springs, Va.
Fish, Hindle	"	Aug. 13, '64	1	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fish, James	"	Aug. 13, '64	"	Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Fisher, John B.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Discharged Jan. 9, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Fitzpatrick, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Frowert, William H	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Gale, Henry T.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 23, 1862. Arrested May 24, 1864, and delivered to Pro. Mar. at Phila., Pa. No record of muster out or discharge.
Gallagher, John	"	July 18, '63	"	Substitute. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Gash, Frederick	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 7, 1863.
Godfrey, James	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Died Nov. 13, 1863, at Mower Gen. Hospital, Phila., Pa.
Gormley, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Graham, Benjamin	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 2, 1864.
Graham, James M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 8, 1863, at Harewood Hospital.
Hall, William	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Hamilton, George	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hamilton, Hause	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pa.
Hamilton, Robert	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 16, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hastings, Thomas	Private	July 24, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 11, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Haverstick, Albert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hays, John	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Helmick, George	"	Aug. 11, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 14, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Henry, George	"	Aug. 21, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 28, 1864, near North Anna River, Va.
Hillman, Augustus	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 17, 1862.
Houck, Jacob	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Hyatt, James W.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 3, 1864. Grave 12215.
Johns, William H.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured near Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864. Died Dec. 30, 1864, at Annapolis, Md.
Keener, John H.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Transferred to 95th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 4, 1864.
Kiersted, Joseph	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 9, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Sec. C, Div. A, grave 586.
Kirkbride, Frank H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 14, 1862, near Washington, D. C.
Kiscadden, George	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lewis, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 1, 1863, at Culpeper, Va.
Long, Alfred	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 14, 1864. Grave 3306.
Loyden, Thomas	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Lukens, Alfred N.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died July 31, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Madison, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 29, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Markley, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Marks, Henry R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died at Phila., Pa., Dec. 21, 1862.
Martin, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Mead, James	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Mensing, John H.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. Transferred to Co. B, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 25, 1865.
Murphy, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Richmond, Va., March 31, 1865.
Mulligan, Joseph	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll, June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
McCrea, Henry	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 6, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McDonough, John	Private	Aug. 9, '62	3	Deserted Sep. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
McKinney, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Died Oct. 10, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
McLenaghan, Jas.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 7, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McMurtrie, Hugh	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 29, 1864. Transferred to 1st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 23, 1864.
McMurtrie, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to 53d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 13, 1863.
McNeal, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. No further record.
Nelson, James	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 162d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., March 19, 1864.
Nice, Stephen	"	Mar. 6, '65	1	Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Patterson, Thackeray	"	Aug. 6, '62	3	Discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1863.
Phinney, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Also borne as Finney. Died Aug. 11, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Ratzell, Alfred	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Reed, William S.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 1, 1865.
Reynolds, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Roberts, Joseph B.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged June 7, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Royer, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Sheer, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 8, 1862, at Fairfax Seminary, Va.
Sheub, John M.	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Shields, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Dishonorably discharged by sentence of G. C. M. Sep. 29, 1864.
Sidney, Walter	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Siegfried, Conrad	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Slough, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. B, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 26, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 1, 1865.
Smith, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Spain, Richard A.	"	Jan. 23, '64	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 25, 1864. Grave 6813.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Spain, R. Alex.	Private	Aug. 24, '64	1	Discharged May 23, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Spain, Thomas H.	"	Jan. 23, '64	3	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 22, 1864. Grave 6436.
Steinemyer, George	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability March 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Stickler, George	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. No further record.
Stout, Peter	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863.
Stoy, Henry G.	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Stull, Daniel S.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died Jan. 13, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Thorp, John	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Tierney, Timothy	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Tindell, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Tomlinson, Alfred R.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Torrens, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Townsend, James	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 13, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Turner, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Died Aug. 25, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Von Schlumback, F.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged May 20, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, Summit House, Phila., Pa.
Wade, Joseph	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Walker, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Weaver, Horace T.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1865, near Petersburg, Va.
Weitzeman, John	"	July 25, '63	"	Drafted. Died Dec. 9, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery Asy., D. C.
Whartenby, John	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 28, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Wheeler, James S.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Williams, Thomas	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 6, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Withoff, Henry	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
Wise, William	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa., while in line of battle.
Wyatt, Francis	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Young, George	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

Total, 153.

COMPANY "I."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
C. M. O'Callaghan	Capt.	Aug. 27, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged on resignation Feb. 14, 1864.
Alfred N. Wetherill	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Feb. 15, 1863. Honorably discharged March 3, 1863.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Transferred from Co. C and appointed 1st Sgt. Jan. —, 1863. Promoted 2d Lt. March 1, 1863. Transferred to Co. A and promoted 1st Lt. Oct. 27, 1863. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. A Aug. 9, 1864. Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Edmund DeBuck	1st Lt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major to 2d Lt. Nov. 1, 1862; to 1st Lt. Feb. 15, 1863. Resigned Oct. 20, 1863.
George W. Williams	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. C Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William F. Gardner	2d Lt.	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Samuel S. Jones	"	July 29, '62	"	Appointed, but never mustered into the United States service.
James R. Lain	1st Sgt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. March 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William W. Worrell	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. E Oct. 22, 1862.
George Cills, Jr.	Sgt.	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alfred Layman	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863; to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles C. Baker	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred from Non-Com. Staff and reduced to Sgt. Dec. 6, 1862. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 9, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Theo. G. DeCoursey	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 1, 1862; to Sgt. Sep. 1, 1863. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Sebastian Schuhman	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1863. Transferred to 65th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 9, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 27, 1865.
William F. Doane	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Commissary Sgt. Dec. 6, 1862.
John Lingo	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 2, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Edward Wilkinson	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured in action Aug. 6, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1864.
Joseph Scott	Corpl.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Samuel Soby	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. July 3, 1863. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Lilly	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William H. Hennings	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
William Park	Corpl.	Aug. 23, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Simon Bolger	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1863. Wounded at Wilderhess, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Joseph A. Hall	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 8, 1865. Discharged for disability June 24, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
William Preston	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. June 1, 1863. Discharged June 24, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Joseph C. Castle	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 8, 1863, by S. O. 544 War Dept. to accept commission in another regt.
William Hamson	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 29, 1862. Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Lewis A. Blair	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 1, 1862. Died Jan. 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Joseph L. Seiders	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 16, 1862. Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John McAboy	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1865, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
George W. Yeager	Mus.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Prisoner from Sep. 20 to Dec. 10, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Simon C. Shannon	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order May 18, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Ephraim Layman	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Died Sep. 21, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 16, lot A, grave 24.
Allman, Henry	Private	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Anedore, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Avery, Charles	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Barker, Charles C.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Oct. 31, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Barrett, John	"	Aug. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123 War Dept. March 4, 1864.
Bayne, John	"	Nov. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 20, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Beard, Samuel	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 4, 1863, at Reading, Pa.
Bencke, Henry	"	July 18, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 16, 1863.
Betcher, Frederick	"	Nov. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from Aug. 21, 1864, to Mar. 4, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, at Annapolis, Md.
Black, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Blatz, Henry	Private	Nov. 12, '63	3	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 22, 1864.
Boyn, Michael	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 23, 1864, from Hospital at York, Pa.
Brown, George H.	"	Aug. 21, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from Dec. 10, 1864, to April 2, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order Jan. 19, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Browning, Andrew	"	July 22, '63	"	Substitute. Honorably discharged Aug. 10, 1870, to date June 1, 1865, per Special Order 156, Headquarters Dept. of the East.
Bunting, Howard M.	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Conner, John	"	Aug. 6, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 16, 1863.
Creelman, William	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Day, Benjamin	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute, also borne on rolls as John Brown. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Denslow, Lewis F.	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
DePoaley, William	"	Sep. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Died Oct. 30, 1863, at Washington, D. C. Buried in Mil. Asylum Cemetery.
Donely, Patrick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability June 1, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Donohoe, Francis	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Dorson, Michael	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Shepherdstown, Va.
Douglas, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 7, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Downs, Patrick	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 17, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Duncan, James B.	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Easler, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died April 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Echbach, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Discharged for disability June 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enbody, Robert K.	"	Nov. 17, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Dec. 10, 1864. Discharged May 2, 1865, pursuant to S. O. 193 of War Dept., A. G. O., 1865.
Ettinger, Benjamin F.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 1st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 21, 1863.
Fitzgerald, Francis	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Shepherdstown, W. Va.
Fogel, Mark	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Died May 15, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864.
Folancy, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Arrested for desertion Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Francis, Henry	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Fullerton, John A.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 8, 1864. Grave 8149.
Hacker, Theodore S.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Transferred to 69th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 7, 1863.
Hamilton, Joseph	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Hamilton, Wm. A.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 13, 1862, from Balloon Corps, Georgetown, D. C.
Henesey, James F.	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Rebel deserter. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 19, 1863. Trans- ferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hennis, Robert H.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Shepherdstown, W. Va.
Housemann, Garret. A.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 28, 1864. Grave 7102.
Hurrelmyer, G. W.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted April 16, 1863, while on furlough. (Gottlieb W. Hurrelmyer.)
Hutton, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 6, 1864. Grave 7965.
Jenkins, John L.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 27, 1862, at camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Jones, William J.	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 19, 1862, at Hagerstown, Md.
Kafer, Jacob	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 7, 1864.
King, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 12, 1863, near Be- verly Ford, Va.
Koltz, Francis	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Laskey, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to V. R. C., Unassigned Detachment, Washington, D. C., Mar. —, 1864.
Links, Frederick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Feb. —, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Linn, Herman	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lippencott, Joshua	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Little, Joseph C.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Logan, Henry C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 10, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lower, Isaac	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 5, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1863.
Ludlam, Francis A.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 28, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865.
Madara, W. H.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Manning, Charles	Private	Aug. 23, '62	3	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862. Returned May 19, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Manning, Samuel Y.	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Transferred to 52d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 1, 1864.
Middleton, Robert S.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Miller, Edgar	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Monaghan, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123, War Dept., A. G. O., Mar. 4, 1864.
Moore, George W.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted July 15, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Morton, George H.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 13, 1864.
Morrison, Thomas A.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Musselman, John T.	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Myers, Andrew B.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 9, 1864. Grave 8322.
McCoy, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McCracken, Ross	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Sep. 15, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
McDermot, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Sep. 23 of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 22.
McGarrigal, George	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
McGittigan, Jas. S.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McMee, James	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McSwain, John P.	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Rebel deserter. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 19, 1863. Mustered out with Detachment Sep. 23, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
O'Brien, Patrick	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
O'Brien, John	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123, War Dept., A. G. O., Mar. 4, 1864.
O'Connor, John	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Substitute. Died Jan. 21, 1864, near Peverly Ford, Va.
O'Neil, Edward	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Park, Robert	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Parker, Jacob L.	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Beverly Ford, Va., April 23, 1864. Discharged July 26, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Pearson, Edwin	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Pfeifer, Charles	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Dec. 21, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Rainese, John	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Arrested for desertion Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Renick, William	Private	July 15, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 20, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Roach, Matthew	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 18, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Rudman, William	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Sayre, James T.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Schlegal, John R.	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 11, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Scott, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Shit, Frank	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Dec. —, 1862, at Camp Parole, Md.
Shubert, Henry	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shuler, William W.	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
Simons, William N.	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Siner, John	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Smith, Charles	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Jacob W.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 19, 1862, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Robert	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died at Beverly Ford, Va., June 14, 1864.
Smith, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 11, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Smith, William	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Deserted Aug. 31, 1864. Took rebel oath of allegiance.
Sobey, Charles F.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Died at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, of wounds rec'd July 2, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. D, grave 18.
Solts, Penrose	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Dec. —, 1862, at Camp Parole, Md.
Sords, Jacob	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Sourmelian, Wm.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted July 7, 1863. Returned Nov. 23, 1863. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll July 1, 1865, at Fort Delaware.
Strang, Isaac	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 18, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Sullivan, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Taylor, Albert J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Townsend, Wm.	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 14, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Tracy, Edward	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 13, 1863.
Werner, Phillip	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Wilson, Phillip H.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Williams, John	Private	Nov. 26, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted April 23, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Winnemore, Chas. C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Woodside, George	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 12, 1863, near Falmouth, Va. Burial record, died April 18, 1863. Buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Woolbaugh, Jas. R.	"	Sep. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in action Oct. 1, 1864. Discharged for disability July 25, 1865, at New York City.
Yeager, Edwin A.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Young, James	"	Aug. 11, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 18, 1863, on the march.
Zeigler, Charles H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 29, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

Total, 150.

COMPANY "K."

Joseph W. Ricketts	Capt.	Aug. 21, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Lemuel L. Crocker	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. C Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Feb. 26, 1864.
Charles M. Young	"	Jan. 27, '63	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. F, 23d Regt. P. V., Jan. 27, 1863, to 1st Lt. April 17, 1863; to Capt. June 6, 1864. Died Oct. 29 of wounds rec'd at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. E Dec. 14, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William M. McKean	1st Lt.	Aug. 21, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Mar. 25, 1863.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. C to 2d Lt. Mar. 26, 1863; to 1st Lt. June 6, 1864; ap. Bvt.-Major July 6, 1864; pr. to Capt. Co. H Nov. 8, 1864.
William B. Mayberry	"	July 31, '62	"	Commissioned 2d Lt. Feb. 27, 1864. Not mustered. Promoted from 1st Sgt. Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
J. Mora. Moss, Jr.	2d Lt.	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. A Oct. 22, 1862, to 1st Lt. Co. B Jan. 12, 1863.
John R. White	1st Sgt.	July 31, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. G Aug. 29, 1862.
Hillery Snyder	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Geo. W. Stotensburg	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles A. Reynolds	Sergt.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted July 14, 1863, at Williamsport, Md.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Sgt.-Major Jan. 19, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Joseph R. Harmer	Sergt.	Aug. 12, '62	3	Discharged Dec. 20, 1862, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Thomas J. Hyatt	"	July 31, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Harrison L. Stiles	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Theodore B. Fryer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged for disability Nov. 5, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Samuel Nugent	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hiram Lake	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Francis Mullin	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Arthur Paul	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph P. Davis		July 31, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Sep. 30, 1862, at Fairfax Seminary Gen. Hospital, Va.
Charles S. Calhoun	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Mine Run, Va., Nov. 27, 1863. Discharged for disability July 6, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
William Gray	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Francis Harmer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for injuries June 30, 1863, at Phila., Pa., rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Anthony Huver	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1863. Wounded on skirmish line at Cold Harbor June —, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Phillip Partenheimer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 19th Reg't. V. R. C., Aug. 10, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 10, 1865.
William L. Gabe	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Gabe	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William E. Kibby	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Henry Meyers	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John L. Smith	"	Nov. 10, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 10, 1865. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Reg't. P. V. June 1, 1865.
John Stone	Mus.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peter A. Hagarty	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Deserted July 14, 1863, on the march.
Alexander, Geo. F.	Private	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Va.
Anderson, William	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Anseorch, Henry	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Ball, Samuel	Private	Aug. 18, '62	3	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability May 23, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Ball, Thomas M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Baum, George W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Bowman, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Transferred to Co. G, 10th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Brophy, Peter	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability June 2, 1863, at Frederick, Md.
Brown, Jacob	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Burke, John	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Campbell, Joseph R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Canon, George D.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, and died Oct. 27, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Carey, John	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Clay, Casper	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 26, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Clemson, Tilgham R.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Jan. 3, 1865, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Clifton, Matthias, Jr.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Cole, Christian I.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 22, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Cole, John C.	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 8, 1864. Grave 3169.
Conlin, Michael	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C., as Martin Conlin.
Crage, Thomas	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Crosby, Henry T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. K, 6th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 20, 1864.
Cunningham, Wm. P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged May 16, 1864, and commissioned 2d Lt. in U. S. Col. Troops.
Davis, Edward	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Davis, Wm. H. H.	"	July 31, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dennis, Enoch H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 96th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 11, 1864.
Deville, Albert	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Dodge, Ansel H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Donaghy, Thomas	Private	Aug. 1, '63	3	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa. Rebel deserter.
Drew, Joseph	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Williamsport, Md.
Eberly, Israel	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Edwards, Frederick	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 1, 1863, near Warrenton, Va., 1st Div. Hospital.
Eddowes, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to 2d Lt. 29th Regt. U. S. C. Troops Oct. 14, 1864. Mustered out Nov. 6, 1865.
Eisenhart, Edwin	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gay, George	"	Nov. 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hallowell, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Hallowell, Joseph E.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 30, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Hamburger, John J.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Harrison, Joseph C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 4, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hearmes, Israel	"	July 14, '63	"	Drafted. Died Oct. 10, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Hebbling, Philip	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Died Mar. 10, 1864, at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.
Holt, James P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 13, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Houseworth, Val	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Howell, George H.	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Huff, Charles H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability at Regimental Hospital Feb. 26, 1863.
Hunter, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Huver, John P.	"	Jan. 19, '65	1	Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. Borne as John Huret.
Huver, Thomas	"	Aug. 22, '64	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Ives, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, near Foxe's Mills, Va.
Jones, Samuel M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll May 20, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Justice, John J.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died July 8, 1865, at Convalescent Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Kerns, Frederick	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Died Mar. 16, 1864, at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
King, Joseph R.	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Williamsport, Md.
Kirchenmann, J. J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Oct. 7, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Knorr, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Kressler, Isaac	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Kressler, William	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lane, William	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lang, Franz	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. K, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 25, 1865. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 31, 1865.
Lake, Ruben	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Oct. 18, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Lawrence, George W.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 24th Regt. V. R. C., Jan. 25, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 27, 1865.
Leeser, George I.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Lenoir, George W.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 18, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lloyd, John T.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Mar. 18, 1864, at 3d Div. U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, Alexandria, Va.
Ludy, Samuel I.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lukens, Joseph	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll Oct. 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
March, Henry C.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 20, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Marshall, George W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Martin, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Prisoner from July 2, 1864, to April 5, 1865. Mustered out June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, at Annapolis, Md.
Mathews, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Charles	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 20, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Miller, John	"	July 7, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Miller, Joseph	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 30, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Montgomery, Andrew	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Mullin, James I.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Feb. 14, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enro- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Murray, Peter	Private	July 30, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 29, 1864, from picket line.
McAlphin, Robert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McCanless, G.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863. Discharged for disability May 3, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
McCormick, Patrick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
McGovern, Patrick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
McIlhane, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 15, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
McKenna, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McKnight, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 15, 1864.
Ogden, Richard C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Oliver, Richard	"	Jan. 9, '65	1	Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Pattison, Robert	"	Aug. 13, '62	3	Deserted July 4, 1863, near Frederick, Md.
Percival, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 11, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Pickens, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 1, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Riley, William	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. Also borne as Wriley.
Rose, Robert	"	Aug. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 29, 1864.
Roster, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Saxton, Charles	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Oct. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Schwoerer, Ambrose	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 1, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Schwoerer, Henry	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 15, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Shaw, Samuel, Jr.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Shields, John C.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 16, 1864.
Sigel, August	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 7, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Simmers, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 6, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Siner, Thomas	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 19, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Smith, Benjamin F.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted July 4, 1863, at Williamsport, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, Charles	Private	Sep. 9, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 21, 1864, at Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Stockton, Daniel	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stockton, William D.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Swartz, Levi	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. —, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. No record of transfer found.
Swartz, Samuel	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded May 18, 1864. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Toland, Hiram C.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Phila., Pa., May 31, 1864.
Tyson, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Mar. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Vice, Jonathan	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, near Frederick, Md.
Walraven, Stanley	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died at Warrenton, Va., Nov. 16, 1862.
Wallace, Alonzo R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Warner, Lewis	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Died Nov. 21, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.
Welch, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Wilkins, Charles	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wilson, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. —, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Wiseman, Henry	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Wolfenden, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wright, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1864. Mustered out June 2, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Young, William	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability May 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Zimmerman, C. H.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.

Total, 53.

UNASSIGNED MEN.

Bier, John	Private	Mar. 7, '65	1	Substitute. Deserter from 118th Regt. P. V.
Burke, Christian	"	Aug. 28, '63	3	Substitute. Discharged for disability Dec. 17, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.

Total, 2.

SUBSTITUTES

For Drafted men, who Deserted while on their way to join the 118th Regt. P. V., at Camp near Bealton Station, Va., on or before Aug. 6, 1863, and prior to Dec. 4, 1863.

Acton, William	Private	Sep. 24, '63	3	Deserted Nov. 26, 1863, at Relay House, Md. No further record.
Barker, William E.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Bennett, William	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Penson, Thomas	Private	July 31, '63	3	No further record.
Bowland, William	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Bosquier, Charles	"	July 29, '63	"	No further record.
Brown, Charles	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.
Brown, George	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Brown, Mark	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.
Byrne, Edward	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Carroll, Richard K.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Champlain, Jerome	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Cobb, I. R.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Conrad, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Crawford, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Doughaney, Morris	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Dubois, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Edmund, Francis	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Elliott, William	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Garrett, George	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Hanson, James	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Harris, Richard	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Harrington, Ovid I.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Harvey, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Hill, William	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Kitchen, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Kriss, Amos	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Kuhm, George	"	July 15, '63	"	(Alias G. Weik.) Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Lai, Emile	"	July 30, '63	"	Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Lambert, John	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Larken, Peter	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Leishorn, Peter	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Manning, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record,
Marshall, Henry	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McDonnell, Patrick	Private	Aug. 1, '63	3	No further record.
Miller, Frederick	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Miller, John	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Miller, John G.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Millon, Dennis	"	July 29, '63	"	No further record.
Morton, Joseph	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Muller, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Murry, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Nixon, Benjamin	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Price, William D.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Schlegel, Christian	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, James	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, James	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, John	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, John	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Stewart, James	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Taylor, Rolla	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Taylor, Wm. Thos. L.	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Turner, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Ulrich, Michael	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Walter, Charles	"	July 31, '63	"	Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Wetson, Frank	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Wilson, Michael	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Wilson, William	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.

Total, 58.

SUMMARY OF ROSTER.

Field and Staff	25	Co. G	145
Co. A	156	Co. H	158
Co. B	139	Co. I	150
Co. C	137	Co. K	153
Co. D	146	Unassigned men	2
Co. E	147	Substitutes for Drafted men	58
Co. F	137	<i>Total</i>	<i>1,857</i>

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION, 118TH CORN EX- CHANGE REGIMENT P. V.

To preserve the friendships formed during our term of service, Company H, 1st Regiment N. G. P. M., was formed soon after our return from the war, exclusively of members of the 118th P. V. For several years success attended its efforts, and as members withdrew from active duty, new and younger material was recruited from other sources. At the present time Company H is recognized as one of the strongest and best-disciplined companies of the 1st Regiment and still retains on its roll the names of several of our members from its earliest inception.

A notice was inserted in the *Scout and Mail* (weekly paper) for members of the 118th P. V. to meet at the north-east corner of Fourth street and Fairmount avenue, on the evening of May 19, 1882, for the purpose of forming a Survivors' Association, signed by Captain J. B. Wilson, Company C, and J. Marembeck, Company E. On that evening some thirty survivors met as above and formed a temporary organization by selecting, *pro tem.*, President, Geo. Wm. Lenoir, Company K; Secretary, Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F; Treasurer, Samuel F. Delany, Company E. After a general exchange of opinions, it was unanimously decided that the association be formed, and adjourned to meet June 2, 1882.

June 2, 1882.—Committee on Organization was appointed: Geo. W. Williams, Company C; Wesley Freed, Company A; James Haman, Company E; Thomas J. Reed, Company F; John Tomer, Company H; Wm. P. Cunningham and Matthias Clifton, Jr., Company K. Also Committee on By-laws, etc.: Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F; A. Luker, Company E; S. Helverston, Company C.

June 30, 1882.—Committee on By-laws presented their report, specifying that all honorably discharged members of the 118th Corn Exchange Regiment P. V. were members of this association; the 20th September of each year the time for the annual reunion and banquet, and that monthly meetings be held on the last Friday night of each month.

July 30, 1882.—First election of officers. President, Jas. P. Holt, Company K. Vice-Presidents, Wm. L. Harner, Company A; Benj. F. Cox, Company B; Geo. W. Williams, Company C; A. H. Walters, Company D; A. Luker, Company E; A. Wermouth, Company F; S. Hagerman, Company G; Thomas H. Mensing, Company H; Wm. Parks, Company I; Samuel M. Jones, Company K. Secretary, Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, Samuel F. Delany, Company E.

September 20, 1882.—First annual reunion and banquet at Maennerchor Hall, in commemoration of the battle of Shepherdstown, W. Va., September 20, 1862. Spirited remarks were made by Comrades Holt, Coan and White.

July 27, 1883.—At this meeting it was decided to mark one of our positions held at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, with a monument. The following committee was appointed to collect funds, etc.: Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F; Geo. W. Williams, Company C; Jas. B. Wilson, Company C; Geo. W. Lenoir, Company K; A. Wermouth, Company F; J. L. Smith, Company K.

September 20, 1883.—Election of officers. President, Jas. P. Holt, Company

K. Vice-Presidents, Geo. W. Williams, Company C; S. Crossley, Company H; J. P. Fraley, Company C. Secretary, Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, Samuel F. Delany, Company E. On adjournment seventy-two members and guests attended the reunion and banquet. Addresses were made by Comrades Holt, Coan, Osborn, Bashaw and Captain Collins, Company H, 1st Regiment P. G.

September 6, 1884.—The Survivors' Association of the 118th Corn Exchange Regiment P. V., accompanied by a large number of the members of the Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia and a number of invited guests, left the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in a special train of eight cars for Gettysburg, Pa., their object to unveil with fitting ceremonies the monument erected by the Commercial (formerly Corn) Exchange and Survivors' Association to mark one of the positions held during the battle and in memory of those who died that the nation might live. They were accompanied by Company H of 1st Regiment N. G. The party numbered in all about 300 persons. Gettysburg was reached about nine o'clock in the evening. Sunday, 7th, was spent in visiting the battlefield. Monday, September 8th, ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument took place at Round Top promptly at 11 A. M. Prayer by Rev. R. F. Innes, of West Philadelphia. Wm. Brice, on behalf of the Commercial Exchange, stated the object of ceremonies and introduced the orator of the day, Hon. A. G. Cattell, ex-United States Senator of New Jersey and chairman of Corn Exchange Committee of Twenty-one, who, in 1862, raised the regiment in twenty days. Address by Jas. P. Holt, president of Survivors' Association, read by Geo. W. Williams, vice-president, in the absence of President Holt, detained by sickness. Address, H. T. Peck, formerly adjutant of regiment, "Antietam to Appomattox." Address of reception, on behalf of Gettysburg Monument Association, Hon. D. A. Buehler. Salute was fired by Company H, 1st Regiment N. G. The party returned to Philadelphia in the afternoon.

September 20, 1884 —Election of officers. President, Geo. W. Williams, Company C. Vice-Presidents, John R. White, Company G; James B. Wilson, Company C; Augustus Luker, Company E. Secretary, Geo. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, Albert Wermouth, Company F.

April 24, 1885.—Committee to revise roster of regiment was appointed: T. Kelly, W. H. Read, Company A; J. B. Wilson, B. F. Cox, Company B; G. W. Williams, J. Michener, Company C; H. H. Hodges, T. K. Linton, Company D; J. Marembeck, A. Luker, Company E; B. J. Inman, R. Hornly, Company F; J. B. White, C. Dauman, Company G; S. Crossley, T. B. Coan, Company H; A. Layman, W. Parks, Company I; G. W. Lenoir, S. M. Jones, Company K; C. F. Dare, field and staff. J. L. Smith, Company K, was added to committee December 18, 1885.

September 11, 1885.—At this meeting it was decided to erect a tablet to mark first position held by regiment in advance of Wheat-field, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Committee: T. H. Mensing, Jr., Company H; Geo. W. Lenoir, Company K; G. W. R. Carteret, Company F; H. H. Hodges, Company D; J. L. Smith, Company K.

September 21, 1885.—Reunion and banquet at Shuster's Café. Sixty-one members and guests were present. Addresses were made by Messrs. Brice, Winslow, and Neal, of Commercial Exchange; Captain Collins, Company H, 1st Regiment N. G., and Comrades Williams, Layman and Holt.

October 30, 1885.—Election of officers. President, S. Crossley, Company H. Vice-Presidents, T. H. Mensing, Jr., Company H; G. W. Lenoir, Company K; S. M. Jones, Company K. Secretary, G. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, H. H. Hodges, Company D.

July 3, 1886.—A delegation of the members of the Commercial Exchange, with guests, left Broad Street Station in a special palace car, closely followed by forty-five survivors and friends, for Gettysburg, Pa., to dedicate tablet in advance of Wheat-field. The party numbered about 100, and arrived at Gettysburg about 5 P. M. Sunday, July 4th, was spent in visiting the battle-field. Monday, July 5th, at 10 A. M., Survivors' Association of the 118th P. V. formed in line at headquarters of General E. D. Baker Post, No. 8, G. A. R., Philadelphia Department of Pennsylvania, and marched in a body, accompanied by Frankford Brass Band, of Philadelphia, to the Wheat-field, via Baltimore Pike and Emmetsburg Road. Ceremonies of dedicating tablet commenced promptly at 11 A. M. Prayer by Comrade W. H. Read, Company A. Address, Wm. Brice, of Commercial Exchange, introducing the orator of the day, Hon. Joseph Thomas, late surgeon of the 118th P. V. Address, S. Crossley, President 118th Survivors' Association. Reception of tablet on behalf of Gettysburg Battle-field Association, Hon. D. A. Buehler. The party returned to Philadelphia in the afternoon.

September 20, 1886.—Reunion and banquet at Shuster's Café. Sixty-seven members and guests were present. Addresses were made by General J. L. Chamberlain, our old brigade commander; Colonel E. G. Sellers, 91st P. V.; Captain Kensil, Company H, 1st Regiment N. G.; Hon. A. G. Cattell, Wm. Brice, S. N. Winslow and Comrades Crossley and Holt.

October 29, 1886.—Election of officers. President, G. W. Lenoir, Company K. Vice-Presidents, W. M. Read, Company A; S. M. Jones, Company K; J. Michener, Company C. Secretary, G. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, H. H. Hodges, Company D.

May 30, 1887.—The following committee were appointed, in conformity with recent act of State Legislature, to select design and site to mark our second position at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863: G. W. Williams, Company C; J. P. Holt, Company K; J. Michener, Company C; S. M. Jones, Company K; J. Mead, Company H, together with president, secretary and treasurer.

September 30, 1887.—Reunion and banquet at Shuster's Café. Seventy-nine members and guests were present. Addresses were made by General C. P. Herring, Colonel E. G. Sellers, 91st Regiment P. V., Major J. Ashbrook, Hon. J. Thomas, J. T. Grill, 5th Ohio, and Comrades Lenoir, Hyatt, Fryer and Adams.

October 28, 1887.—Election of officers. President, J. L. Smith, Company K. Vice-Presidents, W. A. Read, Company A; A. Layman, Company I; A. Luker, Company E. Secretary, G. W. R. Carteret, Company F. Treasurer, H. H. Hodges, Company D.

What the Newspapers Said of the First Edition.

No more complete and readable history has been published than this, which tells the stirring story of the campaigns through which the Corn Exchange Regiment passed. The work has been so well done that the general reader, having no special interest in the regiment, finds the story both entertaining and instructive. It presents as lively and accurate a picture of soldier life as has as yet been published, and deserves high commendation for its fullness and accuracy.—*PHILADELPHIA LEDGER*.

This book should take high rank among regimental histories of the Civil War. The result is a history in which the operations of the Army of the Potomac are graphically sketched, while the thread of the regimental narrative is never lost. The tone of the book is soldierly. The temper to which the Army of the Potomac was finally hammered; its latent enthusiasm, blazing half cynically on occasions; its grim humors, its indifference to change of commanders, to success or to defeat; its occasional piety and ever present profanity; its callousness to death, to suffering and to hardship, and underlying all its determination to see the contest to the end, are admirably brought out.—*PHILADELPHIA PRESS*.

A book that will be interesting to hundreds of old Philadelphia soldiers, and to thousands of their descendants and friends, is the "History of the Corn Exchange Regiment, 118th P. V.," published by J. L. Smith. The work is fully illustrated with portraits, maps and battle scenes, and is peculiarly valuable because of the insight it gives into regimental life during the war. In this respect it is more than a mere history of a particular command. Books in which privates find a place as well as officers are necessary to a complete history of the war for the Union. Indeed, the private is at last beginning to assert himself.—*PHILADELPHIA TIMES*.

The Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia, which became the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteer in the civil war, has its history told in a volume of 750 pages, published by J. L. Smith, 27 So. Sixth Street. It is a stirring military story of the hardest kind of fighting and the roughest kind of service. But it is told in a manly, cheery way, and often enlivened by anecdotes and incidents of campaign life.—*PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN*.

This history will prove interesting to the survivors of Regiment, Brigade and Division of the Fifth Corps. It contains many reminiscences and tales of individual heroism, and is an interesting record of patriotism and sacrifice.—*PRVIDENCE JOURNAL*.

There are so many admirable histories being published now that it is hard to say which is the best one, but if this one is not the very best, it certainly comes so near it as to challenge the honor. It is a magnificent volume of 750 pages.—*NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.*

The humors and hardships and the perils of volunteer service during three years of the war. This work is a fine octavo vol., 750 pages, maps, portraits and 100 illustrations, published by J. L. Smith. Men who had their share in such experiences are heroes all, and it is only the magnitude of the contest in which they took part that makes their history otherwise than uncommon.—*ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL*.

PUBLISHED BY

J. L. SMITH,

27 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



*"There goes the Reg't that fought
at Shepherdstown."*

F 55 . 6 2

